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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Why...why do men die?

NOT for the privilege of eating ice cream
and hurling pop bottles at the umpire . . .
though that's part of it.
Not for any personal glory, or for the sake of
winning a medal . . . not that at all!
Not for hamburgers and apple pie
and all the silly little things
they'd be glad to get back to . . .
but not to die for!

NO!

It's because they have greater courage
than we ever thought
human flesh was capable of . . .
a courage that's born of a true love of home
and peace and justice.
They have no illusions, these fighting men of ours
—theirs is a grim job,
and they're facing it with determination.

WHAT CAN WE DO? . . .

The answer to that should lie in the heart
of every self-respecting Canadian.
We have a responsibility
to those boys in uniform.
It's a big responsibility—but an easy task.
Just to buy Victory Bonds . . .
one more than we did last year . . .
one more than we think we can afford.
No one will *force* us to buy—
it's entirely up to us—
but if we have a conscience
and a genuine sense of duty,
HOW CAN WE REFUSE?
Others are GIVING so much,
let's LEND all we can.
Buy another Victory Bond tomorrow!

INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY VICTORY BONDS! *Contributed by SATURDAY NIGHT on behalf of the Seventh Victory Loan*

JEAN-LOUIS GAGNON *Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

A Bright Young Rebel Going Ahead in Quebec's Journalistic World

By COROLYN COX

WHILE the ill wind of war still blows furiously, one of the good things that has ridden in on it is taking effect. Despite old men of politics, young men of hope and intelligence are starting something in the Province of Quebec. French-Canada appears to be burgeoning with a Renaissance. That the spirit and brains of its youth manage to thrust through the incredible handicaps that are devised to pin them down gives ample proof of their eventual value to the Province—and, indeed, to the world—should the future permit their free growth and maturity.

Outstanding among Quebec's new generation is Jean-Louis Gagnon, journalist *extraordinaire*, editor, radio commentator, author. He is the free thinking, free speaking product of a race that, having sown the spirit of "*Liberté*" in the world, intends to rid this precious crop of the weeds that choke it on the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

To begin with, there is no journalist in Canada writing English better than Jean-Louis writes French. Among the excellent pamphlets, brochures, reports and what-have-you that WIB, OWI, et al produce to bring the ends of the earth into our Canadian living rooms, few go beyond good journalism—they are not meant to. Jean-Louis, however, after an unhurried visit to London and sojourn in Africa during the landing, has produced a bit of literature. His book, "Vent Du Large", is also an unbiased, penetrating treatment of the problem of the whole African continent. With the subtlety of a Frenchman and the directness of a Canadian, he has been able to comprehend something that all other writers of the bushels of books on Africa have missed.

The Ancestry

Jean-Louis Gagnon was born in Quebec City, only thirty-one years ago. The Gagnons, two brothers and a cousin, came to Quebec in 1609—and there are some 35,000 Gagnons in Canada today, which seems to prove something about certain theories of populating our vast spaces. Jean-Louis's father was a first class business man, and also a dyed in the wool Tory. He was long Chairman of the Conservative Party of Quebec, but always defeated in elections. Jean-Louis's grandfather cleaned up his pile in lumber, as well as his import and export business, had the good sense to retire at the age of 35 and spend the rest of his days travelling and living. Of his ten children, seven who lived to grow up could have whatever French Canadian Catholic education had to offer.

Jean-Louis began his lessons with the nuns in the Petit Ecole in Quebec City, was unimpressed by the clerical aspect of his schooling. At the age of ten he was sent to boarding school, in the Peres Jesuits' St. Marie College in Montreal. Daily Religion, Greek, Latin and rigorous discipline were the educational ingredients. Far from being depressed by this fare, Jean-Louis always was a "happy kid", managed to get permission to get out of the school three afternoons a week, hunted up plenty of fun in Montreal.

A Nationalist

He was early interested in politics, absorbed the nationalist outlook of Abbe Groulx, combined with a young person's natural compassionate leaning toward the left, especially after his literary instincts had ripened on "Les Miserables." Children, says Jean-Louis, become "anti", not from hate, but from love and compassion. Since he was continually exposed to tales of British suppression of India, Ireland, Quebec or what-have-you, he became as strongly anti-British as he was unaware of British character or outlook. Today Jean-Louis can prefer the companionship of a Frenchman without having to be anti-British.

Gagnon père sent Jean-Louis to University of Ottawa for his college training. There in May of 1934 something happened. Olivar Asselin was publishing in his daily *L'Ordre*, in Montreal a series of articles constituting a campaign to jack up the system of education in the Province of Quebec, and asked Jean-Louis, as a bright student to contribute one from the undergraduate viewpoint. Jean-Louis spoke his mind, and, faith, it was printed! He felt it high time Quebec adopted the English system of education as the one more suited to equip young French Canada for the world in which he would live. Result, one month before he was to take his B.A. degree, Jean-Louis was summarily bounced out of Ottawa University, and thereby confirmed in his determination to pursue the battle for free speech and thought in the Province of Quebec.

Back home in Quebec City, Gagnon began his journalistic career by launching a new monthly, "Vivre". His young associates were Pierre Chalouet, Philippe Vaillancourt (now CCF Quebec Secretary) and Fernand La Croix (National Liberal Federation). The lads lost money at once, and soon started to lose their reputations, says Jean-Louis. Their sheet was non-clerical and slightly—slightly anti-British. After one year it died, in 1935.

In Labor Camp

Those were the days of the Bennett Labor Camps. Jean-Louis took an assumed name, spent two weeks in one of the camps, receiving his 20c a day pay, wrote a good story, sold it to "Renaissance" in Montreal. After that he went to work for *Le Canada* for one week, went on to Granby to take charge of a small town weekly, *La Voie de L'Est*. As editor he tried to put a political touch into this "local rag", and the touch being radical, after six months he was fired. The paper was controlled by a board of seven directors. Jean-Louis wrote seven articles, one on each director, thus started his contributions to "La Nation". That organ was strongly anti-British. After a few months Gagnon quit.

At this time, the year of 1936, Gagnon decided to start a "normal" life.

Firstly he married, another journalist, Helene Jobidon, former writer for *L'Evenement*, then producing *The Tower*, a weekly for the pulp and paper industry. Gagnon took a regular job on *Le Journal*, became a daily commentator on the French radio, a "commercial" for National Breweries. His political complexion grew redder, and he was the only commentator in Quebec to come out flat foot against Franco in Spain and for Blum in France.

As An Editor

When *L'Evenement* and *Le Journal* amalgamated in 1940, Gagnon was first News Editor, then Editor in Chief of the resulting unit in Senator Nicol's string of publications. The paper gave editorial support to the Liberal wartime government. Radio bulked large in Gagnon's interest and income, and he left his editorial post to become political reporter of *Le Soleil*, an afternoon paper, work that fitted in with his nightly commercial broadcast and a new engagement to speak three times a week for CBC.

In July of 1941 Gagnon quit all this profitable set-up to go over to England with a group of Canadian newspapermen and later, on behalf of the British Foreign Office, on to West Africa to be there during the landings. He returned to Canada in the spring of '42 and went back on the air over CBC. In 1944 he was asked to go to *Le Canada* as Executive Director and spent a few months as correspondent in Ottawa. He has now a new and flourishing business in Montreal, heading Press Information Bureau, a bi-weekly digest sheet covering press opinion throughout the Province of Quebec, widely distributed over English speaking Canada to newspaper editors, politicians, business houses and writers.

Gagnon was appointed Canadian representative of Agence Française de Presse, the de Gaulle Committee's first arrangement for a means of distributing French news from Africa, which, with the liberation of Paris, is replacing Havas Agency.

Jean-Louis is no diatribing "reformer". He handles the arabesque of French Canadian politics with a light touch. His "Vent Du Large" is a cultural treat rare in Canadian letters. His treatment of the Portugal of Mr. Salazar is worth ten diatribes on the proposed Catholic Corporatist State for Quebec. His contrast between the soft ease of Lisbon and the "rationing, yellow hair, blackout and HOPE" of London, his easy assessing of the political forces of Great Britain, the interplay with bursting Americanism, his classic finesse in expressing Europe's misery are things the reader doesn't forget.

Gagnon gives an excellent speech in either French or English. English speaking Canada, especially the youth of Toronto, will both enjoy and profit by closer contacts with Jean-Louis Gagnon. If they can match him in wholesome mentality, breadth of outlook and energy in attacking the difficult future, there is hope of a far happier Canada than we have today.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

More on the Czech-Polish Issue in Reply to Professor Roy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A CASUAL paragraph in an article of mine in your issue of June 24 has been sharply criticized in your issue of September 2 by Professor James A. Roy. Touching on the Czech-Polish dispute over Teschen-Silesia, Professor Roy asserts (1) that the Czech claim to Teschen was based on "legitimate historical rights," (2) that my statistics are at fault, (3) that the Czechs did not refuse a plebiscite, while "it was on the suggestion of the Poles that the plebiscite was dropped and the disputed territory divided between the two countries," and (4) that the result was "the rightful frontiers established by the Treaty of Paris and accepted by both parties."

And now for Professor Roy's claims, as mentioned above:

(1) The Czechs were among the loudest in rejecting "legitimate historical rights"—in the case of other people. The Magyar claims to extensive areas incorporated into Czechoslovakia were historically much stronger than the Czech claim to Teschen-Silesia. As a matter of fact, the early amicable pact of May 1915 between Masaryk and Paderewski clearly envisaged an ethnographic boundary for Teschen, and not an historical one.

Dr. Benes himself admitted frankly the illegality of the whole Czech position (cf. *Problemy Nove Evropy a Zahranicni Politika Ceskoslovenska*, Prague, 1924, pp. 62-66). (2) Our statistics disagree, partly because we are quoting from two different censuses and partly because we are dealing with different areas. Professor Roy's figures, for 1900, showing the population as 61 per cent Polish-speaking, are for the whole of Teschen-Silesia. My own 1910 figures, showing 69 per cent as Polish-speaking, refer to the two mixed counties of Frysztat and Teschen. (3) As to a matter of a plebiscite, contrary to Professor Roy's claims, the Czechs were, as I have stated, bitterly opposed to letting the fate of the whole district be decided by plebiscite. This point is clearly covered by Dr. Benes himself (*op. cit.*, p. 68). Neither was the alternative solution "suggested" by the Poles. It was, on the contrary, imposed on the Poles at pistol point by the Allies, apparently at the instigation of the Czechs. The Allied Supreme Council then immediately referred the boundary issue to the Council of Ambassadors, who in turn hastily appointed a Commission. Only the Czech experts were heard. The delegation of Polish experts, who arrived promptly on July 20th was refused a hearing on the ground that "there was no time for further deliberations." On July 28th, the decision was given in favor of the Czechs, who received the entire industrial section of Teschen-Silesia. (Incidentally, not a single Allied regiment went to the promised help of the embattled Poles.) (4) Paderewski, in accepting the boundary decision on behalf of the Poles, wrote a letter to Millerand, the president of the Supreme Council, reading in part as follows: "It means that over 184,000 of our countrymen will be left at the mercy of their new masters. . . I shall sign with profound grief the document that robs us of a part of our nation which we value so highly and which has so much of our affection. . . The Polish nation will never believe that justice has been done." Professor Roy's formula hardly seems adequate.

WATSON KIRKCONNELL
Hamilton, Ont.

Content with "The King"

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS regrettable that there still seems to be a tendency to substitute "O Canada" for "God Save The King" as Canada's National Anthem, or at least to establish "O Canada" as an optional one.

"The Maple Leaf Forever", "My Own Canadian Home", "A Song of Canada", "O Canada", and others, are inspiring and tuneful Patriotic Songs, and as such have a worthy place in Canadian life.

Canada's National Anthem is "God Save The King". Let us never slacken even one of the bonds that hold us to the British Crown, the British Commonwealth of Nations, and to one another.

Fredericton, N.B. STERLING BRANNEN.

Autonomy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN SATURDAY NIGHT for October 7, an article by Grace W. Younkie, on Scarboro Hall credits Toronto Branch with all arrangements for entertainment at this convalescent centre.

It is the policy of the Canadian Red Cross Society to leave such arrangements in the hands of the local Branch. Scarboro Branch therefore, has complete charge of entertainment for this centre under the appointed hostess, Mrs. F. J. Beech. The equipment for entertainment,—games, books, piano and gramophone have also been provided through donations from members and friends, or purchased with monies donated for this purpose by citizens of Scarboro to the Scarboro Branch.

FRANCES L. JOHNSON.
Scarboro Junction, Ont.

Prize Bull

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR book-reviewer intimates that Steele and Addison were "two Dicks." No more ferocious literary bull has been seen hereabouts for years. Sir Richard Steele may have been a Dick (to his intimates) but Addison was a Joe, and nothing else.

Toronto, Ont. ARCHER BOWES.

We are given to understand that the reviewer included Addison because of his perfect Dick-tion.—Ed.

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THE FRONT PAGE

Which Road For Labor?

THE annual convention of Canada's two major trade union bodies, the Canadian Congress of Labor, which has been meeting in Quebec this week, and the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada which gathers in Toronto next week, are a reminder that a great share of the responsibility for the course of events in Canada during the coming few years rests with labor, and particularly with the leaders of these two organizations who between them represent a great bulk of the workers in Canada, and a bulk which it is to be expected will grow increasingly large.

Labor today is at a cross-roads. It has for a long time been travelling a hard path; blazing a trail for higher wages and living standards, the right to recognition as a body of influence in the community, the right to be represented in the councils of industry. The war has seen this path pursued with added energy with new steps won at an increasing tempo, until today this first stage of labor's journey has been almost completed. Labor has won, to an extent, higher wages and living standards, and it has gained broad recognition as an influence in the community and is gradually being granted a voice in industry's policy-making.

Labor now, however is facing a choice. It can continue to follow its old road or it can take the main highway with the rest of the community.

In the next few years travel along the main road doesn't promise to be any too easy. There are many political, economic and rehabilitation obstacles to be cleared before the road is open for steady progress. If labor recognizes that it wants to help in clearing these obstacles its standing in the community will be increased relatively to the energy and sincerity and tolerance it applies in doing the job. Similarly if capital or government doesn't carry its weight the community at large won't be slow to recognize it.

De Gaulle and the Press

THE authorities ultimately to be established in various European countries will face a problem of profound importance in the handling of the press. Freedom of the press is in Great Britain and most English-speaking countries regarded as one of the basic freedoms. We have seen it proclaimed in many quarters that in the great "new world" which is to follow ultimate peace the press is to be free,—as though that were all. In candor it must be admitted that freedom of the press may be a positive danger unless it is accompanied by honesty of the press,—and by this is meant not merely honesty of its writers but of its proprietors.

Pre-war France enjoyed freedom of the press up to the hilt, so to speak, or thought it did. Outside libel laws there were no public controls,—but what was the result? Hitler controlled the German press and Mussolini the Italian press; and, sad to say, through the use of cash, they also between them controlled many of the most important Paris dailies, as well as the Havas Agency, whose news used to be cabled to Canada. Under the camouflage of freedom, an influential section of the press was engaged in helping to hamstring the most elemental modern military precautions.

This is not mere gossip. The facts, well-documented were published in 1942 in a book entitled "Dead Line" by the former managing editor of Le Soir, in 1939 the most widely circulated newspaper in France. Le Soir which took Lord Beaverbrook's Express as its model, had, so far as is known, a clean record, but this was far from true of its rivals in business. The Havas Agency, which a century ago had been pilloried by Victor Hugo as corrupt, was an advertising agency as well as a news agency with many newspapers under its indirect control. It had close relations with Mussolini, and its special mission before and after the outbreak of the present war was to promote hostility toward Great Britain in France.

General de Gaulle knows all this. He knows that his own plans for tank warfare were wrecked as much by a corrupt press as by venal military politicians; that the press had its share of responsibility for the fact that only seven fighting planes were built in France in the month before Munich.

In conceding freedom of the press General de Gaulle and his Provisional Government are taking extreme precautions, whereby a newspaper's sources of revenue will be known to the administration; whereby secret ownership will be impossible; and whereby writers will be prevented from being the mask for sinister influences. These regulations may seem incompatible with the full exercise of freedom, but who, familiar with the history of French journalisms in recent years, will deem them unnecessary?

In most European countries, now, or shortly to be liberated, the same problem will exist.

The Men of Dunkirk

WAS it a matter of deliberate planning rather than military strategy, that Dunkirk, last point from which the British made their fighting withdrawal from Europe in 1940, should witness the driving of the last Nazi garrison from the ports facing the English Channel? For Dunkirk is more than a memory of heroism—it is a monument to the same spirit of dogged British tenacity and cheerfulness which, in the face of almost certain disaster, made the recent Arnheim stand not a defeat but a triumphant demonstration of that selfless spirit which shone so brightly on Dunkirk's beaches.

Under the rain of death from the skies the Men of Dunkirk might have been excused had they "rushed the boats." This from an eye-witness's account is what actually happened:

"There they stood . . . . . lined up like a bus-queue, right from the dunes, down to the shore, to the water's edge, and sometimes up to their waists beyond. They were as patient and orderly, too, as people in an ordinary bus-queue. There were bombers overhead and artillery fire all around them. They were hungry and thirsty, and dead-beat; yet they kept in line, and no one tried to steal a march on any one else. Most of them even managed to summon up an occasional joke or wisecrack.

"The one thing I shall never forget, though—the picture that will always haunt me—was the look in the faces of the men while we were filling up another boatload. Would there be room for them in this lot——or? You could see anxious eyes counting the heads in front, and calculating chances. Then as we paddled away, loaded to the gunnel, the face of the man left at the head of the queue—the man who had just missed—grinning resolutely and wishing us luck, and wondering in his heart if we should be able to manage another trip!"

It is of these—the men who did not make the boats—that Britain will be thinking when Britishers stand once more on Dunkirk's beaches—looking across the Channel to an England, no longer under the shadow of Nazi guns!

The Conqueror

CARDINAL VILLENEUVE'S notable tribute in Westminster Cathedral to "the incomparable moral force and endurance of the British people" was a rebuke, by inference, to certain Quebec hot-heads whose recent diatribes were equally lacking in truth and good taste. In discussing the effect of the Cardinal's words the Editor of *Le Jour* turned aside for a moment to outline his own position.

"I am not so much of an Anglophile as to close my eyes to the faults and weaknesses of our compatriots of English speech. They also may permit themselves to be misled by appearances; they also may attribute to the majority the extremist doctrines of some individuals; they also, at times, have smeared their fine history. There have been periods, under the English regime, when bureaucracy and nepotism had an unedifying appearance. But there is no perfect people among our weak humanity. Yet we are certain that under no other master, not even under the domination of France, could Canadians of French speech have enjoyed so much liberty, tolerance and generosity as under the British system.

"For myself, I see an immense benefit for us all that we are a part of this great Anglo-American whole, where liberty, well-being, progress and Christian order, more than anywhere else, bring happiness to the individual and to the community. Faults are to be found, as elsewhere; errors and omissions exist; griefs are not lacking. But where else, the world over, is there a situation, are there conditions, comparable to ours? They are not to be found."

Now it is altogether probable that if such a statement were made by an English Canadian editor in an English Canadian publication he would be denounced by some persons east of the Ottawa as an indurated Imperialist, a blunderheaded bigot and many other things too numerous to mention, even though he were speaking the truth in love.

Lessons of Wartime

IF war at times has been a harsh schoolmaster, in many ways it has been a thorough one. During the dark dreary days of late 1940, when battle equipment, guns and even ammunition were in dangerously short supply, industry crammed within the space of a few months the lessons in economy and efficiency that ordinarily require years of painstaking effort.

If the schooling we have taken has lasting results, no one will regret the rigorous training involved. For lessons learned in producing the engines of war can help us to produce more efficiently the machines the nation must have for reconstruction when peace returns. Many of the new processes and products evolved through war research will come into general use without involving expenditure of much time and money in making them acceptable to the public.

In still another sense war is a teacher. The distinct possibility of being unable to replace many articles we ordinarily take for granted, has developed a new appreciation of the wisdom of buying "quality" in the first place. In wartime such appreciation of good workmanship and quality is primarily practical. Longer-lasting equipment, since it calls for fewer replacements, uses up less of the nation's materials, factory facilities and labor and so releases them for still further war production. But if the tendency should be a permanent one, the emphasis upon glamour, so conspicuous in prewar advertising, may be due for revision.

Individually many Canadians are actually going to school in wartime. The need to mobilize the nation's workers of both sexes has brought training in new skills to thousands; without counting the highly efficient trained technical personnel the Army, Navy and Air Force has produced. Not only has a whole generation of workers been trained in a comparatively short time—they are workers accustomed to working to close specifications and at a much faster pace than formerly set by industrial processes.

Best of all, if the war succeeds in making us a less careless and prodigal people, it may help us to reach a saner standard of living. Any plan which tends to eliminate waste must surely have permanent merit, not just wartime appeal.

A Great-Hearted Woman

THE late Nella Jefferis, who died on October 9th after a short illness of which few were aware, was probably one of the best known and best beloved women in Toronto. Nor was her status local. Her ceaseless activities in behalf of service men, and their families had during the past five years made her an honored figure from coast to coast. The total of her services in providing entertainment for camps throughout Canada was amazing, but it was not all. What she did every December of the war years in organizing Christmas parties for many thousands of soldiers; and soldiers' children; and arranging Christmas hospitality for countless lonely chaps in uniform, was incalculable.

Though born in the United States she was of staunch West of England stock and the cause of those giving their lives for civilization was an emotional religion with her.

Though possessed of incredible energy, she had not since girlhood been physically strong. Quick in retort she had a pat reply for those who warned her that she was killing herself with overwork. It was that men were dying every day in the war zones. She left the impression that she would welcome death in such a cause and in dying she left a place that cannot be filled.

Miss Jefferis was a distinguished figure long before the war started. A most promising actress in her youth, her ambitions were wrecked by ill-health. But she lived to be an active influence in every cause that appealed to her great heart; the blind, the underprivileged, the dumb animal. Misfortune and cruelty fired her with zeal for remedies. Along with this profound impulse went a love of beauty, a desire to make Canada outstanding in music and the finer things of the theatre. This country has known few women so many-sided, so ceaseless in good works.

The Passing Show

E. B. Jolliffe in the *Toronto Star*. "We find that support for the CCF is increasing but we do not take credit for this change because more and more the people are thinking". Many will agree, Mr. Jolliffe, many will agree.

•

Monologue

"Will you look at that, now?" He nodded towards the girl of thirty or so acting as motorman on a Yonge Street car. "Silk stockings, high heels, and the open toes of her; and the smart coat. Glory be, I never in my sixty years saw the like of it. Me, living up north for years—but Callander ain't so far north—and never even imagining what's going on down here! Will she have a uniform now, under that fawn coat? I suppose she will. And the yellow hair of her under that peaked cap with a number on it. And the bit of color in her cheeks. Well, well, we're in a war all right.

"Look at the set of her jaw when she steps on the bell, and the flip of her wrist when she closes the doors, and the way she stands; feet well apart; and straight as a rush she is. And warning-off that coal-truck; bang, bang! An earnest lady. And would she keep house that way? I'll bet she would. Making her husband wipe his feet on the mat before coming in, having everything ship-shape all the time. And clean pinnies on her children every day—if she has any, God bless her. No nonsense about that one, eh?—Glory be, she's powdering her nose!"

•

A wealthy man living at Detroit's Park Avenue Hotel has written (on Hotel stationery) 600 letters to the management criticizing the service. If you are in the rotunda and look upwards you may see the management. He hit the ceiling long ago and still stays up there.

•

Positively

"Nature has donned her russet gown!"
The poet declaims; and it's a fact.
But, alas, when the leaves come tumbling down
She seems to be doing a strip-tease act.

F. E. L.

•

C. P. McTague says that the Progressive-Conservatives "won't compromise with elements disruptive of the unity of this country". And thus is removed another threat to the elements.

•

Pilgrimage

NO lyric for you in the old romantic way,
rounded with clichés and the pretty turn of phrase
that suited older lovers; for the hungry days
are with us now, longer than we can say,
with no break for thin speech or words in the wrong
season; but yet, all timelessness belongs
only to this singing, and for the long
blank winter I fill your scrip with songs.

When you, on your ragged pilgrimage, must climb
to the unrelenting peaks of pain or fear,
this little music may reach you brokenly,
come echoing down the cliffs of memory
or blow about the dizzy cairns of time,
full of old songs, pleading that you may hear.

MARGARET CROSLAND

•

Victor Mature, now a boatswain's mate, visited a friend in hospital, wearing an anti-septic mask. The New York *Herald Tribune* reports, "This is so Eunice won't catch the cold I caught last night. a KzitrenordlMly d d g." That *was* a bad cold!

•

Doggerel

"Now, don't be alarmed, he won't hurt you,"
Said the man, of his boisterous pup
As it leaped at the nerve-shattered stranger
As though it would gobble him up.

"He's only a puppy and playful,
There's really no cause for such fright,
So don't be afraid of him, lady,
His bark is far worse than his bite."

"A nuisance? A menace? What nonsense!
He loves a good romp with the kids.
Get rid of him? Part with him? Never!"
(We wouldn't, eh!—huh—any bids?)

J. O. PLUMMER

•

Ribbentrop, being a social animal, probably attributes his unpopularity to B.O. and wonders why he can't find a better deodorant-cream.

English Country Women Are Full-Time Citizens

Vegetables raised by English housewives in "kitchen" gardens are an important contribution to Britain's wartime larder.

Ready to be picked up by rural workers at lunch-time are these meat pies baked in some communities.

The village's jam-making and fruit preserving are done by the women on a communal basis, which saves fruit, sugar and fuel.

Village women run this canteen for British "Tommies" and provide delicious home-cooking.

THERE is an organization in Britain that has a counterpart in many other countries—The Women's Institutes. It is not always known by the same name but it has the same function—to weld together the life of a village or country town so that it is a communal life.

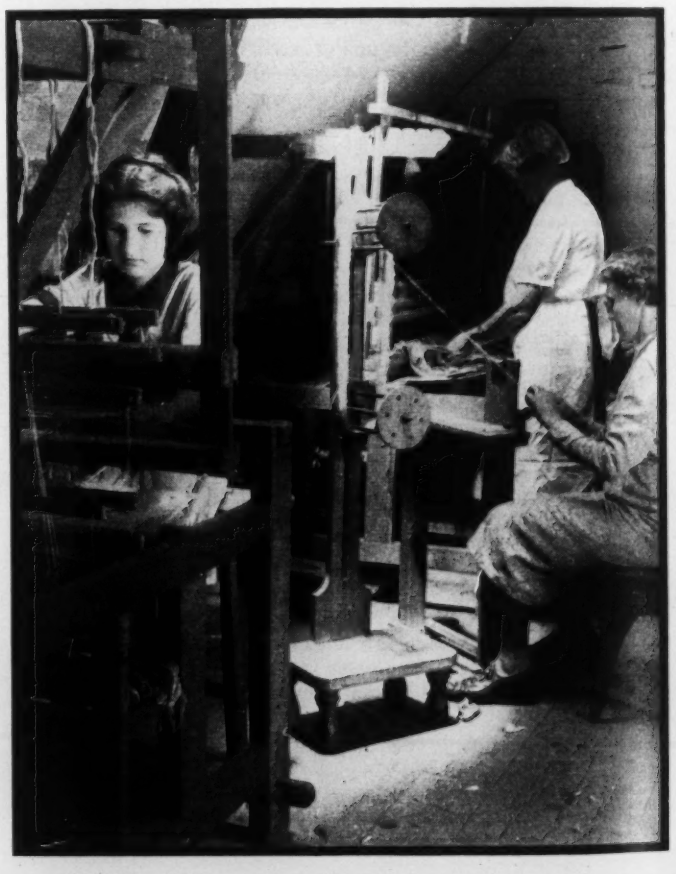
This is the great distinction between cities and country towns—that the one is a working and "dormitory" centre, and that the other is a community. In the one, people live alone in the midst of crowds, in the other they share the life of the town; they make that life.

No one wishes that city life in Britain shall be the general way of living. In fact all the new town-planning schemes that are now being so widely discussed have, as their basis, a re-creation of village or "centre" life. It matters very little if people live in flats, in big old houses or in small new homes, so long as all are inhabitable. But it does matter if they know nothing and care nothing about the town in which they live.

The country women of England—the women who belong to the institutes—are citizens in the true sense of the word. They meet together regularly and discuss what they can do to aid the life of the community. For instance, in the English countryside the fruit harvest is a heavy affair. The Women's Institutes arrange to pick the fruit together, and together do the necessary preserving and jam-making. In peace-time this was a useful and efficient scheme. In war-time it is an inestimable service of which the British Ministry of Food is very appreciative. This communal method saves fuel, sugar and fruit. None of these valuable things is wasted as it would be in, say, 80 or 100 separate houses.

These women are determined to do as much as they can for themselves. They cook very well and prepare their own meals, they grow their own vegetables; make their own herbal medicines; make their own and their children's clothes, sometimes from cloth they have woven. Much of their activity could be called "communal housewifery," but they are also very interested in general questions affecting their towns and their country, problems of education, housing, agriculture, hygiene, health services.

Before the war, the Women's Institutes co-operated with similar organizations throughout the world—they exchanged ideas and "pooled" knowledge. Unfortunately this co-operation is not now so widespread—most of Britain's European neighbours are completely isolated, and with the other countries communication is exceedingly difficult. But in the post-war world England's countrywomen will be of great and increasing value to their own home towns and to their Nation.



Members of the Women's Institutes weave cloth from dog's wool to eke out the family clothing ration.

At a school for dairying these domestic leaders learn how to make best possible use of limited milk supplies.

From ordinary rabbit pelts, English country women are making fur coats which eventually will go to Russia.

Baskets are very scarce in England for so many were imported. Now the women plait their own for shopping.

Rich Field in Canada for Non-Objective Art

By Graham McInnes

1. If your eye follows the progressive development of these first three forms and their rhythmic . . .

2. . . . symmetry arouses pleasurable sensations, you have made a start in appreciating abstract art.

3. Sculptured forms like these have a tactile quality and are almost completely sensory in their appeal.

ABSTRACT or "non-objective" art has always been hard for Canadians to take, despite the success of artists like Lawren Harris, David Milne and Alfred Pellan. The average Canadian art lover, though he has approved such deviations from literalism as those of the Canadian Group of Painters, and of the surrealist group centered in Toronto, has in general balked at art which bore no recognizable resemblance to the world of visible reality. Distortion, comic or unexplained juxtaposition of unrelated objects, simplification, he has been able to appreciate, if not to approve; for there are always elements in such works of art which remind him of the scenes encountered in daily life, or in the realm of the imagination. But pure abstraction leaves him cold.

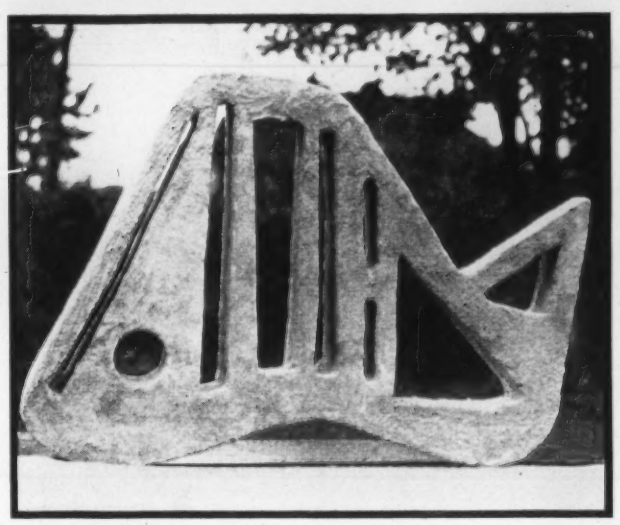
This is quite understandable; but in view of the tremendous influence of the School of Paris, especially in Quebec, and of the very shapes of his own great hinterland, it is nonetheless strange. The cool impersonal forms of rocks, lakes and mountains, duplicated in the vast power dams and industrial developments of our time, he has seen less as pure shapes, than as shapes with romantic or associative overtones. A sensitive sculptor like Elizabeth Wyn Wood might get extremely close to abstraction in such works as "Passing Rain" or "Rock, Reef and Rainbow"; but both she and her audience would regard these as literal transcriptions from nature. In a sense they are; but it is plain that Canada, both by nature and by recent borrowing, offers a rich field for abstract work.

The immediate rewards of such work, however, are naturally extremely limited. It is therefore interesting to find Peter Sager, a young sculptor from Vancouver, embarking early on a career completely devoted to abstract work, and producing some remarkably fine stuff. Any judgment of non-objective art must necessarily be based on the purely aesthetic yardsticks of form, design, texture, line and so forth. It is no use hitching one's judgment of such work to any associative recollection. Sager's abstraction Number 5 will inevitably call to mind some tropical fish; but this resemblance is as fortituitous as those of clouds or rocks to giraffes and elephants — a resemblance with which, A. Y. Jackson tells us, the late Dr. James McCallum used to delight in perplexing and exasperating his companions on a northern canoeing trip.

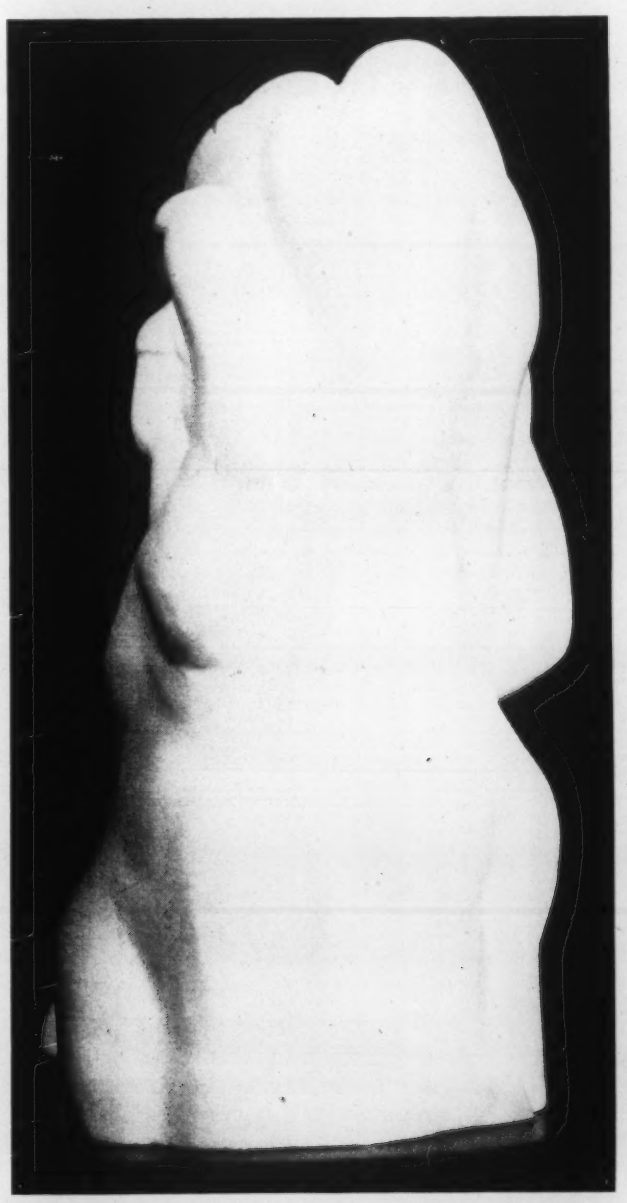
For the layman, the yardstick is simply that of whether or not the object arouses pleasurable sensations. I think the progressive development of the shape in Numbers 1 to 3 does definitely give a sensation of pleasure, and even of achievement, in the same way that the (purely abstract) development of a flower from bud to full bloom gives us a sense of purpose. Carry a Wyn Wood sculpture a step further along the road to abstraction and you get something like Number 4, which, set in a garden, would give complete satisfaction. Compared with Sager's earlier "Dance Movement" (note the associative title) it has the cool completion of a sculptured object by Henry Moore in contrast to, say, the Chopinesque romanticism of the Shelley Memorial at Oxford. These abstract works, though they may reveal the unease of our times, surely reflect the same search for first causes as one finds in a Doric pillar or an Etruscan bronze.

Sager, now working on documentary war films with the National Film Board, has little time left for sculpture; but work of his, exhibited in Ottawa showed that he has come a long way in a comparatively short time. He studied at the British Columbia College of Art under J. W. G. MacDonald and F. H. Varley, and held his first representative one-man show at the San Francisco World's Fair. Those interested not only in the development of abstract art in Canada, but in Canadian sculpture, should watch the 24-year-old Vancouver artist, for his work shows much sensitiveness, a feeling for materials, and an original talent for structural and plastic design.

4. This one has no intellectual or associative overtones, but can be enjoyed per se. Name it and immediately associations crowd in . . .



5. You may think this resembles a tropical fish or a harp, but any such resemblance is purely fortuitous.



6. "Dance Movement", an earlier work by Peter Sager.

. . . Note how this affects your impressions of this sculpture, "The Sea", shown with the artist.

No Reason to Expect Mass Immigration in Postwar

By ERIC KOCH

The idea that there will be mass emigration from Europe after the war has no foundation. Stationary or declining populations cannot afford large-scale emigration and will not tolerate it.

A moderate emigration of the "uprooted" is likely for a few years, and after that there will probably be a fairly stable relation of population between Europe and this continent.

IT HAS been estimated that twenty million people will want to leave Europe after the war. In 1939 President Roosevelt wrote to the Pope saying that "millions of people of all races, all nationalities, and all religions may seek new lives by migration to other lands." Since then between forty and fifty million people have been uprooted. At the conclusion of the struggle the question of European emigration becomes a burning one.

Most Canadians have formed fairly definite opinions on the question whether Canada needs immigrants or not. Some think that we won't be able to retain our position as first-rate industrial power without an influx of Europeans; others think that we will have great difficulties in employing our own men after the war without a great number of newcomers. I shall not discuss this problem. All I shall attempt to do is to examine the question whether there really will be such large-scale emigration, so that we may be able to discuss later immigration into Canada in a better perspective.

It is inconceivable that, in the long run, any considerable emigration will be permitted from countries with a declining birth-rate. Even suppose that some foreign land appears fabulously attractive to the citizens of, say, Greece, it will be most unlikely that the government will allow Greeks to leave the country, because the possibility of the Greek nation dying out constitutes, even without emigration, a nightmare to its government. And perhaps that government has made a study of Irish history, Ireland being the stock example of countries exhausted by emigration.

If population figures were rising, most European countries would not have to be afraid of emigration. Countries where there are more births than deaths have (with the exception of Ireland) never been seriously affected by emigration, no matter how great.

During the great century of European emigration, the nineteenth, only a fifth of the total natural increase of persons emigrated; i.e. out of every hundred additional people twenty went away. So the movement of people outside Europe did not reduce the total number of people inside. But the situation will be very different after the war. With the exception of the Slav countries, the birth-rate of every European nation will be declining. Only in countries like Poland will we have a real upward trend in population figures. In Poland about half of the natural increase of people emigrated before the war. We are, therefore, likely to have a good deal of Polish emigration after the war.

Hitler Lied About Population

Even Hitler's and Mussolini's attempts to encourage births apparently were not able to stop the decline of German and Italian population figures. Hitler was simply lying when he claimed, six months after his rise to power, that the German population had increased already. This downward trend has, of course, been seriously aggravated by the terrific loss in men sustained by practically every European nation during the war.

We must also realize that the extent of European emigration will depend on the success or failure of the peace settlement. If the tremendous problem of full employment is solved, there will be very few candidates for emigration. If it is not, many thousands will want to leave.

We hope, furthermore, that the period when millions wanted to leave Europe to escape political and racial oppression will definitely be over by the time this war is won. If, as some pessimists believe, the new European régime turns out to be distinctly authoritarian, there may be new waves of refugees streaming out of Europe. In that case this war will have been fought in vain. Other people, no less pessimistic, believe that, while European Fascism will be dead and discredited, American and Canadian Fascism will be rampant.

These people point to the increase of race prejudice on this Continent during the last few years, and conclude that Fascism here has by no means been discredited yet. If they are right, many freedom-loving Canadians and Americans may want to migrate to Europe after the war, and the whole emigration problem will be reversed.

The White Paper

Although anti-Semitism is a by-product of Fascism, we must realize that the Fascists did not invent it, and that in many regions it will take more than one generation to eliminate its ugly effects. Between three and five million Jews have been murdered by Hitler, and the process of extermination is still going on. The latest reports from Europe indicate that during the last weeks the wholesale killing of Jews is worse than ever. The survivors from the ghettos and prison-camps may want to leave the scene of such indescribable misery; they may want to build new lives anywhere but at home. I am sure that many of them will want to go to Palestine, and it is to be hoped that the British Government will find a way to scrap its White Paper. Many of them have relatives and friends on this side of the Atlantic, and we cannot think that the North American nations will bar their doors against the people who have just managed to survive the worst terror history has known.

Let us try to imagine the situation in Europe at the end of the war. Last year the International Labor Office in Montreal estimated the extent of displacements of population in Europe as amounting to a "grand total of over forty million." Since then some additional millions from occupied countries have been forced to work inside Germany. Hundreds of thousands have been and are being evacuated from cities exposed to Allied raids. We know that about a million people left the bombed Italian cities. The fighting on the Continent caused some more considerable displacements. The biggest single item in the estimate given by the I.L.O. is the evacuation of Russian civilians to the east, which is said to have involved between twelve and twenty millions. Their repatriation is exclusively a Russian problem, and we cannot expect any emigrants from Russia. On the con-

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trary, Russia may decide to change its policy, and settle large numbers of Europeans in Siberia, apart from the Axis soldiers who will have to help to rebuild the cities which they have destroyed.

In Western Europe the "cease fire" means a return home for the millions of men who have languished in the prisons and camps of Germany, and for the foreign workers in the Todt organization. Millions of German soldiers and civilians, exposed in the occupied countries to the wrath of the population, are fleeing home. All this will happen against the background of a shattered transportation system. It will be a tremendous job for UNRRA to prevent utter chaos.

Repatriation Problem

Obviously most of these men will want to go home. But some of them know that they have lost their roots completely; they know that when they return home, they will find nothing but charred walls, bomb craters and shell-holes; they know that they will find their fields laid waste. The peace conference will have to find an outlet for thousands of such people, Jew and non-Jew. It is possible, of course, that many of them can be employed in some part of Europe where there will be a shortage of labor, but many of them will not be suited for the type of reconstruction work required.

It would be the height of folly to stop emigration from the outset. Probably it won't be possible to ship large numbers of people overseas during the first year or two after the war, but if each of the United Nations agrees to allow for the gradual infiltration of these uprooted Europeans over a period of years, the problem can be solved with the minimum of difficulty. As far as we can say, it is fairly certain that, in the short run, the problem will only be one of thousands of emigrants, not of millions, as some people think. Europe, after all, will need all the men it can get for its own reconstruction program. It will be gravely weakened, if the safety-valve of emigration remains shut. That would result only in the accumulation of explosive material inside Europe, and will make an eventual settlement so much the more difficult.

Effects on Employment

In our concern with the immediate problem of post-war emigration we must not overlook certain principles conditioning the movements of populations generally.

Migration is not an isolated problem. It is linked with all the major issues of economic and political policy. It is, above all, part of the problem of full employment on an international scale. Agricultural slumps and industrial depressions make "overpopulated countries" of the least populated areas in the world, and render the movement of labor from country to country accordingly hard. In the post-war world slumps and depressions will occur, if at all, on a world-wide scale, and their prevention will be the joint objective of every single nation.

If there should be a long depression in Europe after the war, there will be a corresponding depression on this continent. The economic inter-relationship between Europe and America is nothing new, but it will be more complete after the war than it has ever been. But even during the nineteenth century the expanding American economy had its favorable effects on Europe.

Unless a country is prosperous and offers great economic opportunities it won't attract immigrants. And in future America simply cannot prosper in the face of a European depression; less than ever. America needs European markets, and vice versa. From an economically impoverished Europe there won't be any mass emigration. Only when both continents are prosperous is it possible that economic opportunities comparable to those offered during the great periods of emigration will exercise any attraction to Europeans.

The truth that movements of population are cut short by depressions is easily illustrated. Immigration to Canada fell off during the world-wide depression which began in 1873, and it was not resumed until the beginning of this century. Between 1903 and 1913 some two and a half million people entered Canada. The First World War stopped this movement, but when recovery was universal during the nineteen twenties, immigration picked up again. But it was cut short by the depression which broke the boom. During the 'thirties only a few restricted classes were allowed to enter the country, with the result that by 1935 immigration figures had fallen lower than they had been since 1860.

So the problem boils down to this: really large numbers of Europeans will only care to come here, if, during a period of world-wide prosperity, the standard of living here is considerably higher than in Europe, and if we can offer immigrants economic opportunities which they haven't at home. That does not mean that we must have vast stretches of land ready for distribution among them; it just means that we must have a market for the foods and services they will produce. Opinions differ whether it is likely that there will be, within a generation or so, a discrepancy between North-American and European economic opportunities comparable to those when immigration was greatest. Only if such a discrepancy exists will there be any large-scale emigration from Europe to America.

Only the most substantial stone structures are able to withstand hits from buzz bombs, buildings of lighter construction being literally reduced to matchwood. Workmen are seen here removing rubble and glass from the blasted interior of this south-east coast church. →

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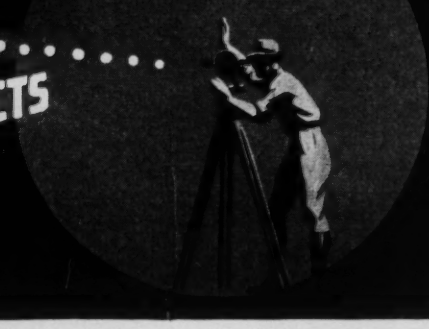

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Unsuspected Quarters Preach Corporatism

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

Until now Corporatism in Canada has been mainly associated with Quebec and the separatist element in the Province.

The writer makes the discovery, quite startling to many of our readers we are sure, that Prime Minister King has been preaching the principles of corporatism for many years, and that a recent advocate is Charles P. McTague, National Chairman of the Progressive Conservative Association.

CORPORATISM has been made to assume the aspect of a big, bad wolf in English-speaking Canada where it is associated with various ideas of Quebec separatism. Some of the separatists have not been averse to encouraging the idea that corporatism is a French and Catholic copyright. Actually, corporatism is as English as the House of Commons and the completest statement of corporatist doctrine made in Canada was published as long ago as 1918 in a book entitled "Industry and Humanity". The author was W. L. Mackenzie King.

The most recent statement of corporatism was made by another English-speaking Canadian, Charles P. McTague, on August 25, at the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs, sponsored not by the Order of Jacques Cartier but by the Y.M.C.A. The big, bad wolf looks like a different kind of animal when its owner speaks our own language.

Neither Mr. Mackenzie King nor Mr. McTague can claim originality for their doctrines. The author of "Industry and Humanity" frankly followed the lines of the Whitley Committee in England which had been appointed by the British government in 1916 and reported in 1917. No one would expect a Government Committee to be original and the Right Hon. J. H. Whitley and his colleagues did no more than select and formulate ideas that had been in the air in England and other countries for many years before, ideas represented in their more extreme forms by the slogans "Guild Socialism"—a reaction from State Socialism—and "Workers' Control of Industry".

Quebec Definition

To get the worst over first, let us look at Corporatism in its un-British form, the official definition given by l'Organisation Corporative which propagates the system in the Province of Quebec:

"A vocational Organization is a legally constituted body bringing together all the members of the same trade, profession or industry under a single authority with the power to act in the common vocational interest and to impose its regulations on all members."

There is an authoritative tone about this definition which could not be adopted by a propagandist who was addressing himself to Anglo-Saxons. We do not care for suggestions of finality and absoluteness; we like to think of freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent.

Mr. Mackenzie King entitled his two corporatist chapters respectively "Representation in Industry" and "Government in Industry", the latter not having reference to the State or political government but to the self-government of industry by industry for the community. Mr. King unearths a maxim expressed by John Pym, the illustrious champion of English freedom in 1614: "That form of government is best which doth actuate and dispose every part and member of the State to the common good." Mr. King truly says that no more splendid maxim of government has ever been devised and he transposes Pym's words to apply to industry: "That form of Government in Industry is best which doth actuate and dispose every part and member to the common good."

Purest Corporatism

Descending from the general to the particular Mr. King adds his comment which adds up to the purest corporatism:

"Labor, Capital, Management and the Community: these are the parts and members of Industry. They are the partners in Industry, partners in individual enterprises, partners in Industry as a whole. Self-government in Industry worked out on some basis of adequate representation of all the partners should prove as nearly perfect as any form of Industrial Government it is possible to conceive."

Mr. Mackenzie King adopts the tone of suggestion and l'Organisation Corporative that of assertion, but they both mean the same thing. Mr. C. P. McTague, as a Conservative, is at pains to assure us that we should only be following the example of Britain and the Scandinavian countries and of some Canadian industries, mentioning the construction industry and the paper and pulp industry. He says:

"General industrial policy, industry by industry, can be dealt with by joint councils of employers and employees. Taking the textile industry, for example, a joint council of employers and organized labor could fix wages, conditions of work, prices and plans for continuity of production. . . It would be adopting to a degree the industry code of NRA, but going even further. Over all could be a general economic council with, of course, adequate labor representation."

After saying that in the existing Canadian examples of construction and pulp and paper the basis is voluntary Mr. McTague proceeds:

"There is no reason why, with a little good will, it could not be made the practice in practically all industry. As far as government is concerned, its duty would consist in the main in bringing the various industries together and acting as umpire in endeavouring to work out agreement. It might be necessary on rare occasions where certain industries or plants prove recalcitrant to have the power to make and enforce codes."

Professor Maximilien Caron, as a Professor of Civil Law in the University of Montreal, would say dogmatically that a Joint Industrial Council must have all needed powers of compulsion, granted and controlled by the State, to make its resolutions effective. Mr. McTague, as a practical politician, says that it might be necessary on rare occasions where industries and plants prove recalcitrant for the Industrial Council to have power to enforce codes.

If Mr. McTague, himself a former Judge of the Supreme Court, were drafting a law he would use the same language as Professor Caron. As a matter of fact, M. Caron is more guarded in his language than Mr. McTague, who is open to the interpretation that he would have the Government make and enforce codes. M. Caron would have no code unless it was adopted by a sufficient majority in the industry.

Wartime Analogies

It is going rather beyond the facts to suggest that there are already Industrial Councils with compulsory powers in Britain, just as it is optimistic to view the construction industry in Canada as organized on a voluntary basis. A number of large and important firms have a code of their own and an agreement with the labor unions, but they are a long way from covering the industry.

Wartime controls supply many analogies to the proposals of corporatism. The Industrial Standards Acts in various Canadian provinces were copied from Quebec, and though a corporatist may have little admiration for the way they worked in practice he must admit that they have some external resemblance to corporatism. The nearest approach to corporatist legislation in England before the war was the Cotton Manufacturing Industry (Temporary Provisions) Act of 1935. A most important Report by Nuffield College, Oxford, on "Employment Policy and Organization of Industry After the War" issued in May of last year has much in common with corporatism though it was signed by great business leaders and by Socialists.

English-speaking advocates of corporatism do not give it that name because it is not an English name and it was under that name that it was adopted and perverted by Fascism. Corporatism has come to be associated in many minds with the Totalitarian State, whereas the whole meaning of Self-Government in Industry is to get rid of irresponsible capitalist aufocracy without bringing in a degree of State interference that would lead to Socialism. Corporatism is not a revealed doctrine or a cut-and-dried system and there are many differences between its advocates but all would agree with Mr. Mackenzie King's adaptation of the words of John Pym, that it is a form of government in industry which would dispose every part and member to the common good.

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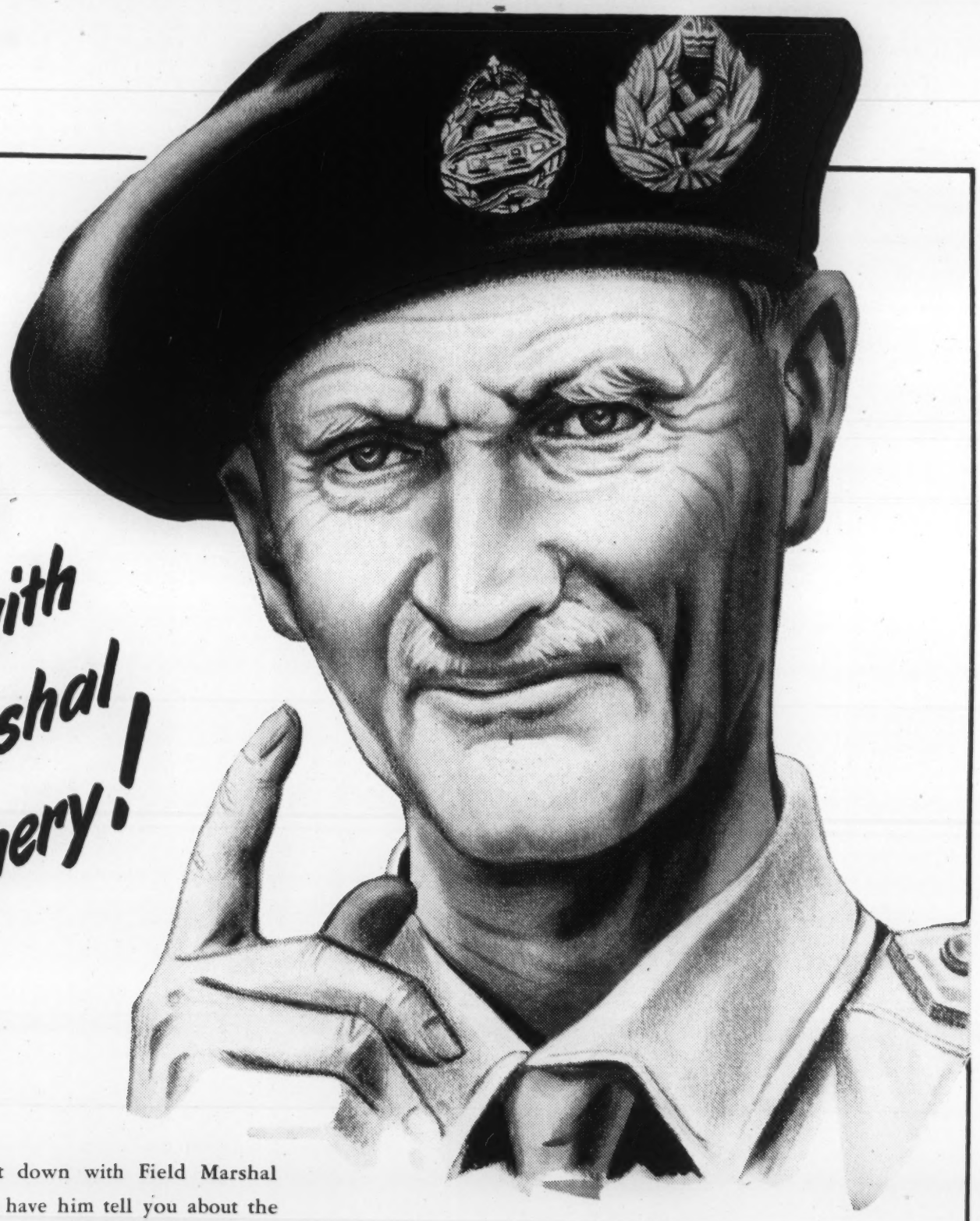

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Get Ready to Buy Victory Bonds

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

7-34

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Mr. King Busy Tidying His House But Vote This Year Not Likely

By G. C. WHITTAKER

WITH no one to dispute domestic jurisdiction with him at Laurier House or Kingsmere, Mr. King has learned to be a good housekeeper. So, when he decides that the time has come to call the folks in for the balloting party there will be no unwashed dishes or unmade beds or dust swept under the corner of the rug for them to sniff at. He has been getting things into shape for some time and has now caught up some of the tag-ends of the job. All that remains is a little judicious arranging of the floral decoration to hide any stains on the furniture and a final flick of the duster. After that he can throw open the doors anytime.

The arrangements for the most part are such as to command approval. After his meritorious performance as Minister of Munitions and Supply, Mr. Howe was perhaps the logical choice for the new job of Minister of Reconstruction. The new job takes on where the old left off. If you wanted a definition of just what the new job is you would not find it in the Act of Parliament passed last session which authorizes the creation of the Department of Reconstruction.

In the rather vague terms of the legislation it doesn't look like much of a job, especially much of a job for Mr. Howe, whose forte is constructive and decisive action. It is to be found rather in the central postwar purpose of the government, which is the achievement of maximum production and employment. This entails for Mr. Howe as Minister of Reconstruction the devising and carrying out of large public undertakings and the provision of guidance and stimulation for private enterprise. He can go as far as he likes in lifting this task out of the realm of vagueness, and the chances are he will go quite a distance.

Mr. Howe has demonstrated remarkable organizing and administrative capacity and ability in perhaps the biggest job of the kind Canada has ever had to have done for it. The organization and direction of the country's war production was not, however, a task which made very heavy demands on the wisdom and judgment that are required in the shaping of public policy. The new job will provide plenty of employment for the talents the minister has shown that he possesses in such superior degree, but it is likely also to involve a good deal of important policy making, and for this it is not indisputably established from the record that he is so well equipped.

Howe Still Invites Trouble

In the matter which provided the most recent opportunity for judging of this, his postwar air transport policy, there was the somewhat disturbing suggestion of impulsiveness, of the none too careful balancing of superior and inferior considerations, of something short of a thorough thinking-through.

Then too, in the postwar period members of parliament will be much less disposed, and properly so, to accept the dictum of a minister on his policies and performances than they were when they hesitated to raise questions or voice opinions which might prejudice or be alleged to prejudice the war effort. They will probably be particularly vocal themselves on matters which will touch the public in so many places as will reconstruction measures. This revives our old regret that Mr. Howe has never learned to be a good parliamentarian. His troubles in the House of Commons are not behind him.

The other two departments of government to which Mr. King has named ministers are new and yet not new. That of Veterans' Affairs is the pensions division of the old Department of Pensions and National Health. Mr. Ian Mackenzie takes to the new department his experience of several years as political head of the old.

In the old department the division of National Health looked after the physical afflictions of veterans of the last war, kept an eye on conditions in their places of employment which bore on the health of civil servants, and was responsible for public health administration in the federal field, which included quite a few important activities such as establishing and seeing to the observance of food and drug standards, guarding against false or extravagant claims in the advertising of foods and medicines, operating a medical and quarantine service in connection with immigration, a material and child hygiene service, a venereal disease control.

The new department carries these along but the occasion for its creation is the introduction of social security on an ambitious scale, including family allowances and the national health insurance system which will materialize in due course. Youth cleaves to youth, and the Prime Minister has fittingly chosen a young man for the direction of this immature undertaking. Mr. Brooke Claxton is not only young in years and in public affairs; he is of a liberal philosophy, and the affairs he is to administer are conceptions of liberalism.

The Research Council

Canada's war-expanded National Research establishment promises to be an important factor in the promotion of overall national well-being after the war. It should make important contributions to those phases of national welfare over which Mr. Claxton will have jurisdiction, but it will be more immediately active in assisting in the development of the country's productive capacity as a means of economic prosperity. For this reason it is to be attached in future to Mr. Howe's Department of Reconstruction. Mr. King now discloses that General McNaughton submitted his resignation as president of the Research Council a year ago, strongly recommending that Dean Mackenzie of the University of Saskatchewan, who has filled the position since 1939, should succeed him permanently.

Other odds and ends have been attended to lately. Whatever you may think of the idea of a government-financed Industrial Development Bank, there is no occasion to question the wisdom of the government's choice of a man to have immediate charge of it. Mr. Noble, with sound banking experience behind him, has skilfully discharged difficult and important public duties during the war years as sugar controller and vice-president of the Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation.

Another body to administer the import Export Credits Act is taking shape. And of more direct and widespread interest for the business community is a move now under consideration for the setting up of an appeal tribunal to examine appeals from business income tax assessments and to advise on their disposition. It is a move which, if it materializes, should find wide favor. Appeals now go before officials in charge of the division of the government service which makes the assessments.

With all these and other matters out of the way, Mr. King is ready to call in the voters whenever the moment seems to him most appropriate. With the War Loan coming on, it doesn't look now as if that moment would be in this year. Also, the National Liberal Federation, which is the government's principal election campaign agency, has been summoned to a council meeting in late November. If voting were in prospect for any earlier time than next year the party organization would not be taking things so leisurely.

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The cost of war has mounted as we approach the end. Your dollars are as essential now as ever before. Our forces must continue to have the finest in equipment. As long as our men and women risk their lives in battle, we at home must give our financial support to the limit.

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THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

Robot Bomb Stations Huge Installations

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

Mr. Slocombe recently visited the most interesting of the robot bomb sites, one cunningly installed in old French fortifications. He found it a huge structure, with many of its chambers still a mystery, and planned to be just as bomb-proof as the submarine pens which the Germans themselves have been unable to blow up.

London

THOSE ancient enemies of England, Napoleon and Louis XIV, would have been gratified to think they had some share in launching flying bombs.

A short time ago I saw the cunning use the Germans made of old French fortifications near Cherbourg, built by Louis XIV's great military engineer, Vauban, and reinforced by Napoleon.

Having had recent experience on the receiving end of the flying bomb, I naturally examined the sending end with painful interest.

The most interesting "doodle-bug" installation yet captured by us is hidden in a curve of hills in a lovely green valley near Cherbourg. The sun was shining and the sea was blue when I approached. Suddenly, behind a fringe of trees on a bluff overlooking the sea and screened by a steep hillside, I saw two great curving walls of greenish concrete covered by a forest of tall scaffolding and screened by brown, leaf-like German camouflage netting. They looked as long and high as the walls of Westminster Abbey and as fantastic in this peaceful setting as a mountain railway built for giants in a cosmic world's fair.

Between them was an unfinished emplacement for a launching ramp of Hitler's reprisal Weapon Number Two. It had been building nearly a year, and on D Day, when work was suddenly stopped and all the German engineers engaged on this secret enterprise were rushed back from the threatened area, the bomb-site was near completion.

Ramp 250 Feet Long

Reprisal Weapon Number Two. I am told by experts who have examined this bomb-site, is probably a bigger and more powerful V1, possibly twice as powerful in its effects. The wing-span of V1 is 16 feet. The width of the launching ramp of this bomb-site is 25 feet. It is 250 feet long and 160 feet high at the point nearest to England.

The walls curve upwards as the ramp rises. They are built of concrete 10 feet thick, and girders were already in place for a roof of 16 feet-thick concrete and steel.

I climbed over the girders of the roof and could imagine the winged bomb as it left the great aperture of the tunnel below, rose like a ski-jumper into the air, and soared over the blue sea to England.

The bomb-site was built snugly into the steep side of the hill crowned by the old French fort and honeycombed with long and wide tunnels, some of them going 250 feet deep into the heart of the hill.

These tunnels, themselves immune from air attack, had been neatly connected with bomb-proof chambers in the base of the ramp, and were possibly intended for the assembly and storage of flying bombs.

Allied engineers do not yet claim to know all the secrets of this remarkable construction. There were mysterious chambers around and beneath the bomb platform which might have been designed to protect bomb-site personnel from the tremendous blast effects of rocket discharge.

And standing behind the launching platform, and possibly about to be connected up with it, I saw a dozen impressive steel and concrete tubes like enormous drain-pipes six feet high, four feet wide, and 15 inches thick, which might have contained explosive charges for a projectile.

But there was one sinister chamber in this vast engine of death whose purpose was obvious even to a non-expert eye. It was a massive room of concrete 30 feet square, with enormous sockets for steel doors 2 feet thick like the doors of a safe deposit vault. This grim death chamber stands behind the sending end of the platform, and through a 6 inch slot in the yard-thick walls the German commander of the launching platform could watch in safety from its terrific send-off the departure of the flying missile as it sped up the steel rails of the curving ramp and soared over the sea to distant England.

This particular bomb platform was aimed directly at Bristol. It had not been bombed by us, but a sight I saw in the immediate neighbourhood suggested how difficult it is to destroy such monsters directly by air bombing. A mile or two below the bomb-platform was a German submarine pen, also captured by us almost intact.

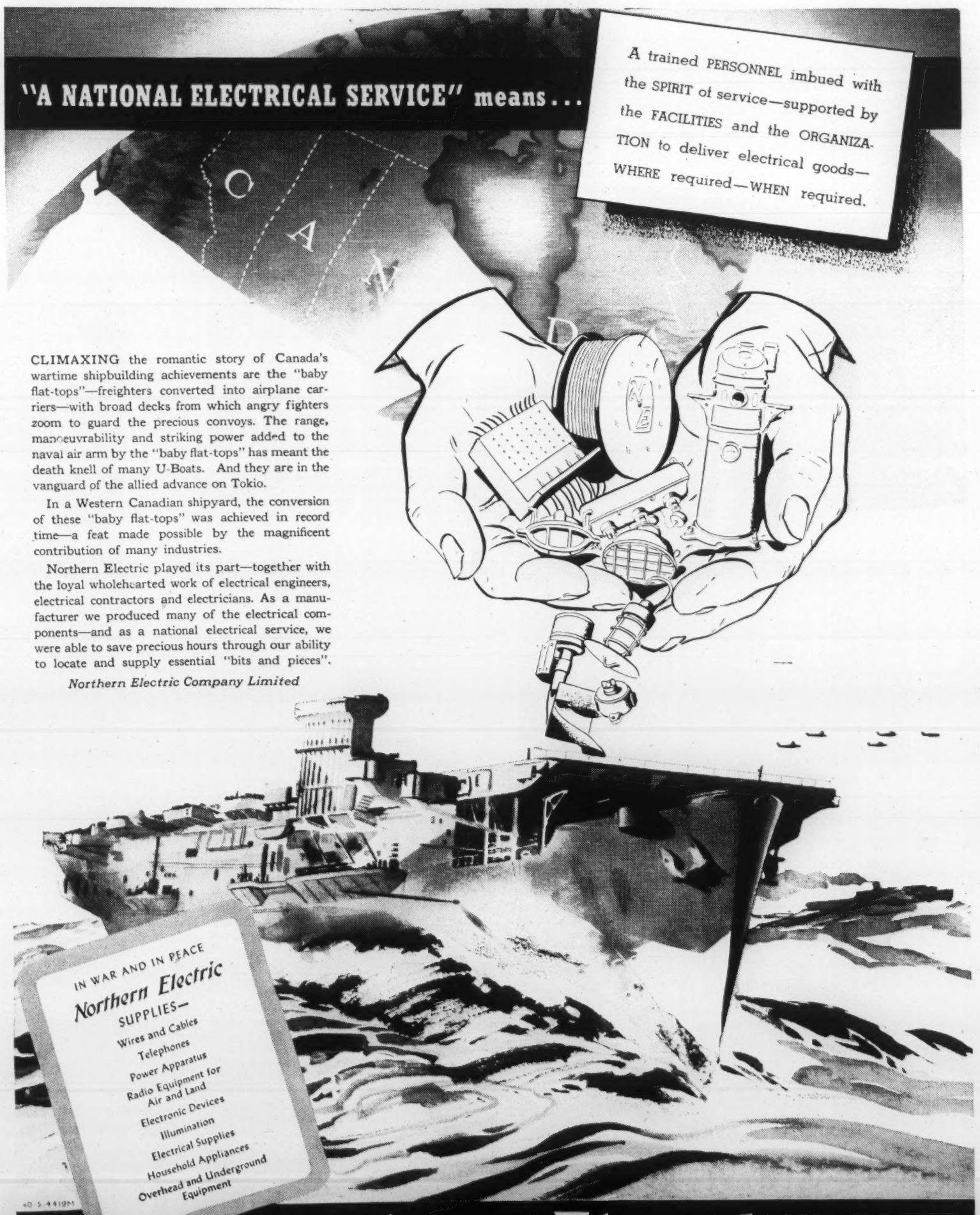
Here the German passion for concrete had proved their undoing, for even their own demolition squads had proved incapable of destroying it. Hence it has been possible to study some at least of its secrets in detail.

This base showed that the Germans had not exaggerated their thoroughness and immunity from air bombing. Within these enormous caverns, 100 yards long and 30 yards wide, with great doors like those of an airplane hangar, opening out on the sea, at least four submarines or E-boats could have lurked in perfect safety.

Many feet below me as I stood on a platform which runs around the great cavern, the walls of which were lined with bunks for U-boat crews and repair workers, the water gleamed dark and sinister.

But only a short time ago this great submarine shed had been bustling with activity, brilliantly lit from arc lamps in the roof and walls, and even air-conditioned.

Today the submarines have vanished and only two ancient hulks of French barges lie rotting in the oily water below.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Punitive Peace Will Tie Its Own Noose

By G. A. WOODHOUSE

Should Germany, as the majority suggest, be made the subject of strong punishment? Should the punitive measures omitted at Versailles this time be enforced so that there shall be a lasting peace?

This distinguished British writer says no.

Such a program based on emotion, he says, would in the end defeat itself. By the time that Germany was able to make war, popular feeling would be bound to have swung around again, as it has so many times in the past. The liberals who propose moderate and just measures have a more clear-headed answer. For in the long run a moderate peace will prove the stronger.

London

THE inability of mankind to learn from history, which is also the inability of man to understand himself, is the failing which has thrown the world into war after war. Up to the twentieth century this did not involve the question of life and death for all humanity, but the time has now come when the decision for life or death for all men has to be made. Wars have ceased to be a simple means of livelihood for mercenaries. They now make their demands upon the entire life of a nation, its women and children and non-fighting men as well as its armies, and upon the total of its economic, moral and political resources, as well as upon the energies of the generals. War is the greatest disease of this era, and the father of all other major epidemics, in the economic and political and social spheres and also in the medical sphere.

We must therefore accept responsibilities towards the prevention of war that are identical with our responsibilities to maintain human life as a whole. This is not hyperbole. As what is called the Second German War moves rapidly to its conclusion its processes give some inkling of what a future war would mean. The science of destruction has reached the point where the eradication of whole peoples is possible. Already the philosophic step has been taken. The Germans have not disguised their intention to eradicate the Jews and the Poles, and were making substantial steps towards achieving it.

About this crucial problem there are two current beliefs. One is sponsored by Mr. Leopold Schwarzschild, a German Jew. He is a sort of modern Schopenhauer, though shallower in his reasoning. He is all against the idea of the perfectibility of man. He does not see that man has got any better or is likely to do so, and, naturally, he sees the German as the worst kind of man. His "Primer of the Coming World" argues for the total occupation of Germany for at least half a century. His program is that "positively nothing" must be allowed to survive in Germany which can "materially or spiritually become the nucleus of a new military renaissance."

Out-Vansittart Vansittart?

The wonder is that Schwarzschild is content that so tame and conventional a conclusion should follow his savage and absolute premises. If you really intend to leave Germany nothing, materially or spiritually, on which a military renaissance might be asserted, then, since the presupposition is that Germans are bad as a whole, there is nothing for it but to eliminate them. You must take away not only their guns and all the paraphernalia of war, but also their spirits, their hearts, their guts. You must out-Vansittart Lord Vansittart.

The other belief was voiced recently by the British Liberal Party, in a report of surprising liberality. Arguing that Germany must be deprived of all excuse for war (which is admittedly a confession of the impracticability over the long term of depriving her of all ability to make war), the Liberals put forward two propositions. The first is that Germany must not be allowed to establish military force enough to enable her to contemplate successful aggression. The second is that she must not be treated worse than other nations as regards economic, finance and welfare matters.

Obviously, the Liberals took the Atlantic Charter more literally than Mr. Churchill did, for he has suggested very strongly that the terms of this statement of principle will not apply to the Germans. For him, presumably, as for a very different thinker a century ago, the Germans are beneath the level of history.

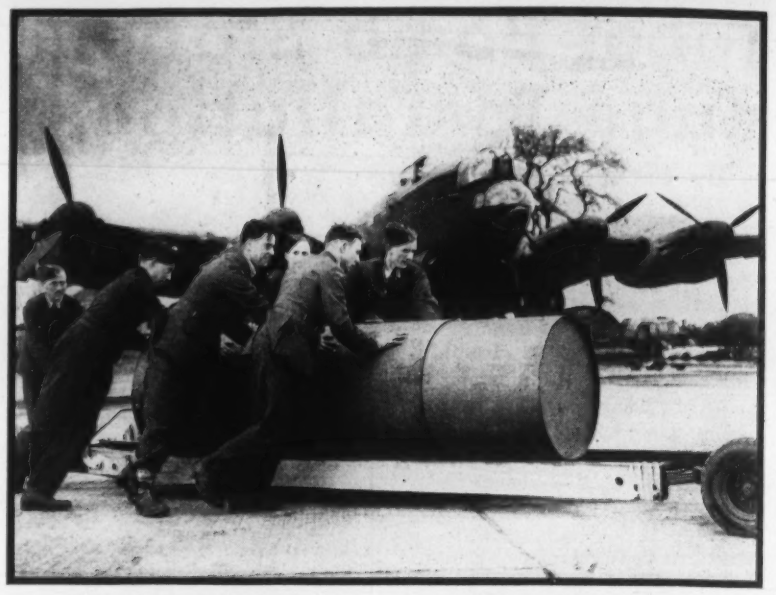
The Dominant Motif

What stands out prominently today is that the Liberals are in a small minority. It is not possible to ignore the host of hints and suggestions that the shape of the anti-German peace is already determined. Russia and Poland have made it plain that they are going to share the territory of East Prussia.

There is no doubt left that other terrtiorial adjustments, coupled with shifts of population, will occur in the West. There is no doubt at all that reparations will be severe, in manpower and in materials if not in money. The official encouragement given to the opinion that Versailles was too soft a peace indicates that the punitive aspect of the peace will be its dominant motif.

Now, this is a matter of supreme importance. When the future of the world depends upon hard and clear thinking, we are confronted with the near certainty of an emotional peace treaty. It will undoubtedly be a peace full of justification in morality, in sympathy for the wronged and the suffering, in outrage against the abominations committed by the Germans. And so far, while it will be perhaps just enough, it will be entirely beside the point. The point of any peace treaty is to preserve the world from another war.

How shall a treaty do that? Versailles failed, not because it was too soft, but because it did not stand the test of time. In twenty years, the British and the French did not see why they should go to war to prevent Germans from occupying the German Rhineland territory, or



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effecting an anschluss with the German-speaking Austrians, or why they should insist on reparations which Germany obviously could not continue to make without severe difficulty.

Whether the British and French people were right in this (and it was the people, not the Governments enforcing their own views on the people) is quite irrelevant. The bald fact is that they were not prepared to go to war. They perceived the excuse that the Germans had. Therefore, the Liberal Party is surely right to say that the great thing is to deprive the Germans of all excuse.

The people who follow the Vansittart and Schwarzchild banner, who want a tough punitive peace treaty, are really being most foolishly gentle with the Germans. For they will be tough against Germany when Germany is anyway too weak to do anything, and the toughness of their peace will tend to diminish as the strength of Germany tends to recover.

Who can doubt that the British and the French and the Americans will not, twenty years from now, refuse to go to war to prevent the Germans of Silesia from wanting to join with the Germans of Bavaria, or all Germans from wanting their industry back? And those who favor a moderate peace treaty are most truly tough against the Germans, for they want a treaty that will retain its meaning over, not just twenty years, but a century, so that the very first move made by the Germans to break it would, since it would be so palpably without excuse and so palpably be a move towards the reassertion of the Herrenvolk doctrine, produce war against the Germans.

The Three Realities

Such a peace would be based on the three big realities, which Versailles so casually ignored.

The first is the racial reality, which involves the geographic reality. This means that nations, good or bad as you may think them, have an entity, and that to attempt to destroy it is fatal. It means that no more minority questions must be introduced into Europe.

The second is the economic reality, which means that we must not ignore the fact that the structure of Europe and the allocation of its population is what it is because of basic economic forces. Versailles destroyed the economic entity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and left Vienna, a city of three million souls, like a head without a body. The Allies had to advance a large credit to undo some of this villainous stupidity. The economic reality means that the source of sustenance for great urban populations must be retained and that the avenues of trade, the means of physical living, must be kept open.

The third is the political reality, which means that you cannot wave a wand and say that the Germans will now be democrats, or expect feudal-minded peoples to live in the same political division as advanced socialistic peoples.

This must be the final verdict on any peace against Germany, that it will be one that will endure, one that we will be as prepared to enforce in fifty years from its signing as at that time, one that will appear as reasonable to our children as to us when we make it. Its power of enduring will be in its moderateness. Anything else, anything punitive, anything on Vansittart lines, is to give the Germans the key to another world war and to condemn the whole of humanity to a blood bath from which it cannot hope to recover.

If it is argued that the peace can be punitive so long as the means of enforcing peace are anyway so strong that Germany, excuse or no excuse, cannot start up again on the military path, the answer again is in history. Where is the instrument? When did force ever ensure peace? And here, too, the broader question appears. Danger is where power is, and for many years after the war Germany will anyway be the weakest power in Europe. The peace, it must always be remembered, will not involve Germany alone.

THE IMMOVABLE PIONEER

Last Scenes at Guards' Chapel

Some time before the present war the late Sir Richard Squires (ex-Prime Minister of Newfoundland) asked to be conducted after the parade service in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to the chaplain, to thank him for the "blue ticket" which had given him the coveted permission to be present. "I just wanted to tell you, sir," he said, "that I consider it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been allowed to worship to-day in what is, I consider, the most wonderful church I have ever entered, and I have been all over the world." He spoke as a man deeply moved. "Every stone, every inch of woodwork, seems a sacred memorial."

The chaplain nodded. "The entire chapel is," he said, "a memorial." Then he asked: "Will you tell me what has struck you most?"

The ex-Prime Minister did not hesitate. In the almost bewildering beauty of mosaics, brass and stone memorials, stained-glass windows and the glory of regimental colours, he was most struck by the arresting simplicity of the plain cross upon the altar. "It will stand unmoved, the immovable pioneer of all good to come."

Strangers unacquainted with the enthralling interior beauty of the chapel have at first been disappointed at its exterior. But, once within, they never failed to be struck by the almost overpowering sanctity of the building, where, for years, Kings and Queens, Field-Marshals and every rank of Guardsmen, as well as Peers of the Realm, and leaders of the land, have knelt to take the Holy Sacrament before the simple altar, over which, with outstretched arms, was the glorious mosaic of the crucified Saviour. The floor of the chancel, on either side of which stood the choir stalls of the Guardsmen choir, was composed of priceless engraved slabs of memory. Among them one read the name of His Majesty King George V, who had loved to worship there, Lord Methuen and many famous generals. Overhead were the exquisite mosaic memorials to Queen Victoria, who constantly worshipped there, King Edward VII, and others. Above the choir stalls stood the band galleries with their alabaster balustrades, where alternately played the bands of the various regiments of His Majesty's Footguards. And in solemn grandeur hung their colours, some shrouded in net, dating back to the days of the Crimea, when they were carried into battle.

Last Easter Sunday the Chaplain-General, the Rev. C. D. Symons, C.B., M.C., D.D., K.H.C., mounted the pulpit to preach, and even as his eyes wandered slowly over the upturned faces of the Guardsmen, many noticed the sad, almost pitiful, shadowing of his face. Once his voice shook a little as he spoke to them of "our loved chapel." After parade service he confided to a friend his impression of a strange unfamiliar sadness and doom overshadowing the sacred precincts. Was it some premonition of what was so soon to come?

On Sunday, June 18, a new chaplain, the Rev. R. H. Withrow, M.C., had replaced the Rev. Hugh Norton, who for six years had preceded him, and the Bishop of Maidstone had agreed to preach. Then, even as the assembled Guardsmen listened while their Colonel (Lord Edward Hay) stood erect and dignified to read the Second Lesson, there came the startling echo of a telephone ringing in the vestry beyond. Quickly the chapel keeper and the chapel orderly hurried to stop the ringing. As they did so, there echoed a far more sinister sound, but Lord Edward Hay's voice did not falter. On the square outside forty Guardsmen, dismounting guard, flung themselves face-downward as right above them the robot raced. Right over the chapel roof it hesitated. Then, even as there echoed the deafening, earsplitting explosion, the temporary roof of the chapel crashed. The brave reader's voice was stilled. Where he had read, Lord Edward Hay lay dead. Behind him in his stall the chaplain had met his doom. The Bishop, near the altar, stunned and half conscious, groped his way to the vestry where, beside the telephone, the chapel keeper and the chapel orderly had been saved. What a few moments before had been so beautiful a church had become a ghastly heap of rubble and ruin, beneath which lay the dying and the dead.

Unharmed amidst the wholesale destruction, the altar stood intact. Over it remained in mosaic these words: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Unmoved, the silver cross gleamed on amidst the blinding dust. Behind it stood serenely the candlesticks and the altar book. Across the years there comes the echo of Sir Richard's words—"It will stand unmoved, the immovable pioneer of all good to come."

. . . . . .

Seven days later, at the foot of the huge masses of rubble and ruin, throngs of Guardsmen crowded, at their own request, to take part in the drumhead service in the barrack square. Facing them, the Chaplain-General pointed to the broken wall, from which he read his text, which they all could see had defied destruction.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Written by Miss Nell St. John Montague for the "Birmingham Post".

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THE HITLER WAR

The October Military Balance: Inside Horthy's Hungary

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE struggle against Germany grinds on. The four weeks and more since the paratroops were dropped at Arnhem, in a grand operation planned to leap the three river barriers, turn the Siegfried Line and sweep across the North German plain to Berlin—as we pictured it with our victory-flushed imagination—have been rather sobering. Once again, as so often before, we have been forcibly reminded of how tenacious, how clever, how disciplined this enemy of ours is.

We counted up eagerly the toll of prisoners we took, or would take, in the Atlantic ports. But the German Command knew what they were doing. The expenditure of men paid off. By denying us the ports they prevented us from deploying our full strength on their border at the critical time. They gained two or three months; and at this time of year that may mean they have earned half a year's premium—the duration of the winter.

In Italy we cheered too soon as we raced northward from Rome. That was last June. On the Gothic Line the Germans have shown almost the same strength and stubbornness which they displayed on the Gustav Line, around Cassino. And one sometimes wonders if we have not danced to their tune in persisting with this endless campaign up through such a narrow, rugged country.

German Baltic Fleet

On the Baltic, too, we were adding up last July the hundreds of thousands of German troops who were "trapped" by the Soviet thrust to the sea west of Riga. The trap was promptly re-opened, and successfully held open all summer. Riga has only fallen now, after nearly three months. The remaining divisions of the German Baltic Army, still holding the large Courland peninsula west of Riga, are being evacuated by sea from the small harbors of Libau and Windau, covered by the powerful units of the German Fleet.

We had rather forgotten that fleet, and it took First Lord of the Admiralty A. V. Alexander to remind us the other day that it still consisted of two pocket battleships, three heavy cruisers and four light cruisers, all in the Baltic. This is incomparably greater sea power than the Soviets can have left after the two-year siege of Leningrad and Kronstadt.

It has provided the Germans on the Baltic with what their fellows in France did not have: cover for their sea flank. It allowed them to divert just enough Russian strength from the lunge against East Prussia and Warsaw to save those positions at the critical moment.

At Warsaw, the report is gaining currency that the Red Army suffered a severe reverse in the first days of August. Bad as that is, it is easier to take, and from our point of view, easier on the Russian reputation, than the alternative explanation that the Soviets simply halted there for political reasons, until General Bor and his Polish Government supporters were cleaned out.

Commander Stephen King-Hall stated definitely in one of his newsletters dated a month ago that the Russians were severely defeated at Warsaw. The Red Army had studied intensely its famous repulse before Warsaw in 1920, he says. It was intent on smashing through this time, to square the account. It really expected to take the city during the first week of August. The calls for revolt by the Poles were given out by the Moscow Radio in good faith.

Then the over-extended Red Army was stopped in its tracks. But, always extremely sensitive on prestige matters, the Soviets blamed the Poles for a "premature uprising" rather than admit their own reverse. At any rate this explanation of King-Hall's makes more sense than the one that Stalin would deliberately halt before Warsaw, letting slip the best weeks of the summer and assuming the far greater casualties of a new siege of Warsaw, just to let the Poles be wiped out.

The only thing that remains unexplained is the Soviet refusal, for six weeks, to provide any air cover or airborne supplies to the Poles themselves, or allow us to use the shuttle bases we had prepared in Russia, for this purpose. Again, one fancies, the motive may have been false pride, the Red Army not being willing to see the Polish insurrectionists get a big share of the credit for liberating their capital.

But this is a slight digression. The aim is not to revive the bitter Warsaw dispute at a moment which seems favorable to a settlement of the whole Polish frontier and political question, but to review the German defensive successes of the late summer. They are undeniable. Yet so are our many victories. And the Germans, at least, seem certain that we are still going to try a major squeeze, east and west, before winter.

Big October Offensive?

They have heralded the British moves in Holland and the American at Aachen as a fight for jumping-off positions for a major offensive to coincide with the Russian drive into East Prussia. And when one thinks back to the changes in the map effected within a few weeks in June and July in the east, and in August and September in the west, and contemplates the terrific bombing power which we unleashed against the Reich during the past ten days, then it must be admitted that there is at least a possibility that a German collapse might still be effected before the end of this year.

At any rate one can say this: if the Nazis are able to terrorize the generals, the troops and the German population into continuing the war until next spring there won't be any need of a Morgenthau Plan to smash their industrial power. Their industries and their cities will be erased by a bombing power which we scarcely imagined, even a year ago, when we began the long-awaited Battle of Berlin.

The Berlin raids ran between 1500 and 3000 tons. This winter 5000-6000 ton raids will be the usual thing with the RAF. Only a year ago 18,000 tons was a good month's bombing by the RAF; while the U.S. 8th Air Force boasted that it had dropped this much in 100 days. Now, together they drop that much in two days and nights. One final comparison: the RAF took four years to drop its first 200,000 tons on Germany; it will drop its second 200,000 tons within a year. Even the Canadian bomber group has now dropped over 100,000 tons.

This is the terrible promise for Germany if she wants to postpone defeat through the winter. Without the Ukrainian, Polish, Roumanian, Hungarian, Italian or French crops it is also going to be the first really hungry winter for the German people, as it will be a bitterly cold winter, with coal mining and transport a primary bomb target.

If the Nazis force their people through this dark canyon of destruction and misery, our psychological warfare section will have a ready-made theme, "the Nazis as the de-

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stroyers of Germany" with which to combat the efforts of the Nazi underground after the war to claim that they are the only real German patriots.

Whether or not the Germans prove right in predicting a major offensive east and west for this month, at present Canadian progress in clearing the approaches to Antwerp, British progress in filling out the salient in Holland, American progress at Aachen and Metz, French progress at the Belfort Gap, Allied progress in Italy and Russian progress in the Memel territory of East Prussia, are as yet only nibbling successes.

Only in Central Europe and the Balkans are things moving rapidly. By the time this is read, the whole of Greece will have been freed, Belgrade and the Moravian-Vardar Valley, traditional route from the Danube to Salonika will be in Allied hands, organized Hungarian resistance may be at an end, and the Red Army may at last be well through the Carpathian passes into Slovakia.

Horthy and Hungary

The situation in Hungary is obscure, but there is no real mystery about it. Horthy, who has held the sovereign power of the nation for the past 25 years, declared in an order of the day which was broadcast last Sunday by the Budapest Radio, that the war was lost, and he had sued the Allies for peace. He accused the Germans of failing to keep their promises to send military aid, of having arrested the Hungarian commander of the Budapest garrison, and of trying to take over the Hungarian Government.

Apparently then, it was a German-Arrow Cross coup which prompted Horthy's action, and not Horthy's action which prompted the Nazi-supported move which put Szalasy and his Hungarian Fascists in office.

Whatever these people say now in Horthy's name can be considered as pure forgery. The Regent is said to have barricaded himself in the old castle in Budapest, with 1000 of the palace guard that used to put on such a spectacle for the tourists, and possibly a radio transmitter, for his order of the day has been heard rebroadcast from Budapest since the putschists took over the main radio station.

I don't want to seem for a minute to be defending or glorifying Horthy. His reactionary regime, founded on the White terror which suppressed the Red revolution of Bela Kun in 1919, has so retarded social progress in Hungary between the wars that it must take the chief blame for the bloody upheaval in which feudalism is due to be engulfed within the coming months. No country of Europe will emerge from the war more changed than Hungary.

Magyar Pride

Yet in understanding what is going on in Hungary, it is necessary to recognize that Horthy and his proud Magyar nobles and gentry have been no mere puppet government. They have been able to preserve more of their sovereignty than any other of German's allies—and that, although they lived right under her shadow. It was only a few months ago that the Germans carried out a widespread occupation of Hungary and the Hungarian Government yielded to Hitler's incessant demands for the liquidation of Hungary's half-million Jews.

The Hungarians, in short, have had to be handled carefully by Hitler, on account of their excessive pride and because they have little more love for the Germans than they have for the Russians. The German-supported Arrow Cross Party, which could never assert its authority in time of success, will not be able to assert it at this late hour. Horthy's overthrow means the real end of organized Hungarian political life and participation in the war. A German assault on the castle and his person would almost certainly be the signal for widespread fighting between Hungarian and German troops.

The confusion in the country must be unimaginable. Revolutionary-minded Hungarian troops must be deserting, to form partisan bands, and aid the Soviet Victory. Rightist elements must be equally bitter against the German who has forced them into this disastrous war and now overthrown their Regent and Government; against the Soviet invader, with his promise of retribution for the White counter-revolution of 1919; and against their own revolutionary elements. These days mark the end of a 1000-year era for the Hungarian nobility; and one may only hope that out of the frightful eruption the common people will at last come into their own.

On at least two political fronts there was great activity in Europe last week. The Polish Government delegation was busy in conferences in Moscow every day, and from their sequence it appears as though the frontier question was being dealt with first. Sir Bernard Pares, who has come to the University of Toronto to lecture on Russian history this winter, and is extremely well informed, said early in the week that it was his understanding that the British Government was supporting the Poles in an attempt to retain Lwow; and Pares, though one of the most valuable friends Russia has in the English-speaking world, also supported such a settlement.

What de Gaulle Said

Another European political event, which received rather a bad press, was General de Gaulle's first full-dress political speech to the nation—one correspondent called it the most important speech in de Gaulle's career. It came out in our papers as a complaint that France was neglected by her allies. Actually it was a double appeal, first to the French nation for order and united support for the government at home, and second to the Allies for a place for France in their war and peace councils.

As Harold Callender of the New York Times points out, de Gaulle frankly recognized that the question of full recognition of his government abroad was closely tied to the question of the complete establishment of its authority at home. With communications in a chaotic state, distant parts of France have only slender contact with the capital, and some still maintain authorities of their own in disregard or even in defiance of the Paris government.

The Communists in particular often take their own independent line. After making a bid to the latter in his Lille speech on far-reaching social reform, de Gaulle has now come out sharply for orderly as against revolutionary progress toward this goal. But, as has often been remarked in Paris since its liberation, it is one thing to start a revolution and another to halt it; one thing to hand out the arms and another to call them in again.

☆ ☆ ☆ and Brighter Shine the Lights

Rekindled by the lamp of freedom and sacrifice, the lights are coming on again, all over the world. Thousands of eyes that have lived so much in darkness will recognize light as the most wonderful of visible things.

Eyes that have never beheld the warm glow of a lighted window, the mellow gleam of a street lamp nor the wonder of a lighted city.

Eyes that have only seen against a curtain of blackness the searchlights' probing fingers, the flash of belching guns, shell bursts among the stars.

Eyes that have recoiled at crashing bombs and reeling walls, groped in darkness for the touch of protecting hands. Eyes that have never drunk in the radiant joy of living. Yet eyes aglow with hope above their wells of tears.

Eyes that speak all languages, melt all barriers, control all heart strings. These are Britain's children and countless other children all over the world. For them the lights are coming on again, one by one.

To this end, free men work and fight, lend and save, with the fixed resolve that the light that burns in a child's eyes, like the lamp of freedom, must never again be dimmed because of the savage instincts of race or creed.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

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Callaghan: Lend-Lease From the Bohemians

By ERIC KOCH

The chairman of the "Things to Come" broadcasts is "quite a character", and a great many people who have listened to his comments on the air have only a dim idea of what he is like.

A novelist with a high reputation in the United States, and a man with the artist's temperament to a high degree, he was one of the Hemingway crowd in Paris and New York, but he has always remained a Canadian because he is an incurable sentimentalist.

MOST people will be glad to know that Morley Callaghan will again act as chairman of the series of Citizens' Forums entitled "Of Things To Come". He has become one of Canada's most popular radio personalities. This is partly so because the public realises that he has during the last two seasons handled a tricky job very skilfully, and partly because nobody who ever listened to him can have failed to notice that he is "quite a character".

As these public discussions deal primarily with political topics, it was inevitable that he should have been attacked by some on political grounds. They claim that he is a biased chairman, and that he guides the discussion in accordance with his political convictions. They say that he never misses the opportunity to laugh at his political enemies over the national network of the CBC.

This criticism is based on a misunderstanding. It is based on the assumption that Callaghan can be labeled, and that the right label for him is the one marked with the words "left-wing". The plain truth is that no label suits him, that he detests them, and that he is just as little left-wing as he is right-wing. Callaghan is an artist, who, because of his lack of political convictions and his willingness to see both sides, is particularly well suited for the job. He appears before the microscope not in order to air his views, but in order to exercise his peculiar talent of putting ideas (mostly other people's ideas) into words.

Zealot for Discussion

The reason why this misunderstanding could arise in the first place is because of his immense zeal for public discussion. To some his faith in the value of free speech is suspect, and in order to prevent debates on highly controversial political subjects they call him a radical. But most Canadians admire him for it, and fully understand that he is performing a public service of the first importance.

Those who attack him on the ground that he selects speakers according to his own likes and dislikes do not know that he does not chose the speakers at all. Nor is he in charge of these broadcasts. He has been engaged by the CBC as chairman, that is all. Any criticism concerning the selection of speakers should be addressed to the CBC.

Callaghan certainly has some gifts which make him an admirable chairman. He has an exceedingly quick and subtle mind. He has an almost intuitive feeling for the other fellow's point of view. Moreover, he is master of the invaluable art of easing the tension between people with apparently irreconcilable convictions by throwing in a well-chosen crack. A dull chairman, a man without humor, would certainly make these broadcasts infinitely less interesting.

Only those can appreciate the quickness of his intellect who realise that he is by no means very well informed about most of the subjects under discussion before preparing the scripts. He picks up the information at a tremendous speed, mostly in conversation. He does not often look at a book on any political or social problem, although he reads the newspapers most conscientiously. But it would be a mistake to think that the front page or the editorials interest him more than the sports news and the comics.

Believes in Vernacular

Being a writer, he has an excellent way of expressing complicated ideas in simple language. In fact, he writes a wonderful radio script. He has a knack for finding the right word, and he usually tries to put it in the vernacular. One should, however, be careful about suggesting to him that, as chairman, he represents the "common man". "To me", he would answer, "no man is common", and this would express perfectly his belief in the complete integrity of each individual.

If he is anything at all, he is a furious individualist. He detests anything that hampers his own, or, for that matter, anybody's freedom and independence. There is still a lot of the Irish rebel in him: he is, after all, the grandson of a man who left Ireland in the middle of the last century because of the famine. Callaghan is the champion of the underdog. But it would be fatal to translate this rebelliousness into a political formula, for he hates abstractions. Talk to him about Anti-Semitism, and he will tell you about the Jew up the street who is a friend of his. Callaghan always humanises ideas.

Most people who hear the CBC announcer say: "The Chairman as usual is the distinguished author Morley Callaghan", have never read a book of his. Sometimes a man comes up to him and asks: "Mr. Callaghan, what books have you written?", a question which he usually does not bother to answer. In the United States he is a well-known literary figure, especially as a short-story writer, but in Canada only the literary élite know him as the Canadian Hemingway.

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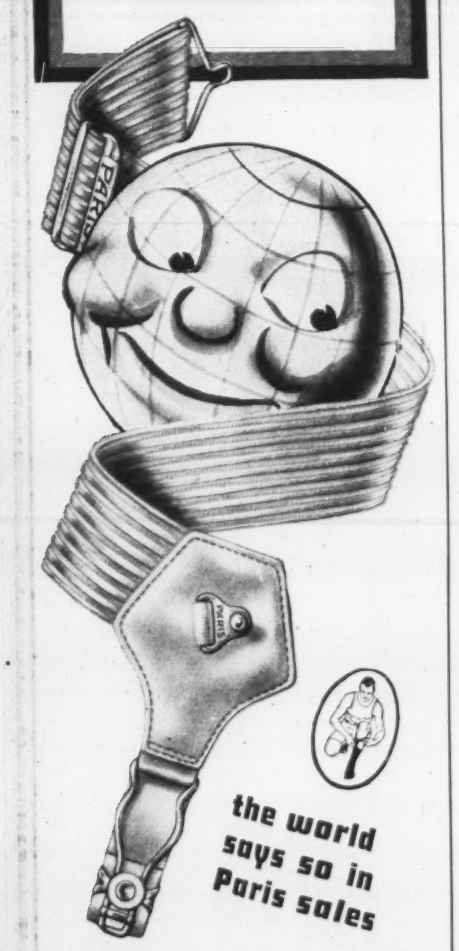

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"Dick" Beatie, Canadian Home Front Fighter

Assistant Sales Manager at Anaconda. Born in England, he came to Canada in 1914 just before the last war. Enlisted and served overseas for four years with the Canadian Machine Gun Corps. Length of service with Anaconda—25 years. Has a 12-year old daughter and two sons, one with the R.C.A.F., the other in the Navy. "Dick" spends a great deal of time with the Reserve Army, where he is a Lieutenant Signal Officer with the G.G.H.G. Pre-war hobbies were dramatics, magic and amateur photography. Now works in his orchard and Victory Garden for recreation.

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him with Hemingway, a very good friend of his. In fact, during the year he spent in Paris in 1929, and during the subsequent years which he spent in New York, he made friends with many of the literary giants of the time: James Joyce, Thomas Wolfe, Scott FitzGerald, etc. He was very definitely a boulevard intellectual, and, on the whole, he still is. There is still a lot of Bohemianism in him. He is an inveterate talker, and an inveterate consumer of coffee. He is very accessible to the charms of a pretty face. He keeps the most irregular hours, and is quite prepared to go to sleep in the company of anybody who bores him. These things may not be as typical of the old Parisian literary crowd as their passion for free expression, their perfectly sincere love of art, their appreciation of anything that was beautiful and honest (especially if it was new), and their hatred of the mediocre, the cliché, the bourgeois. The only change that Callaghan has undergone since those days is that he has, on the whole, become much more responsible socially.

Writing New Novel

Whether he has developed as an artist it is difficult to say. He has not written a novel since 1937, and much will depend on the book he is writing now which, although it takes place in war-time, is not a war-story. One half of it concerns the land, and the other half the sea. He closely observed the ways of the sea last summer in Halifax, when he also spent some time on a corvette.

He is convinced that no good book has ever been written to propagate a mission. A book might be good in spite of it preaching some kind of political or moral gospel, but never because of it. Gorki is excellent, not because he is a Marxist, but in spite of it.

Since Callaghan is a genuine artist, who wants to produce stories and novels, he is not particularly proud of his achievements at the microphone. If you had told him fifteen years ago that he would become well known all over Canada because of his radio appearances, he would have answered that he could do very well without that type of fame, thank you. He would have expressed great contempt for any kind of public appearance, for it was the custom among his intellectual friends to appear completely tongue-tied before any audience. Speaking to the public was a "phony business", to be thoroughly distrusted. "All you need to be a successful speaker", he would have said, "is a glib tongue, and a glib tongue invariably reveals glib thinking." Hemingway is a notoriously poor speaker, and, while words might be gushing forth from Thomas Wolfe's mouth, when he was in an expansive mood, he might be incapable, the next moment, to express one coherent sentence. This phobia against public appearances among the intellectuals of the 'twenties and 'thirties was no coincidence: it was an expression of their artistic exclusiveness.

Know Canada Better Now

Callaghan does not distrust the radio any more as a means of expression. Although he would prefer being known in Canada by his stories and novels, he rather likes being popular as a "radio personality". Of course he would not consider exploiting this popularity in order to preach his ideas to the masses. He likes radio work rather because it gives him scope, as an artist, to express himself. It also amuses him to perform verbal acrobatics before a nation-wide audience.

While it would be wrong to say that Callaghan has discovered Canada since he started radio-work, it is quite right that he did not know Canada very well before. Many of the novels and stories which made him famous take place in Toronto, it is true, but that did not make him a specifically Canadian artist. Professor E.K. Brown criticises him on that score in his book on Canadian poetry, saying that Callaghan deliberately refrained from describing Canadian life in terms most stimulating and informing to Canadians, that in his books Toronto (never mentioned by name) was not an individualised city, but merely one representative of any other city on the Great Lakes, such as Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, etc. Callaghan, Brown says, missed a golden opportunity.

Callaghan's market was almost exclusively in the United States, and he was not appreciated in his homeland. At one time there was quite a scandal about the alleged banning of his books from the public libraries in Toronto. It is not surprising that he was not particularly interested in the Canadian scene. Anyhow, society as such has little interest for him, he describes people rather than scenes and social problems. He never left Canada for good because he is an incurable romantic, and hopelessly sentimental, and Canada is his native land.

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CABLED FROM RUSSIA

The Answer to Soviet Success Is That Life Centres on Stalin

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Moscow.

AFTER having been here for nearly a year I can easily understand why there are so many contradictory impressions of this country and its people. I can understand, for example, why in so many respects my impressions have been so different from those of say George Drew, and this is quite aside from the fact that I have been here longer and have seen more, and more thoroughly.

One can start in the Moscow streets and search for an explanation and the truth.

Near our hotel runs Petrovka Street which passes between the Bolshoi Theatre and Mostorg Department Store and then runs on to the boulevards which circle the city. Downtown on either side of Petrovka Street are jewelery stores, bookshops, cigarette shops, theatrical supply stores, camera shops, ticket stalls, flower shops and commission stores. Farther on there is the Hermitage Theatre and, on the other side of the street, militia headquarters. From early morning until late at night humanity mills up and down this street, keeping to the sidewalks since jay-walking brings militia whistles and on-the-spot fines.

The Petrovka people are just average Muscovites. Some are well dressed, possibly intellectuals or office workers. Some are dressed poorly, and others very poorly or even very badly. The harshness of Soviet wartime life is well reflected in a queue that stretches interminably waiting to buy shoes at Mostorg.

The conversation of the people is as revealing as their clothing. Two women complain about the high cost of living. A couple, probably man and wife, are trying to determine how to divide their week's earnings. Someone haggles with a street vendor about the price of apples. A man audibly curses officialdom in general about something or other. Farmers pass by and visitors from distant republics crane their necks at "skyscrapers" (ten floors). Life goes on.

Contrast With Front-Line

As you watch this panorama of Moscow your mind turns back to the fronts or near-fronts you've seen, to the broken and lifeless German bodies, to the destroyed German tanks, to the crushed German artillery and to the incredible defenses broken by the Red soldiers. Inevitably you wonder if these people on Moscow's Petrovka Street and at the front are the same. And this wonder increases as you think back over the past few months and recall the remarkable new plants you've seen which not only have been built but are being operated efficiently by Soviet workingmen.

This correspondent must confess it is hard to reconcile the two. And on consideration it becomes clear that one must go very deep below the surface to understand the realities of Soviet life. And even as you ponder, walking up the street, you suddenly see a glimmer of light. At the window of an artist's salon large crowds stand looking at new paintings which have just been placed on view. All attention is centred on an enormous painting of Stalin in his greatcoat at the front near Moscow in the dark days of forty-one. The people look long and fondly, and suddenly you find an answer to the question how people seemingly ordinary and even weak can do so much. Of course —Stalin.

You, or I, as the case may be, have seen pictures of Stalin everywhere and anywhere since coming to this country. At times it seemed excessive. But on reflection we realize that we have seen more than pictures. We have really seen Stalin everywhere. It is Stalin who has forged the one great united whole of these people, each one of whom by himself is just like any other human being—troubled, concerned, worried, sometimes doubting, sometimes critical sometimes complaining and always yearning, but together under Stalin's leadership are something else again. Together and working towards one aim they achieve a stature which is all the more great when you have seen how much they still lack as individuals.

As one whole they are little short of gigantic. Their will to victory and to a better life is so admirable as to be immensely touching and one is proud that they have helped to free the world from the tremendous danger of Hitlerism.

I personally have had many proofs of this affinity to Stalin of the people. I know one girl who works in a large factory. Like other people in the Soviet she undergoes hardships which to us in fortunate distant Canada would appear insupportable. She has complaints. But she works hard, sometimes fifteen hours a day, because she knows her work is needed for the front and country. Sometimes she criticizes her manager, her foreman, her City Administration Militiaman on his beat or her streetcar conductor. But when Stalin's name is mentioned her voice becomes soft and caressing. "Our Stalin", she says emphasizing the "our", "Our Stalin has shown the world who we Russians are."

Popular With Everyone

It is amazing how this man Stalin, who looks so unassuming and unimposing, has reached into every Soviet heart and made his heartbeats the heartbeats of every patriotic Soviet man and woman. I don't wonder that Uzbeks, Kazakgs, Ukrainians, and Byelorussians have made songs about him.

But more than Stalin's personality is involved. The other day one of the more prominent Soviet publications published an article concerning Stalin's ability to read the future. The writer explained this ability by saying that it was accountable to a complete integration into the Marxist-Leninist doctrine which Stalin himself was developing further.

I won't enter into this argument. But it is remarkable how well Stalin has read the future. He forcast in June 1941 that the Germans would be defeated. He said they would never take Moscow. He forecast a close alliance between the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the United States. He warned that the Germans would fight ever harder as the war neared their frontiers and called the present phase as the most difficult of the war long before it began. The Russian people know that he has foreseen these and other things and they trust him for the future since he proved so right before.

Love and respect for Stalin here are not based on abstractions such as the mythical Russian "nature", force or other reasons occasionally advanced abroad. They are based on the good healthy instinct of the Russian man, on his so-called "Smekalka" that a man who has been right so often and with such good results will not only probably but almost certainly be right in the future. And so the people measure everything by Stalin.

But how does Stalin's leadership and inspiration reach the people?

The answer lies in the Communist Party. At home we have our own ideas regarding Communist parties in such countries as Canada, the United States and Great Britain. But here the Communist Party leads a great state and a multitude of nations. It is the organizer and leader of the people. It is the inspirer and manager of industry, transport, agriculture, science and art. It exercises its direction through persuasion. The Soviet State on the other hand works both through persuasion and compulsion.

What does this mean in practice?

Take the problem of agriculture in winter. A program of various measures including the laying-in of hay, repairing stock barns, training milkmaids, greasing farm machinery and sorting seeds is set-out on paper and discussed in Communist Party organs. These measures are adopted by the government and from then on become law. They are carried out by every state official,

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every Communist Party member, every sympathizer and every public "activist" in the same way, and as naturally, as we in Canada pay taxes or put out the lights in Eaton's windows to save power for war needs.

With the installation of separate glass cubicles like this in the nurseries of the Women's College Hospital in Toronto, shortly after the first of the year, every baby born there will be "king" of its own small domain. Each cubicle contains cot and bath table and cabinet space for baby's clothing and bath supplies.

The Russians say that the policies which govern the Soviet State are those of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. And thus Stalin becomes part of everything, inseparable, indivisible from people, from policies and from country.

Beginning with Stalin every last citizen of the Soviet Union, all this conglomeration of humanity, wants one thing after victory—peace, lasting peace. This peace is wanted to give the people the opportunity to regain strength and rebuild and advance. Stalin, the Soviet Union and the Soviet people want a peace in Europe built in such a way that no one will be able not only to attack the Soviet Union, but create the basis or premise for such an attack or even threaten such an attack.

"Peace" Decides Policy

The Soviet foreign policy in dealing with such countries as Bulgaria, Rumania and Finland is predicated on this goal. This is put rather well in an editorial in *War and the Working Class* dealing with the Finnish armistice: "To demand more from Finland," it says, "wouldn't be sensible since this would rather make more difficult than easy the establishment of good neighborly relations in the interests of a secure peace."

This is the real problem, and as I leave this country for a few months I can't help but believe that its future policy will be dedicated and based upon the possibilities of obtaining the longest possible period of peace so that the Soviet Union may improve its life.

Frankly, I have not seen any paradise here. I have seen some poverty and some misery. But above everything I have realized a common property of the people as a whole and of the nation as personified by Stalin, and as shown by soldiers, builders, tillers of the soil, scientists, educators and artists as individual groups within the nation, are progress, vision, and determination to improve life and culture and to dominate nature.

Many sacrifices are still ahead. People who have suffered so much will not be able to cure their wounds quickly. But your correspondent forecasts rapid steps ahead when the enormous energy now dedicated solely to the one aim of crushing Hitler and Hitlerism (they aren't synonymous) is turned inward towards the problems of creating a richer life.

CLIPPINGS DEPT.

Fleeting Thought in Varied Dress

W. B. FOSTER of Truro, N.B., writes a weekly column for the Truro *News* and other Maritime papers, under the heading "The Olio by Edwin Sherdlou." From that column we clip the following:

"Five or six years ago I wrote in this column a number of brief sketches which I called nocturnes. Some person or animal stood at night at some place in or around Truro, musing on one subject or another. On one occasion a dog stood on the railway bridge over the Shubenacadie River at South Maitland, watching the tide come in. As the tide surged up the river the dog mused on where the water came from. One drop, he thought, might (twenty million years before) have been part of a glacier, another a part of a heavy rain in Burma, another formerly located at Folly Lake, another helping to float a salmon in the Margaree River, and so on. All these drops had finally got together for a brief moment. Where would they be tomorrow? The one that came from Burma might go to Alaska to help make a glacier, the one from Folly Lake might help to grow rice in China, and so on. The dog was thoughtful but only for a time, for his tax was due and he was getting farther away from Truro.

"Last week SATURDAY NIGHT published a delightful poem by Mary Quayle Innis in which the same thought was expressed. The SATURDAY NIGHT writer probably never read my nocturne, but the thought in it was bound to occur to other persons as well as myself. Here is the Innis poem:

THE RAINDROP

The raindrop on the sill
Brings word of a strange country
The sun has never stabbed with light
Nor the wind murmured over.

The raindrop on the sill
Has kissed a tree of coral
Red as young lips and branching
Like a king's candelabrum.

It has nested among pearls,
Sponges like breathing gold
It has caressed, and shivered
Down seaweed sheer as lace.

The thrones of carven ice
It has laved, the tepid swell
Of tropic bays it knew,
And splashed the Golden Hind.

"The *Golden Hind* was a ship that started out in life under a less flowery name: the *Pelican*. It was one of a fleet commanded by Sir Francis Drake, who was a good hand at beating up the Spaniards. In 1577 Sir Francis started on his most famous voyage. His fleet numbered four vessels. After some hazardous work along the coasts of Chile and Peru only his own vessel, the *Pelican*, remained. At the Cape of Good Hope he renamed her the *Golden Hind*. In three years from the time he started he had gone around the world, being the first Englishman to do this.

"It is well that he renamed the *Pelican*. Calling her the *Golden Hind* made possible that last line in the SATURDAY NIGHT poem. *Pelican* doesn't belong in a poem like that.

"I produce a good many thoughts in this column, but I never dress them well. I sent out this water idea garbed in overalls and a turtle-neck sweater, but the SATURDAY NIGHT writer sends forth a similar one garbed in purple and fine linen. I am aware of my deficiencies as a writer when I see a thought wearing a plug hat, a boiled shirt, striped trousers, a morning coat with gardenia, and carrying a pair of white gloves, while I send out onto the boulevard the thought's brother, dressed like a tramp."

WE agree that the poetry in SATURDAY NIGHT is distinguished, but let no one even hint that it is stuffed-shirty.—Ed.

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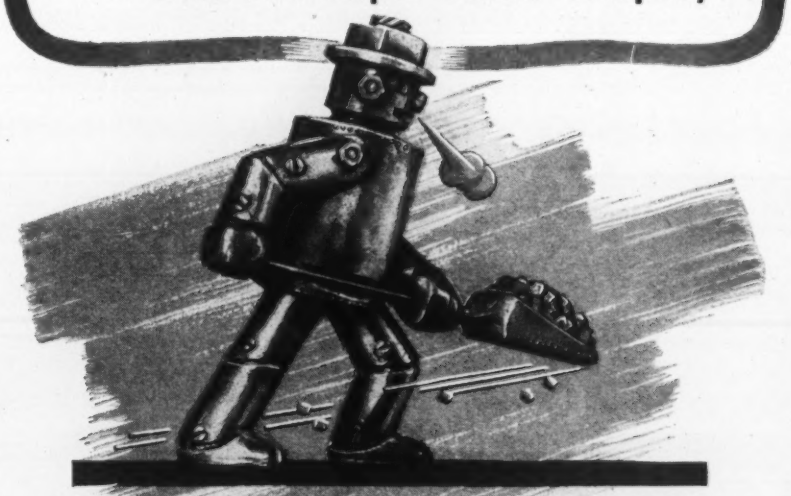

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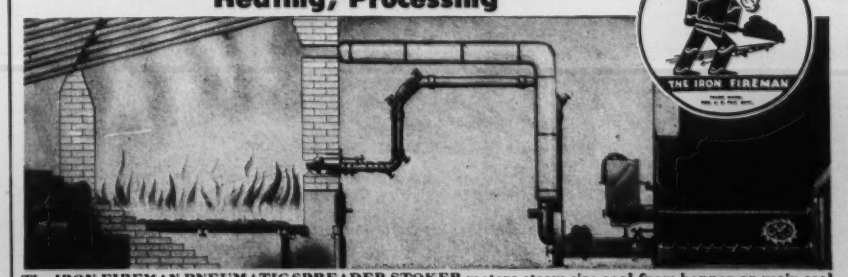

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

The Hen is Being Streamlined Into a Mass Production Bird

By ROSS L. HOLMAN

WE MAY never know why you can feed green grass to a black hen and get brown eggs with yellow yolks, but during the past decade or so we have learned many things about hen nature that have surprised the hen herself. No domestic animal or bird has been further removed from its primitive wild state than the chicken, and during the past 15 or 20 years he has thrown more of his jungle existence behind him than in any similar period of his history.

No form of livestock responds more readily to artificial treatment. At the University of Chicago a hen injected with a male sex hormone developed heavy combs and crowed like a rooster. At the U.S. Experiment Station at Beltsville, Md., roosters deprived of their gizzards continued to live happily without this organ of mastication. One degizzarded old cock lived four years after his grinding machinery had been removed.

It is not yet apparent where some of these fantastic experiments will lead us but many of them are making handsome contributions to poultry's role in serving man's needs. Take your chicken dinner, for example. Most of us prefer the light meat and eat the dark to get our money's worth. The Beltsville station has developed a chicken that is nearly all light meat. In future years your chicken carving host won't have to make his guests fib about the kind of meat they prefer. That question may be obsolete.

You may not have to resort to artificial coloring to get those gaudy Easter eggs characteristic of the season. After feeding hens a Sudan III dye at the Beltsville station the authorities got ready-colored eggs. You can even color the white of the egg and change the regular tint of the yolk. You feed a purple dye to get a green yolk or a black one to get a pink yolk.

Another development at this agricultural station is the streamlined turkey. A few years ago the grower who could produce forty pounds of gobbler under one coat of feathers was tops in the poultry world and the envy of his turkey-growing neighbors. That was when over half of our annual crop died of blackhead and it looked as if the turkey was going the way of the buffalo. Under such conditions the market bought anything covered with turkey feathers and it was good business to sell as many pounds of turkey as possible on one frame. Since blackhead has been conquered and the turkey crop is reaching new all-time highs, we now see the wisdom of having a bird small enough to fit the average consumer purse. The Beltsville bird weighs only 7½ to 15 pounds, and is nearly all light meat. It has a fuller, plumper breast with a body made up of more meat and less bone.

Revolutionize Technique

These particular developments have not yet been given wide farm application, but the past two decades have brought some strange innovations that promise to revolutionize poultry technique. Fourteen years ago there were only 1,000 hens laying eggs under the battery system; today there are more than 40,000,000. The battery method takes the laying hen out of her ordinary barnyard environment and makes her work on a factory assembly line schedule. Each hen is confined to an individual wire cage and these cages are stacked on top of each other in air-conditioned buildings where the battery-enclosed birds lay their eggs under a 20th century mass production system.

One of the largest egg-producing factories in the country is an eight-story warehouse of the Vitamized Egg Co. of Chicago where thousands of hens lay tens of thousands of eggs weekly for hundreds of thousands of customers yearly.

A few years ago a man bought a large unfinished hotel building in Florida on which the original owners had gone broke. He finished it, filled each of its guest rooms with battery-confined hens and gave the building a strange destiny, entirely unrelated to desk clerks, bell hops and chamber maids.

Milton H. Arndt, the grand-daddy of the whole battery system, proved to the world that a hen's chief ambition in life is not barnyard freedom but plenty to eat, comfortable air-conditioned buildings and just enough room to cackle. If hen contentment is measured by eggs his battery birds are 15 per cent happier than their less fortunate sisters on his 90-acre free range. For each 100 eggs produced by his range birds the ones in cages have shelled out 115.

Arndt pioneered hen batteries on a shoe string and today has a million-dollar-a-year business near Trenton, N.J. The individual batteries are equipped with feed and water troughs on the outside within reach of the hen's head but away from her feet. This keeps them uncontaminated. The droppings fall on a belt that can be turned to the outside by a crank. The manure is scraped off and sold to gardeners.

Each egg that is laid drops on a slanting floor and rolls to a trap out of the hen's sight where, under a strict accounting system, it can be credited on the ledger to the bird that laid it. The top five per cent of the layers are kept for breeders, while those in the lower brackets are continually being sold off to hold up a high flock average.

While Arndt's system has revolutionized the hen's way of life hundreds of similar experiences attest the fact that it works. A man may easily lose his shirt at it, however, for it requires an entirely different technique from average poultry yard methods.

Music for Hens

Arndt has found that hens not only lay more abundantly under battery conditions but respond to entertainment. He keeps soft music playing all day long and finds that the birds which get the musical inspiration lay five per cent more hen fruit than those that don't.

The battery system has been further streamlined by a big eastern operator. The eggs laid by his hens roll off the slanting floors onto a conveyor belt to be carried to a packing room below.

Many birds spend a life time in such wire-enclosed surroundings, including several years of profitable egg production, without ever setting foot to ground. But when batteries first started they were used only for broilers. While chicks are being raised to the regular two months broiler age, they are crowded together in battery brooders in such close formation they have to jostle one another for room. Under a controlled feeding plan they acquire a meat with such a tender delicious flavor it almost melts in your mouth. The new system has put the broiler business on a year-round basis. It used to enjoy only a spring market that existed mainly to dispose of surplus male chicks.

This method of producing broilers has run into some strange situations. In Washington the fashionable Shoreham Hotel has licked the meat shortage by keeping 4,000 battery chicks of varying ages growing in its riding stables. With this stockpile of feathered animation no Shoreham guest has to ever miss his favorite chicken dinner.

Under the battery system the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula on the eastern seaboard has become the broiler capital of the world. On this little area 60 per cent of the nation's broilers are

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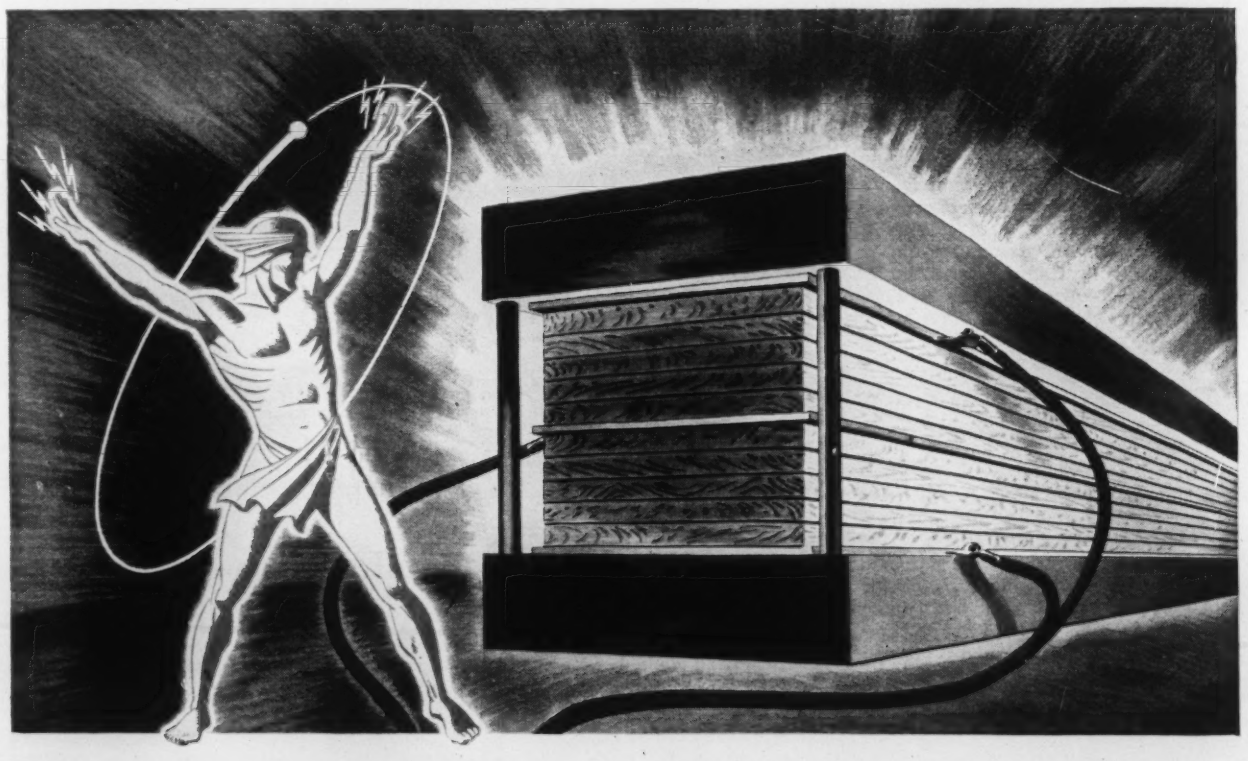

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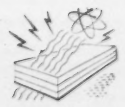

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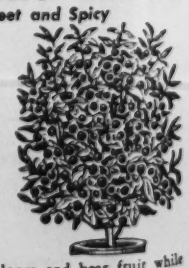

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What turned the battery system loose on the world was vitamin D. If we hadn't learned how to make vitamin D behave this streamlined method could never have come into existence. Prior to that time birds—both broilers and layers—had to have plenty of open sunshine from which they could absorb D in superabundance. Deprived of sunshine, they eventually keeled over and died. Under the battery plan they get vitamin D in cod liver oil, or similar products mixed with the feed.

Chick Sexing

One poultry development that has brought relief to chick buyers and headaches to hatcherymen is the new art of chick sexing. Ten years ago if you wanted 500 day-old pullet chicks you had to buy chicks as they came and trust their sex to the dispensation of the gods. Usually you ordered 1,000 of the newly hatched birds hoping the law of averages would give you at least a 50-50 break on sex equality.

We owe the art of sexing to one of our Axis enemies—Japan. After being developed in that country a few Japanese sexors came to the U.S. and taught the art to some of our own poultry authorities. Among those who learned and practised sexing in this country were several American-born Japanese. The Japs, being near-sighted by nature, seem to be rather adept at this tedious work and are not easily worn out by the monotony of handling thousands of chicks daily throughout the hatching season. It consists of upending the chick in one hand, working the vent with the other, and identifying the sexual marking that only a highly skilled performer can distinguish.

Recently a number of Japanese-Americans were released by the government from concentration camps to help hatcheries carry on their sexing work, since a number of pale-faced sexors had been inducted into the armed services.

A chick buyer can now place his order for pullet chicks if he wants layers, or for males if he wants rapidly growing broilers. His order will be filled according to specifications with a guaranteed 90 per cent accuracy. It forces the hatcheryman to keep an expensive sexing artist and brings on other problems, making him rue the day that the chick quit concealing its sex identity until well in the hands of the buyer.

More Rapid Growth

Over at the University of Pittsburgh Dr. Edna Higbee has found that chicks can be jarred into a more rapid growth by an application of colchicine. Colchicine has been used for years on plants with phenomenal results, such as the production of zinnia blooms as large as dinner plates and other flowers in proportion.

This development makes one wonder if another fairyland dream is coming true. In the early part of the century H. G. Wells wrote a weird little tale called "The Food of the Gods." The food was a product that grew rats as big as lions, house flies that looked like buzzards, and babies that mothers couldn't get inside the house. His stalks of wheat had to be chopped down with an ax.

No test tube dreamer would dare predict that colchicine will ever perform the same wonders on chickens as it has done on plant life, or even approach the record of Wells's imaginary food on both plants and animals. But in the case of chickens, where colchicine is administered before the eggs are hatched, roosters start crowing three months sooner than normal and develop much larger combs and wattles.

Another development that promises to speed up the breeding of a better stock of poultry in this country is artificial insemination. Arndt is just one breeder who impregnates his hens by this method. He keeps a certain number of roosters confined to themselves, draws out their seminal fluid by massaging, and breeds the hens by artificial injection. The male birds are husbands by remote control only.

One wonders what a poultryman gains by swapping roosters for test tubes when it would be much simpler to mingle the sexes and let nature take its course. When you realize, however, that one world record male can by this method breed ten times as many offspring as by natural mating, the question clears up. The owner also saves the upkeep on ten times as many males as he would otherwise need.

Suppose, for example, under our highly developed pedigree system, we find a cock has produced a half dozen daughters that laid 300 eggs or more in their pullet year and several more that reached 250. His procreating capacity is not only multiplied by ten, but his seminal fluid can be shipped by plane to any other section for breeding. If a poultryman of Argentina wants to introduce the blood of this proven sire into his flock, he can do so without importing the bird to his premises—a job that would usually be impossible.

Artificial breeding will create high egg-producing females much more rapidly than in the past, when our chief methods of breeding up our flocks have been: (1) hatchery culling and mating of flocks that supply the hatchery with eggs; (2) intensified Record of Performance work carried on by agricultural colleges with selected flock owners; (3) egg laying contests.

Egg-Laying Contests

The latter method is a system whereby a high ranking poultry breeder can pick out 10 or 12 of his top laying hens and ship them to a national contest yard where they compete with 50 to 100 or more similar pens of other poultrymen. Under highly trained poultry experts all the pens are confined separately, carefully fed, managed and pushed to the limit on egg production for a year. At the end of this period hen and pen records are published. The high records, of course, are fine advertising for the owners. The contest brings out the cream of America's flocks and discloses the females on which we can depend for high-producing offspring. There are about 25 of these laying contests in the country.

It now looks as if the new science of electronics is going to smack the poultry industry as hard as any other phase of our industrial economy. It has long been recognized that lights burning in a laying house at night cause hens to lay during the night, and thus produce more eggs. After the war many such lights will be controlled by a photoelectric system by which they will automatically come on as darkness approaches and go off at daylight. Hen house doors will automatically open as the hen approaches and close behind her. Germicidal lamps inside the house will slaughter disease germs. Screens charged with electricity will electrocute flies and other insects before they can enter the hen house. The laborious hand grading of eggs will give way to an electrically controlled instrument that will sort the eggs by size, color and quality. At least, those are the coming developments as many authorities dope them out.

Things now happen so fast in the poultry industry events are outrunning prophecy. But even at that, it is interesting to speculate on how the poultry situation will look 20 years from now.

HAND-WOVEN
HARRIS TWEED

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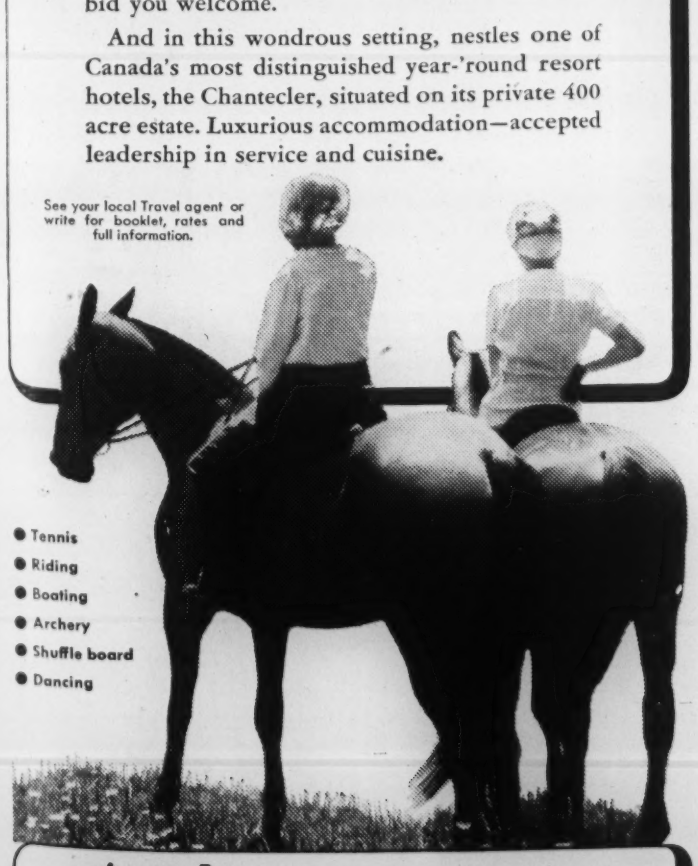

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No One Ever Explained the Strange Mr. Home

By THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

For some time scientists have been trying to explain the feats of Daniel Dunglas Home, probably the most celebrated spiritualistic medium of all time. Home, who flourished in the last century, could do such unexplainable things as to float out of upper story windows.

Dean Inge in analyzing the mystery of Home arrives at the conclusion that, sometimes, all humanity is yahoomanity.

ONE of the strangest books I have ever read is the biography of the original of Robert Browning's Sludge, the most celebrated of spiritualistic mediums, by Jean Burton, one of the famous Burton family (*Heyday of a Wizard;* A. A. Knopf, New York).

Daniel Dunglas Home or Hume, whose father seems to have been the natural son of a Scottish earl, a handsome American with the appearance and manners of a fine gentleman, was born in 1833 and died of tuberculosis in 1866. He showed uncanny powers at a very early age, and made a conquest of many distinguished Americans, including W. C. Bryant, the poet, the sculptor Story, and the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

At the age of 22 he came to England, and was at once admitted into the most exclusive society. He was equally successful in France, where he captivated Napoleon III and Eugenie, Princess Matternich and Princess Murat; and in Russia, where he was honoured and entertained by the Tsar Alexander II and married in succession two very aristocratic Russian ladies.

His converts in England are a strange list—among them are Mrs. Browning, Thackeray, Ruskin, several leading hostesses of title, and above all Sir William Crookes the scientist, who braved the ridicule and scorn of the Royal Society, and persisted in his conviction that the wizard was genuine.

Robert Browning and Dickens were fierce in denouncing him as an impostor. Browning no doubt from irritation that his beloved wife had been, as he thought, taken in.

Home's performances were of the familiar kind—communication with the dead by mysterious rappings, tables and chairs moving about the room or whisked into the air, music and voices, spirit hands with no arms attached, miraculous healing, levitation. Home often floated up to the ceiling, and at least once flew out of an upper window and re-entered by another.

Exposed Others' Frauds

He professed himself quite unable to explain his unusual powers, and after retiring from business wrote a book exposing the fraudulent practices of other mediums, which caused him deep distress. He was pained, but not indignant, at the incredulity and suspicion of so many intelligent people. He lived in comfort at the houses of his patrons, was loaded with jewels and other presents, but refused money.

His séances were confined to a small number of witnesses, not more than nine, and sometimes the spirits would not come. Once they told him that their visits were suspended for 12 months, and fulfilled their warning exactly to a day. His séances were conducted in broad daylight or lamplight; he sat among the spectators; he allowed them to hold his hands and feet, and to look under the table.

What are we to make of this amazing career? It is an unsolved mystery. But there are three explanations which I think we may reject.

Home was expelled from Papal Rome as a sorcerer. Cardinal Manning explained to W. H. Mallock, the author of *The New Republic,* that commerce with the Devil was a reality. "The Devil at such meetings assumed a corporeal form—sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a seductive woman, the results being frequent birth of terrible hybrid creatures half diabolic in nature, though wholly human in form."

Did Manning really believe this filthy nonsense? Perhaps in a sense he did. An ambitious and crafty ecclesiastic is as enigmatical a character as Home himself. A double heart ends in making a double head, as a seventeenth-century writer says. But it is pitiful to think of the tens of thousands of harmless people who have been tortured and murdered in consequence of this superstition.

Or was Home an exceedingly clever conjurer? This was the opinion of Browning, Dickens and many others. But professional conjurers who witnessed his séances declared that no conjurer could possibly produce such effects. It seems to me plain that they could not.

Did Miracles Occur?

Thirdly, did the miracles actually take place? To admit this would be to surrender to what is called supernaturalistic dualism, the theory that the laws of nature may at times be suspended by "a higher law"; in fact, that nature miracles take place in the external world. The laws of gravitation make it impossible for a heavy man to float up to the ceiling or out of a window.

If a table is cocked up on end, a vase of flowers on the table must fall off; in Home's séances it did not fall. If this sort of thing happens there is an end of natural science. If an epidemic of typhoid may be caused either by a polluted water supply or by the blasphemies of an infidel mayor, perhaps a procession of priests carrying a wax doll may be the best way of dealing with it.

We ought perhaps to distinguish between such stories as levitation and table-turning and the alleged phenomena of telepathy and clairvoyance. It is conceivable that there may be psychic currents which communicate information from one mind to another. But this is very different from the suspension of gravitation.

Experiments have been made in America which claim to establish the reality of telepathy. Mathematicians can calculate the chances against guessing the right card out of a pack. If these guesses come right three or four times as often as they would on the basis of pure chance, and if this persists after 50 experiments, they tell us there must be something in it.

I am still unconvinced, but I believe we ought to keep an open mind. If before the discovery of the radio I had been told that sound could be transmitted with the speed of light, I should have said: "If you believe that you can believe anything."

My own theory is that nothing happened at all, but that Home had a strange power of inducing hallucination even in several intelligent people gathered together. We have all heard of the famous Indian conjuring trick, when a boy climbs up a mango tree and disappears. Many honest and intelligent people have witnessed this astonishing performance.

On one occasion a series of photographs were surreptitiously taken. They showed that the man and the boy never moved at all. A friend of mine went to investigate a haunted house, in which a ghost appeared at the end of a passage and walked down it. Two detectives were hidden at the other end of the passage. The ghost duly appeared, and the two detectives fled, howling. The ghost was the reflection of moonlight on a linoleum floor.

I am afraid humanity is still Yahoomanity sometimes; seeing is not always believing.

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PRAIRIE LETTER

Government Doing Best to Make Saskatchewan Land of Forests

By P. W. DEMPSON

SOMETIMES people in the East are apt to think that out here in the West we have just one great big treeless expanse of nothingness. That isn't true. We have trees and are getting more every year.

Take Saskatchewan, for instance, the centre of the prairies. The miles and miles of wide open spaces in Saskatchewan are broken up with innumerable woods, dense groves and even forests. A lot of them are confined to the north, but increased interest in tree-planting is every year getting the south a bigger tree population of such varieties as elm, evergreen, willow and cottonwood.

The federal government through an annual educational campaign is mainly responsible for getting the people of Saskatchewan tree-conscious. Every summer, lectures and motion pictures pointing out the advantages to be gained from planting trees in rural districts are held in a number of villages and towns. Farmers are informed they can obtain saplings and cuttings from two forest nursery stations in the province, at practically no cost.

One station is at Indian Head, the other at Sutherland. The two supply trees to farmers in Manitoba and Alberta as well, and are the only ones in Canada which operate exclusively for rural residents. The Indian Head station was opened in 1901 and the one at Sutherland in 1914. Between them they have up to now supplied 197,252,135 trees to 182,891 farms in the prairie provinces. Most of these have been to farmers in Saskatchewan, since nature saw to it that trees were more prevalent in Manitoba and Alberta.

The majority of orders are received during the fall and winter months, and are filled in the spring. The nursery stations distribute maples a year old, cuttings of willows and poplars, evergreens four years old and spruce six years old. A system of sending cottonwood seedlings is being developed.

To the farmer, the cost for evergreens, spruce and pine is $1 for a hundred, plus the express charges. For others he pays only the delivery charges. Notwithstanding the manpower shortage at the stations and on farms, more trees are being planted than prior to the war.

It is no secret that trees help to beautify a farm, yet the nursery stations stress five other points in their tree-planting program. Trees should be planted for farm shelters, field shelters, wood lots, conservation of snow for dams and dugouts, and for roadside protection.

Work Permits for Children

In Winnipeg as in other cities the manpower shortage has resulted in many children accepting jobs out of school hours. In Winnipeg, however, there were so many of them that the city council decided to introduce a bylaw, providing that persons hiring children 12 years of age and over must secure special permits and that children under 12 could not be taken on.

If the juvenile is under 18 and still going to school, a permit is required. If between 12 and 16, he must have a permit whether attending school or not. Those going to school apply to their principal for the permit, the others to the inspector of licenses in Winnipeg.

The only children exempted from obtaining permits are those 12 and over who deliver newspapers and magazines. Those under 12 are not allowed to do this work.

Fur Exchange in Regina

Progress in the fur industry is being marked in Saskatchewan. For years trappers and ranchers have been shipping their furs to Winnipeg to be sold at auction, but soon they will be able to send them to Regina instead. The Saskatchewan government is making this possible through the establishment of a fur exchange and marketing service. Saskatchewan at present is the only province without a fur exchange.

To offset the cost of operation, a commission will be charged those using the exchange. Whether use of it will be made compulsory on the part of dealers, trappers and ranchers has not yet been decided. About 90 per cent of them favored the idea of an exchange, which will be equipped with a cooling system to keep the furs in A-1 condition.

Rural Electrification

Electrification of farm homes in the prairie provinces has been before the people for many years, but it was not until the past summer that definite steps to bring about the realization of this project were taken.

Manitoba has drawn up tentative plans and so has Saskatchewan, but Alberta has gone one better and, at present, is conducting an experiment that will result in the electrification of 66,000 of the Province's 100,000 farms after the war. Actually, the experiment is being carried out in three areas: around Swalwell, in southern Alberta; near Vegreville, east of Edmonton; and near Olds, south of Edmonton. As a result, several hundred farmers will soon discard kerosene lamps for electrical lights and power.

Private companies—the Calgary Power Company and the Canadian Utilities Limited—are financing the experiment. Much of the projected development, however, will be undertaken by Alberta's newly-formed power commission.

A while back a survey was conducted by the Research Council of Alberta on behalf of the provincial government. It was reported that 30,000 farms could be served with electric power at an average cost of $600 per farm. At present only 5,500 Alberta farms are served by electricity. Of these only 100 are on power lines. The rest operate their own individual plants.

Of the 30,000 farms most feasible to electrify, the Research Council stated that to recover the costs of installation out of revenue, it will be necessary to charge an average rate of $5.70 monthly for 50 kilowatt hours.

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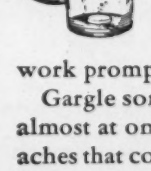

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Educators Learning From Army Methods

By JANET R. KEITH

The exceptional efficiency with which the Armed Services have trained men during the war is an example for our regular educational system. In the Services, thanks to the most advanced methods of instruction, good physical environment and better conditions for teachers, students are mastering courses in a fraction of the time taken under the regular curricula.

Reports of various representative educational bodies which offer improvements along the lines already adopted by the Services suggest that war experience in education will be of much benefit.

EIGHTEEN months ago Pilot Officer John Smith was a bank clerk in a Maritime village; today he is piloting a four-engined bomber over Germany. Last summer Sub-Lieut. Bill Johnson drove a tractor on his prairie farm; now he is in command of a Fairmile "sub-chaser" on the Atlantic. Private Tom Jones used to be a shoe clerk in a large Canadian city; at present he is an expert mechanic with the Canadian army in France.

Smith, Johnson and Jones are all graduates of the most thoroughly efficient university Canada has ever known—the training schools of the armed forces. Results achieved in these military schools have been an eye-opener. Reasonably bright boys have romped through four years of high school mathematics in a few months. French Canadian R.C.A.F. trainees have learned to speak English in 12 to 16 weeks. Army lads have mastered the equivalent of a university year of physics in three months.

Observing the results of this educational blitzkrieg, Canadians are beginning to ask themselves what it means. Were our peacetime methods of teaching painfully inefficient? Have the armed forces better methods, better teachers, or both? Can the new educational techniques worked out by the forces be applied to the civilian schools of tomorrow?

Let us glance at the ways in which a Canadian military classroom differs from the little red schoolhouse as we used to know it.

The first contrast, and the one that hits us right between the eyes, is the manner in which the armed forces make use of "visual aids." The oldfashioned schoolmarm knew about visual aids when she drew a diagram of the human lung on the blackboard, or taught geography from a large map of the world.

But the military classroom uses a far greater variety of charts, maps, diagrams and pictures to drive home salient points. More important, it uses films. As a teaching aid the film has exciting possibilities. It clarifies difficult subjects by presenting them to the eye as well as to the ear. It infuses life into abstract theories about people and things. It stimulates the imagination, and leaves a far more vivid impression than the ordinary lecture. Films are used by the forces for teaching everything from the operation of a machine gun to the fundamental rules of health.

The experience of the armed forces should convince our schools of the effectiveness of visual aids, particularly films. The price of 16 mm. projectors is not prohibitive. Today they cost around $350, but no less an authority than John Grierson of the National Film Board predicts that after the war they will sell for $150. Even small schools will be able to afford one.

As for suitable films, they don't come any better than the "two-reelers" produced by Canada's own National Film Board. Those who have seen the "Canada Carries On" and the "World in Action" series will realize that moving pictures could be just as effective at teaching history, civics and social science to school children as they are at training airmen to map-read. And the Board has proven that films of an educational nature can be produced without Hollywood extravagance; the prize-winning "Churchill's Island" cost less than $5000.

Full Use of Film and Radio

The day may not be far distant when every curriculum has its appropriate set of films as well as its textbooks. The survey committee of the Canada and Newfoundland Education Association, which was appointed at the suggestion of the Advisory Committee on Reconstruction "to ascertain the chief educational needs in the Dominion", recommended in its comprehensive 1943 report "that full use should be made of the newer tools of education such as the film and the radio."

Other differences characterize the military classroom. Generally speaking, the physical conditions are good; classrooms are well-lighted, well-heated, and well-ventilated. The soldier-student is not expected to do good work in a stuffy dingy atmosphere.

Thousands of Canadian schools in use today are no great credit to the nation. The C.N.E.A. report recommends that immediately after the war "building programs should be undertaken to supply new buildings where necessary and enlarge and renovate those that need such attention. Unhygienic conditions should be eliminated from all schools and sanitary facilities should be installed."

Military classes are limited to a size that one instructor can handle efficiently. Consequently they are generally smaller than peacetime classes. Small classes mean, of course, that we must have more teachers. The C.N.E.A. report recommends that 1,250 additional teachers should be employed to provide further facilities for diversified curricula.

The approach of military students toward their work contrasts strikingly with the attitude of average high school pupils. The soldier, sailor, or airman is learning for a purpose, and he knows exactly what that purpose is. Before him he has the definite goal of becoming a pilot, or a signalman, or a paratrooper. He is desperately anxious to realize his ambition, and so he puts forth his very best mental effort.

Vocational Guidance

Perhaps there is no way of placing before the civilian student objectives as immediate and exciting as those of military life. But it is certain that more and better vocational guidance would give students a more definite sense of purpose. It would help them to see the work they are doing in relation to their future careers. Some 1500 additional teachers should be engaged to give satisfactory guidance to pupils, is the recommendation of the C.N.E.A. report.

Military courses are covered in short order partly because they have been pruned down to bare essentials. All frills and useless appendages have gone out the window. Every fact the student learns will be used for a definite purpose.

It is doubtful if civilian courses will ever be pared down to the same extent. Generally speaking, high school and university education has a broader objective, and aims to give the student something of the background of his subject as well as the bare essentials. However, where the student seeks to acquire a skill, as he does in many technical courses, some of the short-cut methods

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worked out by the forces may be useful. In the realm of languages, many students would undoubtedly be interested in short conversational courses which would give them a speaking acquaintance with a foreign tongue. Those who wished to read the language and learn its grammar could go on from there.

Fewer Misfits

There are fewer misfits in military classrooms than in Canadian high schools and universities. The forces make far greater use of scientific tests for intelligence, mechanical aptitude, even language ability. Modern warfare has no place for the square peg in the round hole.

In our schools we have made only a small beginning in the use of aptitude tests. There is a great need, especially at the high school level, of adapting the curriculum to the needs, abilities and mental capacity of the individual student. Throughout our entire school system we lump together the backward and the brilliant students, expecting them to march forward at the same rate. This system, as one educator has expressed it, "ruins genius without helping subnormality." Five thousand classes should be provided to accommodate exceptional students, recommends the C.N.E.A., so that they will have the opportunity to advance at their right pace.

Many of the instructors in the armed forces were recruited from the ranks of Canadian teachers. If they are more efficient than the colleagues they left behind them, it is partly because they have received refresher courses in up-to-the-minute teaching methods—at government expense.

Because their service life takes them to all parts of Canada, and very often overseas, teachers in the forces are acquiring broad experience. They are looking far beyond the narrow horizon that too often limits a schoolteacher's world. Furthermore, the forces give teachers a chance to grow in the job. If they do good work they are given promotions, and better pay.

Teachers Must Be Paid More

Any consideration of improving teacher calibre in Canada must start with one basic fact; our teachers are miserably underpaid. With half the teachers in Canada earning less than $15 a week, we cannot hope to attract capable young people to the teaching profession and keep them there. The median professional life of male teachers is only 8 years.

First we must raise the teachers' salaries. We must provide refresher courses free of charge, as they are provided in the armed forces, instead of expecting teachers to pay for them out of their pitifully small salaries. When we have done these things we may then think about raising educational qualifications for the teaching profession, attracting a better type of young person and perhaps a higher proportion of men. A median salary across the Dominion of $1,321 (the level now actually prevailing in B.C.) is recommended by the C.N.E.A.

Increasing the number of teachers and paying them better salaries, building new schools, buying films—all these things will cost money. No improvement will be made in education unless somebody is willing to pay for it. The C.N.E.A. report states quite simply that present expenditures for education should be doubled.

Who will foot the bill? It seems inevitable that the federal government will have to assume part of the cost of education. Already federal grants have been provided for post-war technical training. Modern education is becoming too expensive for individual provinces and municipalities to finance out of their limited budgets. Spokesmen for all three major political parties agreed, at a teachers' convention held in Montreal last autumn, that schools should receive federal financial aid, with due guarantee that provinces should retain control of their own educational systems.

"We believe," stated the 1943 report of the Canadian Teachers' Federation, "that federal aid for education is possible without federal control. . . The plain truth is that education can never be raised to the status it should occupy in a democratic society unless the Dominion Government provides the necessary money in liberal grants on the basis of needs."

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THE LONDON LETTER

Up or Down But Always Straight New Path of Roads of England

By P. OD.

MOTORISTS, who seem to be the spiritual heirs of the ancient Romans in the matter of those long, straight, uncompromising roads that go direct across country without the slightest regard for natural obstacles, are out already with their plans for the brave, new world we are all expecting—though not all of us with the same carefree elation. The medicine may be good for us, and we may sit up in bed and take it like little men, but it doesn't follow that we are going to like it—not all of us.

What the motorists want, as expressed in the report of the three great motoring associations, which has just been published, is a "grid" system of motor highways covering the whole country. These great new motorways are to go sweeping across country—without intersections and without roundabouts, says the report, though it is a little hard to understand from meagre advance summaries just how that is to be accomplished. Probably some system of branching off, with the main roads leapfrogging over one another and other roads where they cross, as obviously they must. In fact, provision is made for certain sections of the new roads to be elevated where necessary.

No towns are to be allowed to check, however briefly the swift onrush of traffic across the country. They are all to be by-passed. Where the roads can't go vaulting across rivers, they are to go diving underneath them. The report calls for a couple of new tunnels under the Thames at Dartford and Blackwall, and asks that work should be started on them without delay. Peremptory fellows, these motor-planners!

As for the money for all this—naturally it is going to need a lot—the Standing Committee modestly suggests that £70,000,000 a year should be spent on the upkeep of these roads, including the repair of existing highways, and an additional £30,000,000 in the first year after the war. This wouldn't be difficult, if the Government would consent to apply motor-taxes entirely to this purpose, as was originally intended. But no Government has ever yet been able to resist helping itself to money out of this large and handy sock, whenever it has needed any—which is most of the time. The sock is generally empty.

It will probably be a good many years before the ambitious projects of the motoring associations are realized. But there can be little doubt that something of the sort will gradually come about, and England's green and pleasant land will look, from a sufficient distance up in the air, like a huge grey gridiron, with colored spaces between the bars. We live in the petrol age. Fortunately, there will still be quiet, winding roads for those of us who are not in a hurry—all the quieter perhaps for the huge diversion of traffic. At least the new roads sound as if they ought to be easy to avoid.

Classics in Pubs

Pubs used to be places where men—and not men only—used to go for a drink, or to meet a pal, or for a game of darts, or because there was nothing else to do, or for any other of the hundred-odd reasons one can always find if one really wants to go to a pub and feels obliged to find a reason for it, instead of just dropping in anyway, as most people do. But it seems pretty safe to say that very, very seldom has anyone ever gone to a pub because he wanted to listen to classical music or hear a poet read his latest ode. Well, listen to this:

Down Sheffield way a big brewery company with a number of what are called "tied houses" on its list, meaning those which are controlled by the brewery and allowed to sell no one else's beer, has decided to use the considerable seating space in some of those pubs as concert halls, and to give in them a series of classical concerts. The more popular sort of classics, no doubt, but with such players as Leon Goossens, Louis Kentner, and Cyril Smith among the performers, obviously concerts to be taken seriously. And they are being taken seriously.

This may seem a rather dangerous sort of experiment to try on the patrons of pubs in their hours of relaxation, but back in 1937 the Committee for Verse and Prose Recitation, as it somewhat portentously described itself, started a series of readings. Surprisingly, for hardly any poet ever manages to read his own verses in anything but a sort of moaning chant, the venture proved to be quite a success.

The patrons seemed to like it—which may prove their possession of an unsuspected aesthetic sense, or more probably the genial tolerance which comes with much beer. There is something very soothing about being read to, even in that poetic way, and even if you don't understand a word of it. And if poetry in pubs, why not music? It is a venture that deserves to succeed. Good luck to it!

Can't Stay Away From London

You can get people out of London—especially if the attacks of flying bombs happen to coincide with the holiday season, and travel is free, and billets are waiting at the other end. More than a million people left while the robomb raids were at their height, probably the greatest migration in all London's history. But the difficulty is to keep them away once they have gone. No amount of official warning, no charm of the countryside, no renewal of danger even, can do that.

They have been swarming back again, the whole million of them, with their children and their luggage, packing trains, piling up everywhere like a log-jam in a spring drive, tired, dirty, but happy—back to Camberwell and Bermondsey and Whitechapel, back to the familiar crowds and noise and smells of home. The country may be all right for a 'oliday, but not to live in. They'd rather be bombed.

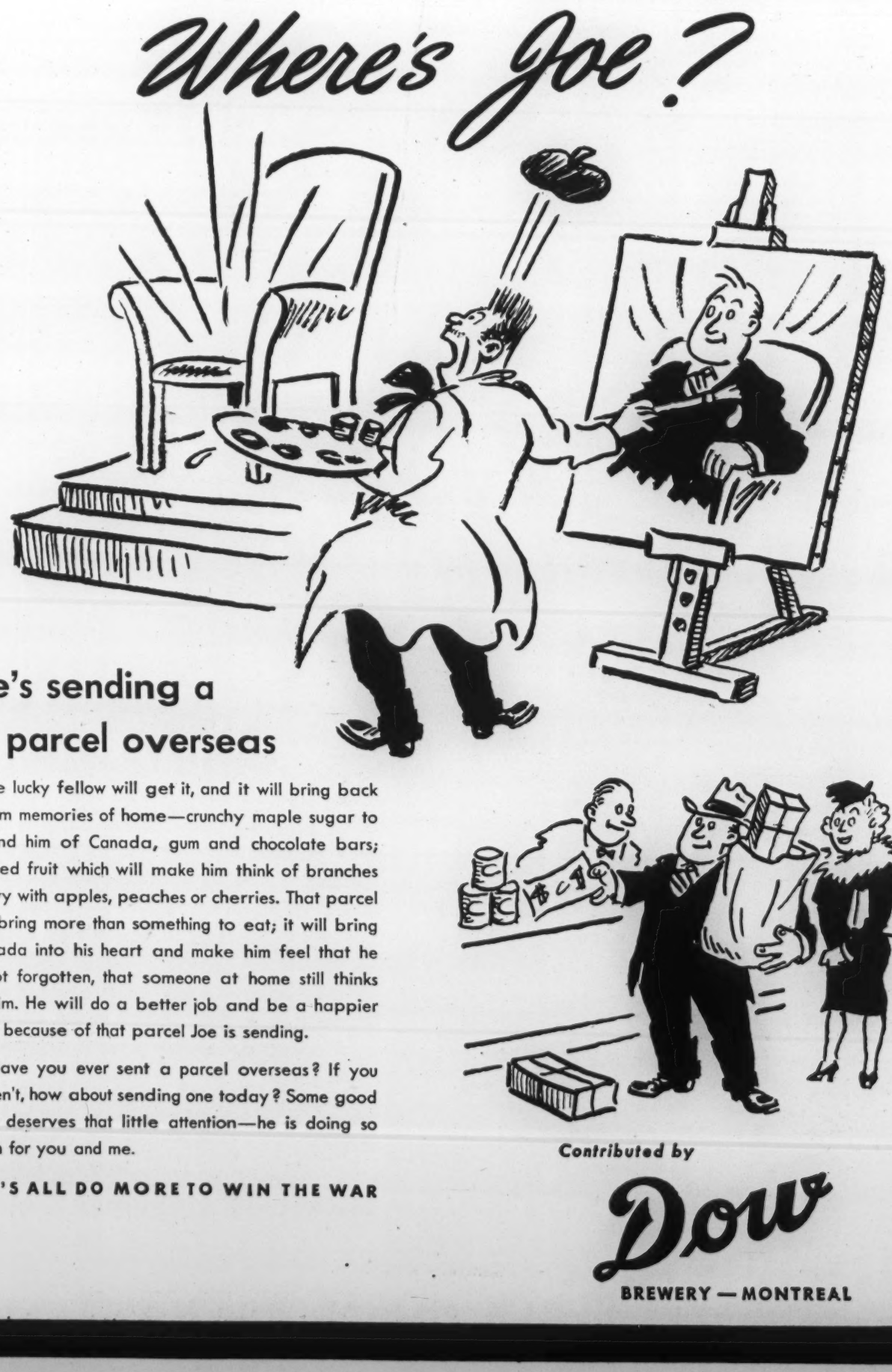
Sam Johnson might see much in their attitude to approve of. He also believed that no man in his senses would wish to live anywhere else than London. But it is likely that the authorities don't approve. Just when they were hoping for a chance to get things tidied up a bit! And now the human tide has come rolling back over it all.

The Aga Can If He Wants

Anxious persons who are worried by the prospect of this country being poor and harassed by crushing debt after the war, may take some little encouragement from the reports of the recent sale of yearlings at Newmarket. In the two days of the sale about £350,000 was paid for some 300 colts and fillies, working out at an average of about £1,200 each. Obviously there must be a good deal of money lying about loose, if people are able to spend it at this rate and for such purposes. We can't all be poor.

For one particularly desirable colt by Hyperion, the Derby winner, no less than £12,500 was paid. But the chief bidders in this case were the Aga Khan and the Gaekwar of Baroda, two gentlemen who presumably keep the gilded stuff piled up in the cellar much as lesser mortals keep coal—or used to, when there was any coal. So perhaps this particular battle of bullion should not count.

Incidentally, the Aga Khan got the colt—which seems to make it clear that, when the Aga wants, the Aga can. But there was lots of other bidding, and by English buyers. The horse business seems to be in a flourishing state. I think it may, not unreasonably, be regarded as a rising barometer.



He's sending a parcel overseas

Some lucky fellow will get it, and it will bring back to him memories of home—crunchy maple sugar to remind him of Canada, gum and chocolate bars; canned fruit which will make him think of branches heavy with apples, peaches or cherries. That parcel will bring more than something to eat; it will bring Canada into his heart and make him feel that he is not forgotten, that someone at home still thinks of him. He will do a better job and be a happier man because of that parcel Joe is sending.

Have you ever sent a parcel overseas? If you haven't, how about sending one today? Some good man deserves that little attention—he is doing so much for you and me.

LET'S ALL DO MORE TO WIN THE WAR

Contributed by

Dow

BREWERY — MONTREAL

D-43

THE WEEK IN RADIO

There's More Behind CBC Music Schedules Than What You Hear

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

ONE of our correspondents, L. S. Woods, of Toronto, has written to the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT demanding to know why it is that this writer devotes most of his space to U. S. A. programs, and says so little about the CBC. "Apparently there is a general complaint about the poor production of CBC programs. Why is there nothing said about it, instead of boasting sheer ignorance?" he wants to know.

Then Mr. Woods goes on to say "the music that we have to listen to is badly performed and the production of it is generally poor. Now that there is so much bragging about Canadian talent, and artists like Sir Ernest MacMillan are presented to the radio audience in a program mainly based on jazz, swing and distorted melodies of the old masters, the fault must lie with the higher-up supervisors and the so-called producers. To think that the good Canadian people have to be satisfied with that sort of thing is utterly insulting."

With a final burst of indignation, Mr. Woods concludes his letter with this: "There is a general manager now, with a good salary and an assistant, a program director who should take the blame for the inadequate performances, an army of supervisors, station managers, script writers, producers, etc., and yet all that we hear is mostly nonsense and poor, poor music. Those responsible for this situation are either of bad will or incompetent. Could anything be done to make us proud of the highest means of education in art and science?"

A VERY forthright letter, I would say. And while we leave our regular readers to judge whether or not we have ignored the Canadian radio scene, let's get on with the argument about CBC musical programs.

I asked a spokesman for the CBC if he would like to comment on Mr. Woods' appraisal of their musical broadcasts. He asked for Mr. Woods' qualifications as a music critic, and I didn't know, but I defended his right as a listener to say what he thinks about radio programs.

"Mr. Woods is too general in his beef," the spokesman said. "Let him be specific. What program did he hear that wasn't up to standard? Who was the artist on the program? Was it the fault of the artist, or the radio engineer, or the control-room operator? Or maybe there was something wrong with Mr. Woods' radio receiving set."

This CBC spokesman said that if Mr. Woods and every other listener could see with what care programs are presented, with what caution artists are allowed to broadcast, they would not be so quick to criticize.

"Take a look at this one day's musical programs on CBC," this official said. It happened to be a Monday. In addition to 23 15-minute periods of good recordings, there was a recital from Montreal; a concert from Toronto; "Rhythm and Romance" from Winnipeg; Mart Kenney from Toronto; Carolyn Gilbert, vocalist and pianist from NBC; Alan McIver's orchestra from Montreal; Don Messer and his old-time orchestra from the Maritimes; "Modern Musicians" from Vancouver; Ernest Berry, baritone, from Toronto; and the Liptonaires from Toronto.

Now come, Mr. Woods, let's be specific. What was wrong with the production, the quality, the transmission of any of these programs?

I WENT to Samuel Hersenhoren... Sammy to me, because I have known him for nearly 20 years and watched him grow musically over the years until today he is holding a high position in the ranks of Canadian musicians. I showed him Mr. Woods' letter.

"In the past three years," he said, "I have seen a tremendous change for the better in the whole musical set-up of the CBC. Canadian musicians, composers and arrangers have never in their lives had such a favorable opportunity of gaining a national audience.

"The CBC started to give Canadian musicians a chance to show what talent they had three or four years ago in a series 'Canadian Snapshots.' Then there was a series 'Music Composed for Radio.' It brought out such composers as Geoffrey Ridout, John Weinzweig, Howard Cable, and Barbara Pentland, of Winnipeg. I fought to get this series on the air, because I wanted to give these composers the chance they deserved. The CBC deserves credit for giving them an opportunity."

He produced a leaflet. Jean Beaudet's picture was on it, as conductor of a series "Canadian Music in Wartime." Beaudet is supervisor of music for the CBC. This series was produced for NBC's Inter-American University of the Air. It was heard on the CBC Trans-Canada network and the French networks, and over the NBC, Thursday evenings, from August 17 to Oct. 5. It featured compositions by Dr. Healey Willan, Paul de Marky, Robert Farnon, Jean Coulthard Adams, Lucio Agostini, Claude Champagne, Maurice Blackburn, Alexander Brott, J. J. Weinzweig, Robert Fleming, Hector Gratton, Arthur Benjamin and others.

Eight of the works performed had never before been broadcast. Two of them were inspired by the war, namely, "War and Peace", by Brott, and "Canadian Forest", by Blackburn. Some of the compositions played on this series may never be heard of again. Some of them may not have been received with unanimous acclaim. But when Mr. Woods accuses the CBC of programs "badly performed, and poor production", surely he must have been thinking of programs other than those in this series. Canadians generally received this series with warm praise. Letters to the CBC office prove it.

Of all the people in Canadian radio who deserve praise for giving musicians, composers, arrangers and writers of "background music" for radio a decent break on the air, Hersenhoren ranks first in my estimation. Ask Samuel about this and he gives the credit to J. Frank Willis, of the CBC, who, he says, as supervisor of feature broadcasts for the CBC, had done more than anyone else to give broadcast openings to unknown musicians.

FROM Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver—and now and then from the smaller centres—the CBC has presented for the entertainment of Canadians a great assortment of musical talent: symphonies, ensembles, quartettes, trios, and solo artists of every description. It would be an exaggeration to say that they were all first-class musicians. Only their mothers would say that. But there has been something for all tastes.

Mr. Woods, I think that Canadian listeners will heartily disagree with you. As for Sir Ernest MacMillan presenting programs mainly based on jazz, swing and distorted melodies of the old masters, methinks it would be far better to let Sir Ernest fight his own battles. Here is a fencing ground, Sir Ernest. It's yours for the asking.

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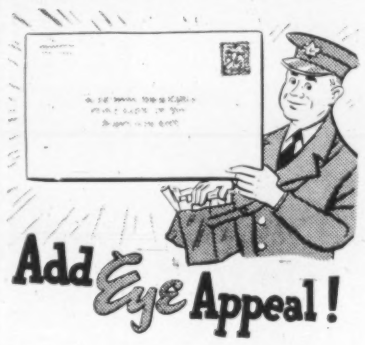

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Novel Digs into Economics to Find Things New and Strange

WORLD'S BEGINNING, a novel, by Robert Ardrey. (Collins, $3.00.)

FLAWS in the structure of modern corporate business appeared during the Great Depression and convinced not a few observers and thinkers that something should be done about them. Otherwise (they believed) in the next stress flaws might widen to cracks and these to chasms so the structure would sink down to rubble. Socialists favored a considered gentle wrecking, preliminary to the building of something new and strange. Capitalists of the Left recommended an immediate patching-and-repair job. Those of the Right blandly asserted that there were no flaws, other than human frailty and that anyone who had said otherwise was self-deceiving. Naturally nothing—or next to nothing—was done.

The author of this book who is a playwright of reputation, vividly imaginative and at the same time coldly logical, projects himself twenty years into the future and observes these flaws as fully developed chasms. Labor unrest has flared into sabotage, irresponsibility and bloody race-riots. Capital's fair desire for profit has hardened into greed and oppression. Capitalist and union labor's evasion of the Law has grown to defiance. Even a Labor Government itself is helpless; inflation has turned staple producers to barter instead of sale. One by one great industries are sinking into bankruptcy.

Two brothers, one a chemist, the other, an accountant, each brilliant in his field, find themselves unemployed. The chemist has discovered a plastic that conducts electricity as well as copper does, is equally malleable, and costs one-tenth as much. Mooning about the Patent Office in Washington before applying for a patent he discovers that other chemists have been on the same track, but that International Copper has bought and suppressed their inventions.

So, without a patent, he resolves to manufacture his plastic and put it on the market, his brother having evolved a novel system of co-operation which will make every worker a part owner. The plan is neither the fish of socialism nor the flesh of capitalism, but an economic red herring so contrary to normal theory and practice that it frightens everybody. The enterprise proves that it cannot be crushed by powerful competition, or even by the Government which declares it subversive. The plan *works*, but no newspaper or periodical dares to tell the story of its working, since it offends both capital and labor.

Yet by word-of-mouth a favorable public is built up, and soon the whole industrial fabric of the nation is transformed. If this were a treatise on Economics an interesting study would be to discover arguments against the plan which the author has not already discounted.

But it's a novel, to be judged as such. Is it convincing to the ordinary reader? Assuredy it is. Is it structurally sound? It's as lean and fine a piece of story-engineering as can be imagined. Are the people alive? So much so that you can see them kick. Is the writing worthy? It's brilliant. If its climax is melodrama the theme is justification for it. And the spirit of the book is vibrant with indignant compassion for a whole nation gone wrong and suffering. This book is a must for social welfare workers, politicians, capitalists, labor men, and for the untagged people who like to be entertained.

•

Oriental Trends

PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE, by Edgar Snow. (Random House, $4.50.)

INDIA, China and Russia are reviewed in this distinguished book. The author is one of the most accomplished of American correspondents, speaking Chinese fluently, and "getting along" in Russian. He knows the Orient as few others know it and he "makes friends and influences people" wherever he goes. He is a keen observer, an accurate reporter, and his burning hatred of Fascism, or any approach to it, gives passion to his writing.

Although he sets down clearly the appalling difficulties which India presents to a statesman; in the caste system, the intense religiosity, the Native States, the mutual intolerance of Hindu and Moslem, he is less than fair to the British raj. His indignation at the color-bar in Anglo-Indian society, which is reasonable on humanitarian grounds, makes one wonder if he is likely to write a book soon on the United States. Such a book would be interesting.

As in previous books, he insists that the Chiang Kai-shek set-up is Fascist and infinitely less worthy than the Communist progress in the north. But the chief interest of the book is its close examination of Russian life and ideals as revealed in scores of conversations with all sorts and conditions of men and women.

•

Perfumed Simon Legree

ABSENT IN THE SPRING, a novel, by Mary Westmacott. (Collins, $3.00.)

A TERRIBLY efficient wife and mother has handled the household to perfection for many years. Her solicitor-husband has been sweetly dominated into prosperity. Her children have always been well dressed, well schooled and well dominated, for she has arranged every detail of their lives, even up to marriage and beyond.

Now, after a visit to her youngest daughter, in Baghdad, she is on the way home. An unexpected rainstorm washes away a section of the railway track and makes motor roads impassable. For a week she is marooned in a desert rest-house, with no company but an Indian servant and an Arab boy. She has nothing to read, nothing to do but think about herself and her family.

Patches of remembrance come into view; little irritations, partial rebellions and protests, strange actions and utterances. They form a pattern that frightens her, for she sees herself as a tyrant, a selfish hypocrite, a creature unloved and unwanted. Then the trains are running again and she goes home—to dominate by habit.

The theme is old, beginning in the New Testament with the words "Two men went up to the Temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, the other a publican." The treatment makes the story vivid and compelling. It's a remarkable novel, close-knit and clever in characterization.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto.

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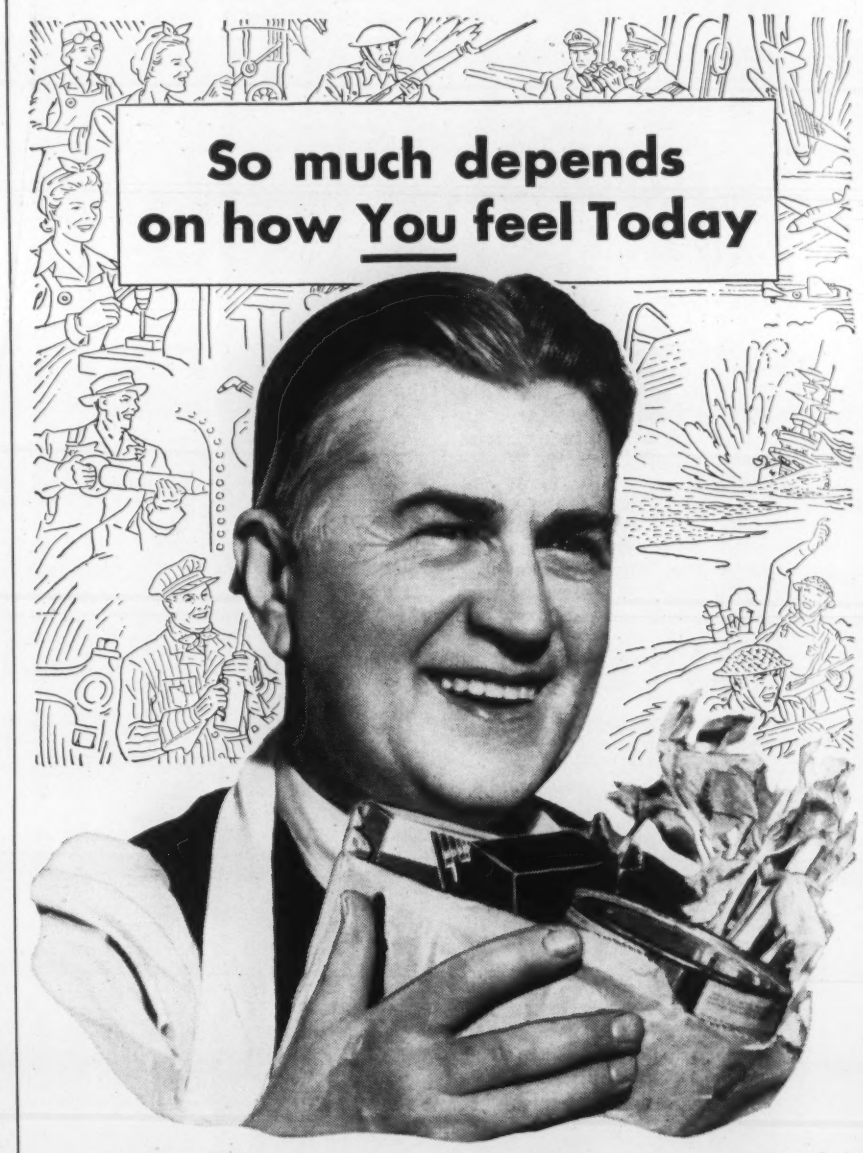

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THE BOOKSHELF

Why a Circus Man Went Madly to School for Three Months

HIGH ENDEAVOR, by Edward Seago. (Collins, $4.00.)

A CIRCUS man, specializing in the training and exhibition of lions and other animals, is minding his unusual business and enjoying himself in it when war comes and puts an end to everything usual. Jimmie is young and patriotic. He burns to be a flying-man and do his bit aloft, but when he tries to enlist he can't pass the preliminary examination which has a good deal in it about arithmetic and algebra. "I can learn it, if you give me time," he pleads, and the officer gives him three months. By dint of application almost twenty hours a day he covers a normal three years' course, in as many months and passes with honors. So when the Battle of Britain comes Jimmie is ready.

This is a true story, told by the author as a tribute to the Royal Air Force in which ambition and determined effort are almost a commonplace. The book is illustrated by twenty brilliant wash-drawings in monochrome by the author.

•

Reporter's Protest

STILL TIME TO DIE, by Jack Belden. (Musson, $4.00.)

A WAR correspondent for seven years in China, Africa and Italy temporarily ended his reporting when a shell-fragment smashed his leg and he lay helpless for hours in the battle area above Salerno. Long months of convalescence, first in Africa and then in America gave him time to read and digest Von Clausewitz on the art of war and Tolstoi on its vast and formless tragedy.

His mind, dulled by endless horrors, began to quicken, and while passing in review his experiences, came to a white heat of anger at leaders in government, business and finance, who, actively or passively, brought on this world conflict. At the same time it overflowed in pity for soldiers of all nations, pouring the wine of their youth into an abyss of despair. So he wrote this book which is an endeavor to interpret war as it appears to the individual soldier. He dedicates it *in hate* to all leaders, and *in love* to all followers.

Anyone who can make such a classification of men into plain black and white is approaching a state of hysteria. The writer seems to be objective, even to coldness, in his study of the nature of the battlefield; its falsehood, uncertainty and friction. He observes the incidence of courage, resolution and exertion in the command, high and low, and of brotherhood and loneliness in the ranks. Yet this objectivity is only in seeming; actually he is exploring himself and whipping up an eloquent rage.

This rage shows itself in the multiplication of horror-scenes, and in the transfer to print, again and again, of the vocabulary of the latrine. Thus by rousing the disgust of the reader he distinctly lessens the effectiveness of the argument and of the story-illustrations. So, in coming to an end he reaches this hysterical judgment, "I do not believe in good people ruling us, but only in the mass of the people ruling themselves." May we ask how, without leaders?

Is the only hope of mankind in anarchy? Jack Belden is a Grade A reporter. His grade as a philosopher, or even as a thinker, is much lower.

•

Interpreter of Britain

ONWARDS TO VICTORY, by the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.75.)

ALL the public utterances and writings of the Prime Minister for the year 1943 are here assembled, and they make a happy compilation. The period saw the pursuit of Rommel, the invasion of North Africa, Sicily and Italy and the fall of Mussolini. Within this time also the Russians had battered the enemy to grogginess. There was plenty of occasion for the jubilant note in much of the Prime Minister's statements, lighted as they usually are by glints of humor and by happy bits of quotation.

When he speaks of the Desert Army "walking in the fear of the Lord and with an increasingly clear view of their salvation," he turns to consider that force as it must have appeared to Hitler, "the portentous apparition of the Desert Army." "These are great days," he tells the House of Commons, "they are like the days in Lord Chatham's time of which it was said you had to get up early in the morning not to miss some news of victory."

The native humor which at times has a tinge of irony appears often in these speeches. In answer to some honorable member in a hurry he told of the mother whose boy had been rescued by a sailor from drowning in a dock-basin. She finally found the gallant bluejacket and instead of thanking him demanded "Where's his cap?" Also his definition of free speech, as conceived by some people, is worth remembering. "It is when you are free to say what you like, but if anyone says anything back that's an outrage."

This is a "must" for any library.

•

All Afloat

AH, THE NAVY, by Stephen Sheffrey. (Dorrance $2.00.)

A NAVY instructor, after discussing at some length the principle of the electric motor, asked the class to explain the difference between a natural and an artificial magnet. He got this answer, "A natural magnet is one that is; an artificial magnet is one made by a man who doesn't know how."

This is a sample of the many light tales of Navy life and humor assembled in this rambling book. The author describes barracks-life while waiting for a ship, the ills (and joys) of mine-sweeping, the discipline on a battleship, the oddities of some of his comrades. It's a book about potential fighters, with nothing in it about fighting; a book to pick up, and lay down.

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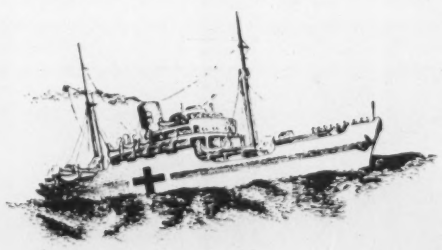

To-day the RCAMC carries on in the traditions of the past . . . fighting not with shells, bullets and bayonets, but with plasma, penicillin, the wonderful sulfa drugs and sheer stark courage.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Myth of Paris: It's an Illusion of Sunshine, Color and Design

By BERNICE COFFEY

WRITING in the London Sunday Express, George Slocombe says: "It is time somebody exploded the myth that when we came to Paris we found a city of beautifully dressed women and prewar elegance.

"The fact is that ninety-nine per cent of the women of Paris have had practically no new clothes to wear for four years. A pretty girl in a light colored frock on a brilliant Summer day — such as that of the day of liberation — may pardonably look elegant to a dusty soldier fresh from country villages where the normal dress of the peasant girl is drab and sombre. But no Englishwoman would for a moment be deceived by the illusion of sunshine and brilliant color and graceful design.

"It is true that photographs of the latest Paris fashions are already appearing in New York magazines and that a campaign is beginning to restore to Paris couturiers their prewar eminence in the world of dress. But all these fashions exist merely in the drawing stage.

"For four years fashionable women of Paris have been ekeing out their prewar wardrobes. . .

"A very ordinary frock costs forty pounds and the monthly wage of a shorthand typist is two pounds ten shillings a week. So that to buy herself a frock, the typist must sacrifice four months' salary."

Designing Women

Canadian girls who dream of becoming dress designers and are convinced that given the opportunity they, too, could shine with Molyneux, Hattie Carnegie, Schiaparelli, and the other great names of fashion, are going to be given a chance to show what they can do.

We hear that the Montreal Dress Manufacturers' Guild plans a competition to discover Canadians with a talent for original dress design. As plans now stand, the competition will open about November 15 and close about February 15. The winning sketches will bring substantial prizes — first, $500; second $300; third, $200; and several others of $25.

Sketches are to show a dress designed for next spring, and the competition will be judged by a panel of competent judges composed of fashion editors and manufacturers. The winning design will be made up and the dress put on sale across Canada.

Speakers for the Loan

During the coming weeks meetings of women's clubs and other organizations are offered the services of special speakers who will bring a personal Victory Loan message. Usual length of such speeches is about five minutes.

In Toronto the Women's Committee of the Seventh Victory Loan has Mrs. Fred J. Conboy, wife of the Chief Magistrate, as Honorary Chairman. Mrs. J. G. Althouse has organized an active and capable Women Speakers' Panel, all of whom are available to address women's meetings during the next few weeks. Members of the Speakers' Panel are:

Mrs. J. G. Althouse; Mrs. F. J. Conboy; Mrs. A. C. Casselden; Mrs. J. F. Davidson; Mrs. J. L. Halpenny; Mrs. O. S. Hollinrake; Mrs. Harold Lorie; Mrs. D. W. McGibbon; Mrs. W. Ralph Jane; Mrs. E. H. Ross; Mrs. Geo. Robinson; Mrs. Colin W. K. C. Campbell; Mrs. H. E. McCullagh; Miss Mabel Stoakley; Mrs. Norman Stephens; Mrs. John A. Sherman; Lieut. M. Jackson, C.W.A.C.; Mrs. S. Hudson Johnston; Miss Margaret Brown; Miss Thelma Palmer; Mrs. R. Luckock; Mrs. Earl G. Knope; Mrs. Egmont Frankel; Major Phyllis Arnoldi; Capt. Natalie Platner; Mrs. W. J. McCoy; Mrs. Newton Magwood; Dr. Martha Law; Mrs. C. C. Goldring; Mrs. J. Arthur Barber; Mrs. John C. MacFarlane; Mrs. W. R. Walton, Jr.; Mrs. Wm. Junor; Miss Ruth Caron; Miss Jessie Storrie.

A call at headquarters, Adelaide 4895, will bring prompt results if you could include a speaker at your next women's meeting.

Needles and Pins

Britain in this autumn of 1944 is a place where such small essentials as mending cotton and buttons and pencils are rarities even in the big shops in the large centres. To find them in quantity to replace the losses of three months of robot bombing is impossible. Since June, 23,000 homes in England have been totally destroyed and more than a million damaged. What that means in terms of such minor losses as safety pins and needles and writing paper may be guessed from the fact that in recent weeks the comfort bags sent overseas by the I.O.D.E. have not been given out one to a person, but, in many instances, their contents have been distributed item by item to those most in need.

How difficult it is to meet the lack of small comforts, a letter received from London late in August tells. The writer is Mrs. Elsa Dunbar, Chief of the Overseas Department of the Women's Voluntary Services: "Due to the devastation caused by the robot bombs, it is almost impossible to supply the needs. One of our 200 distributing centres in London has been called upon to clothe over 1,000 families in the past fortnight."

To be always a little cold, a little dirty, more than a little shabby, a little unkempt, to be without such taken-for-granted conveniences as wash cloths and combs and tooth brushes: these are the things that drag the spirits low, even with victory nearing. Especially if one is a woman.

The end of the war is in sight, but it is not here yet. The last bit of hill is always the hardest. The I.O.D.E. Comfort Bags are designed to give the lift the women of Britain need to carry them up the last bit of hill.

Velvet is used on crepe to give the high fashion note of a front peplum. The neckline is flattering with its softly outlined square delicately detailed in velvet. A dress that looks well with a fur stole for luncheons, under a fur coat in winter.

In this soft suit, color plays against color, fabric against fabric — velvet, wool, rayon crepe. Short jacket is nipped in at the waist, skirt is softly fitted to the slim silhouette. The velvet bow adds luxurious depth of color in the festive evening mood.

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What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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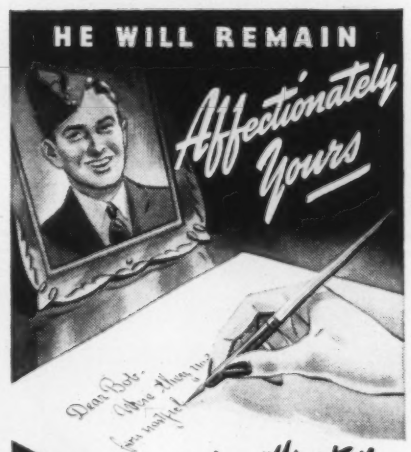

Never were letters so important as now. They must bridge the gap between you and the ones you love.

Important too is the paper you choose — you can be proud of letters written on—

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Ostrich plumes outline the low neckline and repeat the highlights in the sculptured bodice and straight skirt in this black satin dinner dress. Worn with a forward tilted ostrich hat, and black elbow length gloves.

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"While some of us are congratulating ourselves on our physical distance from battle and suffering, the house on the corner is strangely quiet—there is a wreath on the front door.

"Canadians are lucky people, believe me. After five years of the ravages of war in distant lands, we have been remote from it so far as personal comfort and safety is concerned but the lengthening casualty lists are bringing the war home to us now.

"Only last week some one was asking me whether I remembered the lad who used to deliver our groceries? Sure did. His name is in the list of missing, today.

"One day, the cigar store at the corner, where I usually buy my paper, was unaccountably closed.

"Another day our milkman—generally chatty and pleasantly cheery, had no smile—a wire had been received at his home: 'We regret . . . etc., etc.' . . .

"I miss the alert young man who used to serve me at the gas station. He died over the Ploesti oilfields. Now the 'Mrs.' serves in his place and doesn't linger to chat.

"In our own home we miss those noisy, laughing youngsters who were pals of my own lads—they are all overseas. Four of them won't return—one was lost on the Assiniboine—one over Berlin—one at Cologne . . . and one at Shanghai.

"I realized it was no different in the country, either, when I visited the little village where I was born. Youth was conspicuous by its absence. The Roll Call of Honour in the Town Hall told the story . . . 'On Active Service: 109' it said.

"The battles are in distant lands—sure. But the War is here—in every city block, down every country lane.

"And still there are people who say: 'What another Victory Loan?' People who measure their ability to buy a share in Tomorrow with a minimum-objective outlook, instead of all-out sacrifice. There has been no soft path to where we stand now, and there is no easy way onward from here. *They offer their lives—we are merely asked to deny ourselves the non-essentials, and lend our dollars.*"

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Introduction to the Due Processes of the Law via a Law Suit

By REGINALD S. ALLEN

IF YOU are the one person in twenty, you may enjoy the prospects of your "day in court." If, on the other hand, you are an average woman, pretty ignorant of the processes of the law and the atmosphere of courts, you will be awake o'nights, dreading the whole business, and half wishing that you had swallowed your pride or your losses and gone your way without calling on the blind goddess for assistance.

But now the die is cast. Your writ has been served on the defendant or his solicitor and his reply received and filed in the court registry. The machinery is in motion, and already your several hundred dollar backlog, which is needed to finance a lawsuit of modest dimensions, is beginning to burn away.

Once you have said the word, your lawyer takes the formal preliminary steps almost without your being aware of the fact. For of course you have already picked a lawyer—a good one, not necessarily high priced. There are some both good and reasonable, decent fellows who are genuinely concerned about getting justice for you, and not merely interested in your troubles for their dollars and cents value to themselves.

Even if the case is a relatively simple one, there will now follow a lengthy period of waiting and backstage fencing by the lawyers, sometimes lasting for weeks, sometimes months.

The next active step so far as you are concerned comes when the awesome examinations for discovery begin. This may be the first time you actually enter the Court House building. There in a small examination room you will face the initial matching of wits with the lawyer on the other side.

He will ask questions designed to bring out your version of the controversy, and at the same time may try to trip you on facts and mix you up in your story as much as possible. Your answers, given under oath, are taken down by an official shorthand writer and transcribed.

Before this ordeal commences, your lawyer will, of course, have explained the purposes of these examinations, giving the probable lines of approach his legal opponent will take, and possibly coaching you a bit on your answers.

Many cases, legal men will tell you, are won or lost, not in court rooms, but on these examinations. An air-tight presentation of your case on discovery goes a long way towards winning the battle for your cause. For discovery evidence is meticulously gone over later by both counsel to pick out the weak and the strong points, the contradictions and the errors.

When you actually get into court, the opposing lawyer has the right to test your courtroom story against your earlier discovery version—and if it diverges on any material point you are in for a bad time!

Judicial Austerity

These examinations may take place days or weeks before the actual trial. In the meantime, you must wait patiently for the day—trying hard not to kick yourself for saying some of the things you did on your discovery, or for omitting the things you didn't say. Anyway, it would be unwise to make the common mistake of blaming the court stenographers for reporting you wrongly. They're good honest fellows who have no interest in your case except as "foliage" to be transcribed.

If yours is an action involving over a thousand dollars it will be heard in the Supreme Court, and during this period of waiting you will inevitably wonder—because your lawyer will probably have remarked sometime that "a lot will depend on the judge you get"—which one of those awe-inspiring gentlemen, the judges of the Supreme Court, will adjudicate upon your case.

If you have slipped into the courtrooms to get a preview of them in action upon other cases, they will all look pretty austere and terrifying to you. . .

The day comes. You meet your lawyer and get into court early—and soon there is "your" judge sitting calmly and impassively up there on the bench before you.

He doesn't seem to be aware of your presence. His attention is on your lawyer. You aren't sorry to be overlooked because you feel he might see your heart in your mouth.

Maybe you have picked a ponderously witty type of judge who is continually interrupting the proceedings with examples of heavy or waspish humor; he likes to keep things "human"! Or possibly he is the silent, receptive type, absorbing all the flow of words and saying as little as possible; he likes to maintain the traditional dignity of the court.

If he is of the pernickety type he will want every i dotted and every t crossed and all exhibits and papers just so. But you are in for a hectic time if he is one who loves to get the witnesses and the lawyers, especially the younger, inexperienced ones, thoroughly rattled, scolding and lecturing a lot, and winding up with a smooth, butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth, "I'm only trying to elicit all the facts, Mr.—!"

The preliminaries over, you as plaintiff are called to the witness box, and your lawyer, trying hard to keep cool and at ease, gently leads you through your story by means of carefully-chosen questions. This direct examination isn't too bad at all, you think, and the judge seems quite interested already. . .

But now the cross-examination! That fat, gimlet-eyed, cunning-looking chap, the defendant's lawyer, climbs to his feet, hunches up his black gown importantly, and looks at you as if you were some sort of botanical specimen. "Now, Mrs. Jones, you've just said. . ."

Heavens! Isn't this awful? I must sound like a half-wit, the way I'm answering! Won't he ever quit?

He does, finally, with a "Thank you, that is all." Now the worst ordeal is over. Unless you have to be recalled to give evidence on some new point, you can now settle down, after a fashion, to watch the other poor devils, your witnesses, and the defendant (though you hope, of course, that he gets it worse from your man!) and his witnesses.

Finally, after hours or perhaps days, the defendant's lawyer says, "That's the case for the defence, my lord."

That's the Law

Now it won't be long before you know the worst—or best! If your counsel has no rebuttal to offer, that is the end of the case so far as evidence is concerned. All you have to do is listen to the two lawyers drone through seemingly endless, and to you meaningless, legal argument, and then the judge—maybe he isn't such a bad sort after all!—will put you out of your misery. This is the moment you have lived for all these weeks and months.

Ah, that windbag of a lawyer looks like winding up now . . . no, another spurt. . . "That is all, my lord."

Now, judge—do your stuff!

His lordship gazes around the courtroom, looks down at the papers before him, begins tidying them. "Judgment reserved."

That's the law—a process of waiting. Always waiting, for lawyers, witnesses, documents, appointments, judges, judgments—and then for the settlement!

THE RAM IN THE THICKET

("That the Scripture might be fulfilled")

AND Abraham built an altar there,
Obedient to God's stern command,
And offer'd up his only son,
With faithful but reluctant hand;
When, at the point of sacrifice,
A voice from Heaven cried, "Forbear!
Lay not thine hand upon the lad,
Thy only son, so young and fair."

And we have built an altar there,
In France, at Freedom's stern command,
On which we offer up our sons,
With faithful but reluctant hand.—
Heaven tangle in the thicket thorns
That Black Sheep with the crooked horns!

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN.

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Biscuits that melt in your Mouth WITHOUT BUTTER

MAGIC'S HONEY BISCUITS

2 cups sifted flour
½ tspn. salt
¼ cup shortening
½ cup honey
⅔ cup milk (scant)
½ tspn. grated lemon rind, if available
3 tspns. Magic Baking Powder

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until mixed. Combine ¼-cup honey with milk; add to first mixture. Knead on lightly floured board enough to shape into smooth ball; pat ½-inch thick. Cut with floured biscuit cutter, place on baking sheet and bake in hot oven (450°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Mix remaining honey with lemon rind and dribble over tops of biscuits just before removing from oven. Makes 14.

FOR SUCCESSFUL BAKING

My nail polish—the same as I use in my New York and London Salons—is now only 50¢ in Canadian drug and departmental stores.

Polish remover is reduced to 35¢.

Hand Creams and lotions are now 75¢

Peggy Sage

The Late Mrs. Smith: Lady for Whom Time Is Not of the Essence

By LILLIAN D. MILLAR

YOU all know the late Mrs. Smith. She holds up your dinner party while the chicken becomes shrivelled and old, the baked potatoes develop deep wrinkles and the salad grows limp and dejected. She keeps you standing at the door of the movie while you watch the crowds pour in and fill the good seats. She spoils your enjoyment of the first act of the play when she climbs over your feet and finds your pet corn.

She keeps you standing on the street corner for half an hour, then explains brightly, "I had to wait ages for the car and then we had to stop for every red light." And you had watched while at least a dozen cars disgorged seemingly everyone in town except Mrs. Smith.

She makes you wait for your luncheon date in the downtown department store. At first you watch every elevator hopefully. Time goes by and no Mrs. Smith has appeared. It is one o'clock and she should have been on hand at 12.30. After a while you grow impatient and begin to revise your plans for the afternoon. When still she does not come you begin to grow uneasy. "Something must have happened to her," you think, "for no one would be this late." Then, when you are convinced that she has had an accident and are wondering frantically what you should do, she pops off the elevator.

Line Is Busy

"My dear," she exclaims, "what a time I've had! Everything has gone wrong. I started to make a cake and had so many interruptions. First the laundry came, then the gas man. Next Mrs. Black phoned and talked for nearly half an hour. Of course as I had started the cake I had to wait until it was baked. Then I had to leave the children's lunch ready and I found that I had nothing in the house, so I had to go out for eggs. They love scrambled eggs. And when I was all ready to leave I couldn't find my purse. I hunted everywhere." And so the excuses flow on. Surely anyone could see that it wasn't Mrs. Smith's fault that she was late. You haven't the heart even to mention your long wait and blighted plans for your afternoon's work.

Now there is only one reason why Mrs. Smith was late. But it bears no resemblance whatsoever to the excuses she gave. She was late because she hasn't learned to organize her work and her time. It would be absurd to build a house and then to attempt to fit the foundation under it, yet this is just what Mrs. Smith tried to do with her work. Tasks which must be done at a certain time form the foundation of any work schedule. Other work must be made to fit in. Yet Mrs. Smith did all her other chores first and then tried to fit in the 12.30 luncheon. And of course it couldn't be done.

Plan for the Day

But how should Mrs. Smith have planned her morning's work? First, she should have fixed the things which had to be done at a set time. Foremost was the 12.30 appointment. Next was the time she must leave home in order to be downtown at 12.30. If there are no delays the trip can be made in half an hour. But she can't count on everything going right. Things rarely do. So a margin should be allowed of say ten minutes and ten to twelve should have been set as the time to leave home. Breakfast at 8 and getting the children off to school at 8.30 may be two more tasks which had to be done on time.

Here, then, is the framework of her morning's schedule—breakfast at 8, children leave at 8.30, leave house for downtown at 11.50, luncheon date at 12.30. Now the other work could be filled in. First, time to do essential tasks should have been allotted. After the children left for school Mrs. Smith had two jobs which had to be done. She had to get the children's lunch ready. They must be fed. And she had to get dressed to go out. Whatever was left this had to be done.

This left the routine morning work, the baking and Mrs. Black. Of course there was plenty of time to do the routine work but the baking was not a good job to tackle when time was limited, because it might take longer than she expected and when once it was started it had to be finished. It would have been better to postpone the baking and to substitute mending, letter writing, or any one of many fill-in jobs which can be dropped at any time. Now should Mrs. Smith have talked to Mrs. Black for half an hour? If the call did not interfere with jobs which had to be done, well and good. But if Mrs. Black called at, say, a quarter to twelve, the situation was quite different. Then Mrs. Smith's first duty was to meet you at 12.30 and she shouldn't talk to Mrs. Black for half an hour while you sit downtown and fume because all your plans are upset. Of course she could not do anything about such interruptions as the laundry and the gas man but she should have planned ahead to have food in the house for the children's lunch and if she had a place for her things and kept them there, she would not have had to hunt for her purse at the last minute.

So Likeable

Mrs. Smith would have met you at 12.30 sharp if she had finished her routine morning work, prepared lunch for the children, got dressed and all ready to go out, then sat down to the mending until it was time to leave for town. Any interruptions would not have affected the important points of her time schedule.

But suppose that Mrs. Smith's work that morning had been so important that it could not be left, then wouldn't she have had a valid excuse for being late for the luncheon date? Certainly not. Before setting the time for any appointment she should figure out what she has to do beforehand and the time it will take, then she should allow a margin for interruptions and delays. Mrs. Smith often is late because she fails to do this. "I'll meet you in fifteen minutes," she will promise blithely. And if she would stop to consider she would know that she could not possibly get there in fifteen minutes for it takes at least fifteen minutes on the street car if there are no delays and she has to put on her hat and coat, say good bye to the family and walk to the car.

For all this Mrs. Smith is so likeable, so gay and bright that you overlook a lot. You enjoy being with her but you cannot afford to have your plans upset very often and after a time you give up asking her whenever any set time is involved. Thus gradually one by one her friends stop including her. Mrs. Smith doesn't realize how much she misses by being late habitually. And she could so easily be punctual. It is simply a matter of a little planning, of making a time schedule and sticking to it.

By any chance, is your name Smith?

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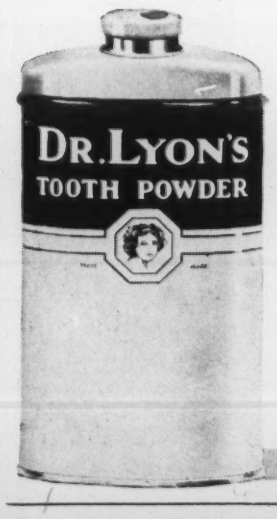

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Proms End With Jarmila Novotna: Montreal Orchestra Coming

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE Promenade Symphony Orchestra concluded the regular concerts of its eleventh season at Varsity Arena last week, with a splendid record in attendance, diversity of music and quality of performance. This last is a notable circumstance, because the war had drawn away so many young musicians that new talent had to be found. Uniformly good tone and expression spoke volumes for the labors of visiting conductors with meagre opportunities for rehearsal. Wilfrid Pelletier, who scored a triumph, was the only new face among the many baton wielders. On the programs no fewer than 75 composers were represented, with a remarkable showing of revivals and novelties. Surveying the list, the number of Russian composers, most of them new to our audiences, is extraordinary; twelve, in addition to old favorites like Glinka and Tchaikovsky. In the number of works performed Wagner and Tchaikovsky were tied with eight apiece; but Wagner outran the Russian in extended symphonic compositions. J. S. Bach, Beethoven and Handel were represented by two works each. Rossini and Verdi were the chief standbys with guest singers.

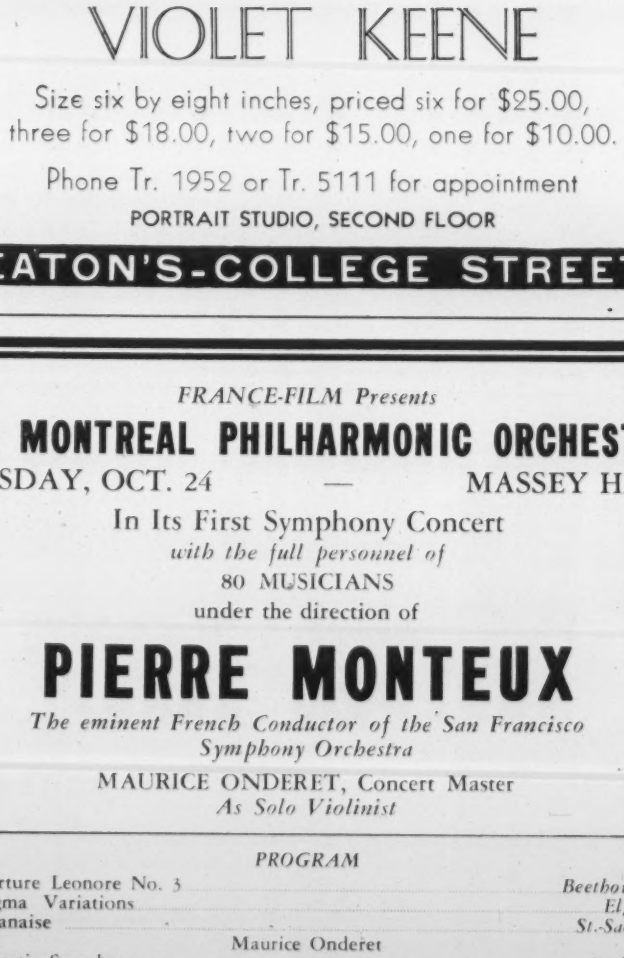
Last week Mr. Kostelanetz played what seemed to me the best of the many new Russian works heard during the season; three dances from "Gaynne", a ballet by Aram Khatachurian, whose piano works, as played by Rae Lev, had already fascinated me. His music is on a parity with the best that is being done in Russia at present, though not so widely exploited. His rhythmical style is wonderfully vital and gripping, and his orchestral scoring, rich and sparkling. He seems to have more of the glow and color which we associate with Rimsky-Korsakoff than any of the younger men. Mr. Kostelanetz had trained his forces vigilantly and the rendering was marked by the requisite flamboyancy.

Of an absolutely contrasted order was another novelty,—if melodies two centuries old can be so classified. Mozart made many experiments; among them a Fantasie to be performed by a musical clock. Of it Dr. Eric Werner has made an orchestral transcription which, though scholarly, seemed to be over-serious, lacking the playfulness of Mozart.

None of the many famous singers at the Proms in recent months has fascinated me quite so much as the Czech soprano, Jarmila Novotna. Her tones are sweet, true and extraordinarily well produced. But it was the significance with which she uses them, and her intense musical individuality, that fascinated me. I do not recall having heard any other singer who gave such refined, heartrending import to the famous tragic aria "Vissi d'Arte" from Puccini's "Tosca". There were tears behind every note. Rachmaninoff's "Floods of Spring" Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me" and Bechelet's "Chère Nuit" she transformed into exquisite expressions of personal emotion. In playful numbers she was delightfully piquant. She is a truly superb and versatile song interpreter.

Montreal Orchestra

Next week Toronto music lovers have an opportunity to show that "Canadian unity" is not merely a political football for spellbinders by extending a welcome worthy of the city's musical traditions to the Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra, which comes to Massey Hall under a conductor of high international status, Pierre Monteux. It is under the sponsorship of France Film, which backed the recent season of opera by Metropolitan stars. A year ago France Film undertook to co-ordinate the best orchestral personnel of Montreal in a strong cohesive organization, and the task of moulding the new body was largely entrusted to Monteux, borrowed from California where he has been for some years conductor of the San Francisco Orchestra. About two thirds of its personnel was used in the recent opera season here and its beautiful work in "Pelleas and Melisande" under Wilfrid Pelletier is recalled. The orchestra now comes in its full strength, with Maurice Onderet, one of the most brilliant violinists of Canadian birth, as concertmaster.



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Jan and Mischel Cherniavsky whose appearance in Eaton Auditorium in recital is booked for Friday, Oct. 25.

Autumn Songs

The gifted Toronto composer Ada Twohey Kent has just published (Gordon V. Thompson) "Two Songs of Autumn." The lyrics, of fine literary quality, are from the pens of Canadian poets; "Afternoon in October" by Clara Bernhardt of Kitchener, Ont. and "A Vagabond Song" by the late Bliss Carman. With sure and delicate skill Mrs. Kent has imbued her music with the sentiment of the texts.

Four Young Stars

The number of gifted young artists who have recently come to the fore in Toronto is perhaps the best evidence of the advancement in music which has taken place in the past decade. Last week four teen-age girls of real quality and promise were heard in joint recital at Eaton Auditorium. One was the brilliant young soprano, Evelyn Gould, now studying for opera in New York. Within a year Miss Gould has become one of the most popular of radio singers. Another was Marion Grudeff, whose future as a pianist became assured when she was a child of ten, and who now as a well-poised miss of 17 plays with exquisite qualities of touch and execution. Another promising girl was the violinist, Alice Kozner with a lovely tone, and fluent technical accomplishment.

The latest and most unique musical organization to be established lo-

Adolf Koldofsky, Russian-Canadian violinist, has been appointed as concertmaster of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra recently organized.

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THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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cally is the Toronto Flute Club consisting of 17 amateur and professional votaries of that classical instrument. Under the presidency of Dr. O. C. J. Withrow it will meet on the second Sunday afternoon of each month at the Ontario College of Art.

Carl Benton Reid in the rich comedy "Life With Father" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, week of Oct. 23.

THE THEATRE

Contrived Lunacy an Achievement

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT WAS Fred Allen who discovered that you can get a laugh from an audience with any kind of joke as long as you drop your pants at the end of it. Most of the humor in Olsen and Johnson's "Sons o' Fun" is based on this sound theory. The show combines vaudeville, audience participation, comedy that ranges from basic to functional, and the loud practical joke, all put together with the irresistible violence and fierce tempo that makes an Olsen and Johnson evening in the theatre.

Olsen and Johnson were elsewhere but the show, about equally distributed between the audience and the stage, was safe in the hands of Joe and Marty May, along with pitchmen Al Ganz and Al Meyers. Some of "Sons o' Fun" was funny and most of it was fast enough to make you think it was funny, though the ensemble numbers tended to slow things up a little. The latter were lavish and energetic enough but not distinguished by any great dancing or singing talent.

The audience on opening night was good-natured but a little backward. The general feeling seemed to be that at an Olsen and Johnson evening the wisest thing to do was to sit tight and keep an eye on your neighbors. It took two hours of ardent warming-up to get participants up on the platform, and they were glad to get back to the safety of the audience with nothing more embarrassing than a gift of peanuts or toilet paper. The company however spared itself nothing. Clothes were shed, pants were dropped, a ladder was reared to the balcony and the inevitable large potted palm was routed through the orchestra seats. "Sons o' Fun" lives well up to its reputation of furious, if contrived, lunacy.

Honora Hubicki, pianist, appears in recital at Eaton Auditorium, Friday, October 27, Jean Rowe assisting.

THE FILM PARADE

Joyous Suggestions for V-Day and a Couple o' Comedies

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

CANADIAN theatre circuits have decided that movie houses will remain open on V-Day, with the handling of the situation left entirely to the local manager. If the V-Day news breaks right in the middle of the feature, that's just the manager's hard luck. He will have to deal with it as best he can, with the help of a couple of ageing doormen and a group of teen-age girl ushers. He won't get any assistance from the police or fire departments, which will have their hands full preventing the public from tearing up car-tracks and starting bonfires at traffic intersections. With no temporal help available, some managers have already made arrangements with local ministers, who have promised to rush to the movies at the first sound of the sirens and quell the riot with the calming powers of the Cloth; exactly like a Lloyd Douglas movie.

In the meantime the managers are hoping that if the news comes during show hours it will break at the matinee rather than the evening performance. Afternoon audiences are usually made up of tired shoppers or wives and mothers who have taken time off from domestic duties and just want to sit down quietly and rest their feet. Evening audiences on the other hand are natural celebrants.

A practical notion which no house manager seems to have hit on yet is to have V-Day drill in preparation for V-Day. The manager could make the announcement from the stage and then the audience could get up and march off quietly to some presumable point of celebration. Cheering and community singing could be allowed in the interest of realism but no damaging of the furniture or walking the balcony railing. Then they could all march back to transmitted organ music and find their seats again. It would be more fun than musical chairs, as well as fine practice in V-Day discipline.

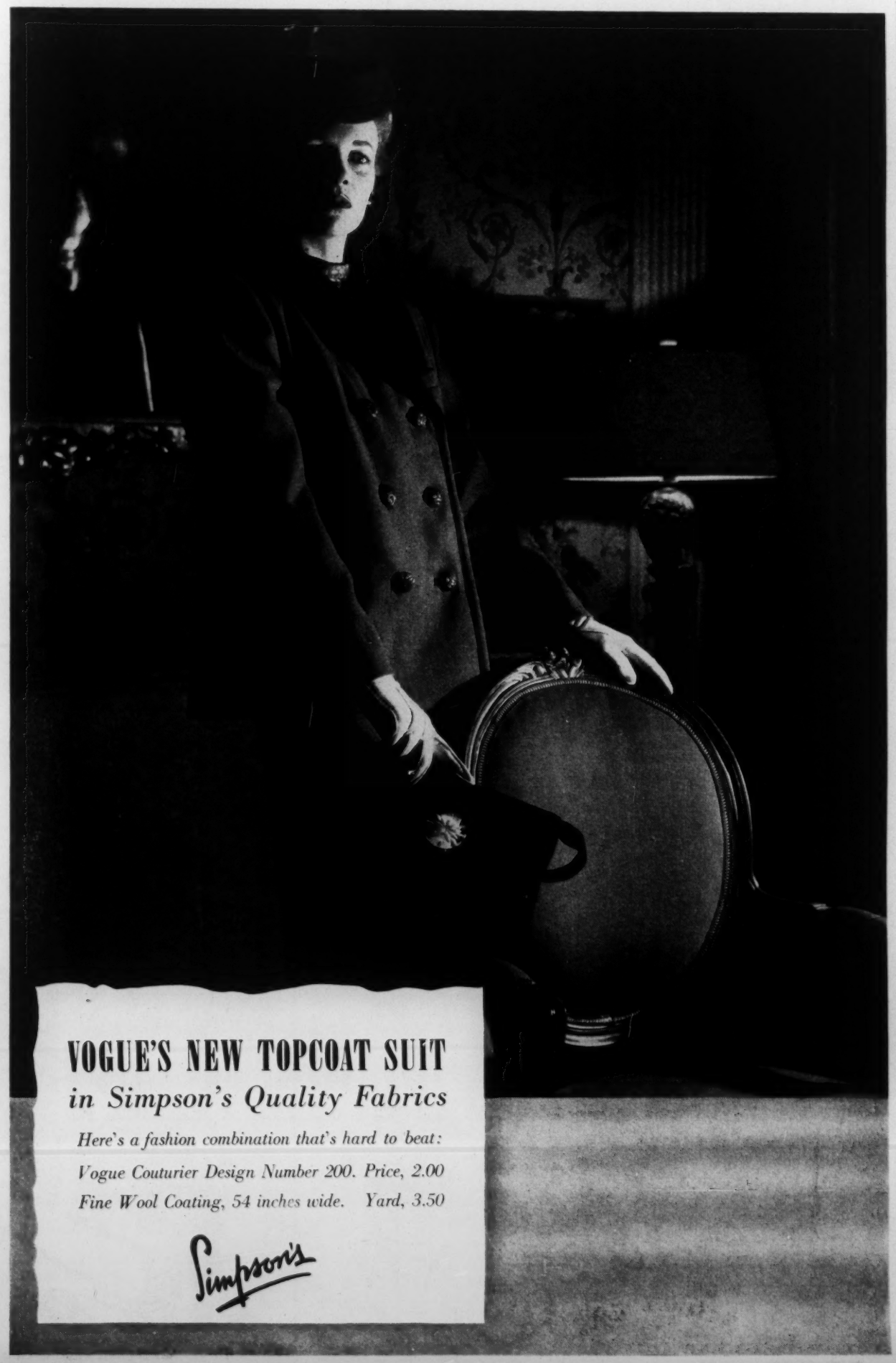
It wouldn't even need to interrupt the show. In fact I can think of any number of occasions at the movies when one would be much better employed in practising V-Day drill than in watching the screen. V-Day drill would have made a wonderful break in some of the middle sections of "Dragon Seed" or "The Story of Dr. Wassell" or any epic running over an hour and forty minutes. It could be a complete substitute as far as I am concerned for "Four Jills in a Jeep", "Up in Mabel's Room", the Loony Tune cartoons, and any picture containing Maria Montez and Jon Hall.

Light Comedies

"Janie" looks vaguely like the Broadway success "Kiss and Tell" with the pregnancy motif, naturally, omitted. The remodelling plans include what looked like a whole division of the armed forces and a hard-faced child-star who keeps a piggie-bank account with the heroine's admirers. Robert Benchley is in it too, in another of his quandaries—unfortunately not the kind he thinks up for himself—and Ann Harding plays the mother role with a great deal of mirth and gesture. Joyce Reynolds, a wholesome type, is cast as the seventeen-year-old Janie. The story is based on the current conviction that adolescence is funny per se; and on very little else. The original, which left some play for the grown-ups, was considerably funnier.

There are a lot of normal human reactions that the movies never seem to have heard of, and one of them is to step out of the way of the garden hose as quickly as possible. When a character on the screen is caught by the lawn sprinkler he stands there, drenched and blinking, long enough to develop sinus trouble. Three people, (Laraine Day, Marsha Hunt, Alan Marshall) get involved with the lawn sprinkler in "Bride by Mistake" and you'd never believe how long it takes to get them out of it. They are even more desperately involved in the heroine's plan to prove that her young man really loves her for herself and not for her thirty or forty million dollars. You won't need to be told what happens in the end. That picture has gone to the well too often.

Pierre Monteux, conducting the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, appearing in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Oct. 24.



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THE OTHER PAGE

Russia Laughs and America Laughs And Often at the Same Thing

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

"YOU know," said an American flyer who had spent a week at one of the American airbases in the Soviet Union, "the Russians are like the Americans in some respects. In humor, for example."

On the same day, as it happened, five Russian girls visited Columbia University in New York. When asked what similarities had struck them between the American and Russian people, they exclaimed: "Humor! Your jokes are like ours!"

Indeed what is Russian humor like? Here are some examples:

A German from Koln met a Berlin friend and began complaining about British air raids.

"Why," he stuttered, "w. . . why, the R.A.F. b. . . b. . . bombed us so much t. . . t. . .hat plaster kept coming down off the walls."

"You haven't anything to complain of," the Berliner said. "The R.A.F. really went to town in Berlin. We had such a raid, such a raid, that for three days the Fuehrer's portraits kept pouring out of every window!"

Hitler's office: Two generals stand at attention:

"My Fuehrer!" one reports crisply, "We've lost many generals on the Russian front."

"Oh, go to the devil!" the Fuehrer replies. "I'm not interested in generals. What worries me is the fate of one corporal!"

A newspaper drawing shows a military truck filled with people. Two Germans are running towards it as fast as they can.

"Hurry, hurry, Herr Mueller!" one gasps. "If we don't get there on time we won't be able to get our share of living space!"

"Riga," reports a magazine item, "Seismographs have recorded a serious 'fritzquake'."

"Berlin," says another, "reports of the world press concerning enormous German losses in Byelorussia are categorically denied. 'As far as commanding officers go,' official German circles inform, 'contrary to other reports, during the past week we have only lost one regiment of generals.'"

"I serve Hitler well," says a German war invalid in a cartoon on the cover of a magazine. "He had ordered us to forget all we *own* for the sake of the Fatherland. Very well. I personally have left in Russia my *own* belongings, my *own* money, and my *own* leg."

The Russians have made a cult of collecting German jokes during interrogations of prisoners. Some they've gathered follow:

"The Front is like a movie—the best places are in the rear."

"When I arrived at the front," relates a prisoner, "I was told by my obergefreiter (corporal) that the Russians lack weapons, and that for every three soldiers there is only one gun. He was right: every three Russians have only one gun . . . and two machine guns."

Two German women meet in the street:

"Your Hans is certainly smart," one says. "He managed to get into a lunatic asylum. But my lunatic is still at the Russian front."

"London. Heavy bombers of the R.A.F. yesterday bombed Berlin. Photos taken hours later show that only poor visibility was left."

BUT Russian humor is sharpest about events at home.

"The editorial board of the newspaper 'Buryat-Mongolian Pravda'," comments *Crocodile*, "unsuspectingly has created a veritable revolution in the art of the ballet. This happened when the paper published the following advertisement:

'The State Order of Lenin
Buryat-Mongolian Dramatic
Theatre
presents
the ballet
"Bakhchisarai Fountain."
(in the Buryat-Mongolian Language.)'

"We wonder who translated the ballet? Possibly editorial workers themselves? Good boys!"

Crocodile never misses the opportunity to attack local bureaucracy and inefficiency. It has a positive genius in uncovering petty, needling offences that make life difficult. Here is an example:

"In Kirgizia," *Crododile* writes, "there is a provincial town by the name of Djalal-Abad. In the town of Djalal-Abad there are football players and bees.

"The bees live happier than football players.

"In the first place, the bees do not require boots and sports equipment which are so needed by local football players.

"In the second place, the bees have full opportunity to sting football players but football players haven't any chance at all to reply in the same coin.

"In the third place, the bees are in full control of the local stadium, a priviledge denied local football players.

"It is true that football matches do take place at the stadium. But during these matches the players must give all their attention not to the ball but to the bees which usually attack both teams, sting both goal keepers without discrimination, and even pick on the referee.

"Often after such matches the football players turn into hospital patients and walk about all swollen and ill.

"How is this to be explained? Why do Djalal-Abad bees love football so much?

"The explanation is simple. It lies in the fact that a certain Veselova, chairman of the provincial committee on athletic affairs, of all forms of sports apparently loves drinking tea with honey best.

"That's why there are beehives in the stadium. The stadium has become an apiary!

"Yes, indeed. Sports matches in Djalal-Abad are lively in the extreme."

The *Crocodile* makes a speciality of readers' letters.

"Dear *Crocodile*," writes the reader L. Kuzemilova. "Is there a disease which brings about total atrophy of the fifth sense-taste?

"My goodness! Do you think the workers of the Caucasian Brynza Cheese Trust headed by manager Tovarishch Merkulov suffer from this disease? I am afraid that is so. Otherwise, surely they could not have confused brynza cheese with axle grease and in response to our request for details on the preparation of this tasty cheese would not have sent us full instructions for the production of greases. Perhaps the unfortunate sufferers of the cheese trust have not only lost their taste for cheese but also for their work? Dear Crocodile, why not cure them!"

"Dear Crocodile," writes a telephone operator A. Pavlychenko from Stalino, "Every day we go to the *Socialist Donbass* newspaper to inquire after our rubber stamp we ordered a long time ago. And everyday we receive the same reply: 'Your stamp is ready. It was made right well. But we can't give it to you. You see, our manager needs a telephone. You understand? Give him a phone and you can have your stamp. At once. Good day! Do drop in again'."

"That means, dear *Crocodile*, that should you ever want anything from the *Socialist Donbass*. publishing house, you must first publish something good about them, otherwise don't even ask!"

NOTHING—or almost nothing—is too tough for Crocodile to tackle. The other week it took *World Economy and World Politics* to task. This is Russia's most sedate magazine, somethin glike our *Queen's Quarterly*, only even more authoritative.

"In the seven pages of a review of foreign publications in this magazine," *Crocodile* wrote, "we found the word author used 41 times, an average of six times per page. In addition the author used the word 'indicates' ten times, 'says' five times, 'cites' three times, 'writes' three times, 'remarks' three times. The beloved expressions of the magazine are the terms 'author indicates' and 'author says'. Of course, the choice of cliches is varied at times. Sometimes the magazine writes 'author says' and other times 'says the author'. 'Author' is first in 33 cases or 77 percent of the times; second in ten cases or 23 percent of the 'time'.

"Our brief statistical survey leads to the conclusion that in its 'word economy' the magazine *World Economy* maintains a rigid economy, and uses a very small number of cliches. Further work in simplifying the word material will lead the authors to simply 'indicate'. There'll be no other words!"

Considering that the editor of this magazine is the world-famous economist Varga, this biting criticism is quite a feat.

Then there are other jokes—some good and some bad—but most of them outside the realm of the printed word, which deal with current political problems, prices, bureaucrats. They make good listening and good telling—some other time perhaps.

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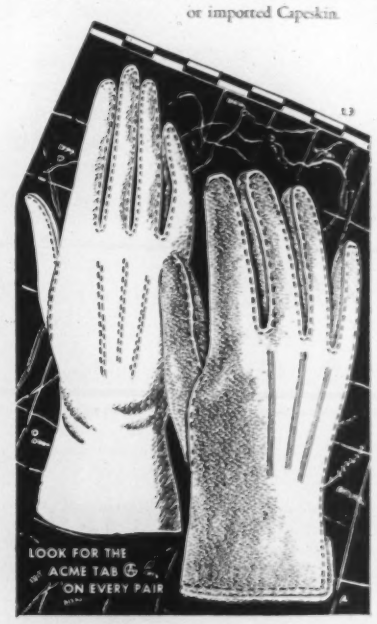

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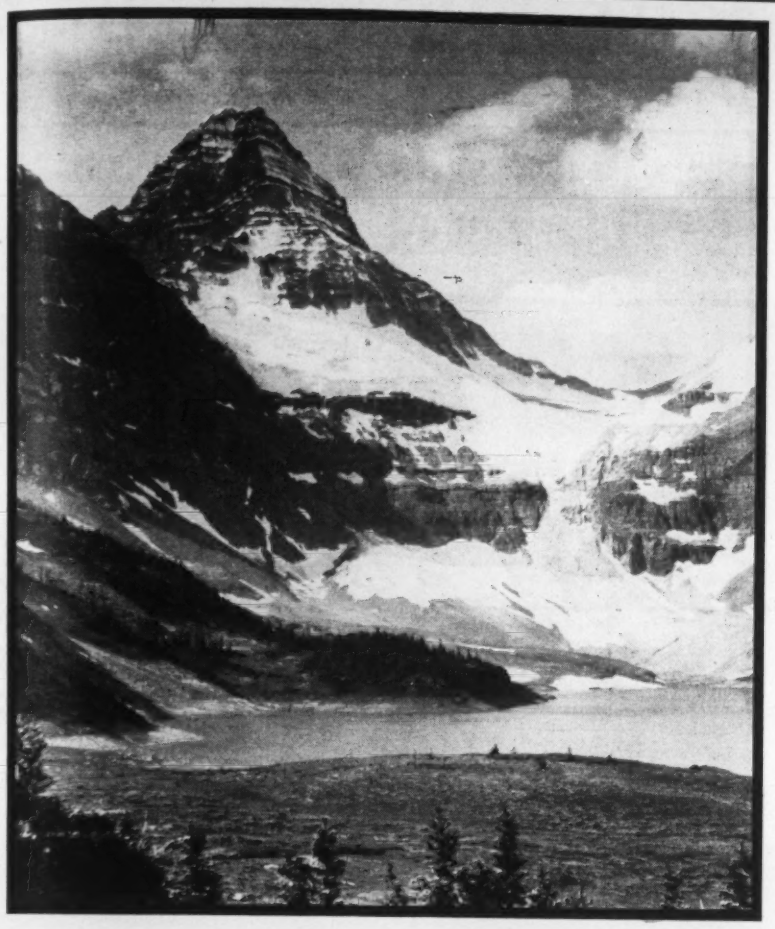

Photos by Dan McCowan

Assiniboine: Rocky Mountain Spire Twin Brother to the Matterhorn

By DAN McCOWAN

"Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

ON THE continental divide some twenty air miles south west of Banff stands Mount Assiniboine, twin brother to the Matterhorn. It was named in honour of the tribe of Red Men who formerly hunted wild goats on its steep sides and fished in the lakes at its base. In the great mountain chain which extends from Alaska to Mexico there is no more impressive peak than this splendid Indian arrow-head of limestone which pierces the clouds to tower almost twelve thousand feet above tidewater. It is not so high as Mount Robson but the proportions are much more graceful, in fact one might liken it to the slender spire of Salisbury as compared with the massive dome of Saint Paul's.

If this great mountain had an Indian name no one seems to have heard of it. That of Assiniboine was given to it in 1885 by Dr. Dawson of the Canadian Geological Survey. He then saw it in the far distance but made no near approach. Sir George Simpson who on his overland journey around the world in 1841 crossed the Rockies through the nearby pass now bearing his name, makes no mention of it in his journal. Nor did Father de Smet, the Jesuit Priest, ascending Cross river four years later, have anything to say about the mountain in whose glaciers that stream has its source. On the map included in his book "Oregon Missions" there is however a mountain named Pyramid in approximately the position of Assiniboine and it is possible that the trail riding missionary had opportunity to at least glance at one of the most outstanding landmarks in the Shining Mountains of Canada. The good man was much more intent on converts than on scenery.

A century has been rounded out since this black robed traveler surmounted White Man Pass and there erected what he called The Cross of Peace. It stood in this lone wilderness for many years but has long since fallen and mouldered. But the name of the pass and that of Cross River remain to perpetuate the memory of a cleric who was somewhat groggy on geography but strong in good works.

SO FAR as can be learned the first white men to reach the base of Assiniboine did so in 1893. In that year Tom Wilson of Banff, famous pioneer guide, conducted a one man party to the foot of the mountain. Two years later Walter Wilcox of Washington interviewed and photographed the lofty obelisk from all sides, walking around its base, a distance of fifty miles in two days. A great pedestrian he nevertheless confessed that over the last few miles of that strenuous journey he tottered rather than walked.

Assiniboine baffled the mountaineers, skilled and otherwise, for several years thereafter and it was not until 1901 that the giant was conquered. James Outram, later Sir James, whose chief object in life seems to have been that of making first ascents of mountains, reached the summit on an early September day in that year. With him were the guides C. Bohren and C. Hasler. The climb, made by way of the southwest side of the peak, took six hours and twenty minutes. Descending by the hitherto untrodden north face,—a most audacious and risky venture, the trio walked triumphantly into camp at dusk stepping briskly to the strains of martial music from the fiddle of the cook.

From the immense hanging glaciers which drape the shoulders of this high mountain many streams and rivulets emerge. Descending in lacy waterfalls they are soon quietly merged in the lakes below. There is a circle of lakes around Assiniboine, a few set amongst the larches at timberline, others bedded lower in fragrant spruce and pine woods. Several have been given names appropriate to their appearance and environment, as for instance, Cerulean, Gloria, Marvel and Sunburst. Luty trout swim in these waters whose surface is frequently rippled by flotillas of waterfowl and by the splashing impact of the fishing hawk.

The Alpine meadows on the sunrise side of Assiniboine seem altogether given to the growing of flowering plants and shrubs. Fleabane flourishes there in profusion and Indian Paint Brush displays a wealth of bloom and an amazing variety of colour. Forget-me-not in spring and gentians in the autumn are blue as the sky above. Phacelia sets a purple fringe around the margin of little tarns whilst high amongst rocks and shale the saxifrages nod in the wind and pentstemons spread their floral tapestries in the sunshine.

Across the great cliffs and wide moors sweeps eagle and twin shadow and the ptarmigan clucks quietly then to her little brood amongst the heath. From sure refuge in the rocks the conies venture forth to harvest winter food. A shy deer comes timidly to drink from the murmuring brook.

ABOVE all, the stately mountain keeps watch and ward, sublime in snowy splendour, entrancing at high noon, etherial in starlight. Upon its crest the lightnings play and amongst its crags the loud thunder peals. From time to time there is clatter of small stony debris dribbling from the heights and the dull roar of an avalanche is sometimes heard. At dawn the thrushes sing and in the twilight the owl calls softly to her mate. Save for such sounds the silence is profound.

One hundred years ago a humble priest from Oregon raised the Cross of Peace in the shadow of Mount Assiniboine. In that act of devotion he may have been inspired by vision. not of Sinai, but rather of the Mount from whence came the Beatitudes with their message of peace and brotherhood to mankind. Certain it is that a great peace yet broods over the green meadows and snowy uplands of the solitary place where the symbol was uplifted, a peace which even a world conflict has failed to break.

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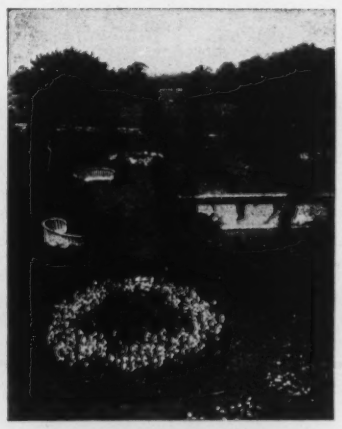

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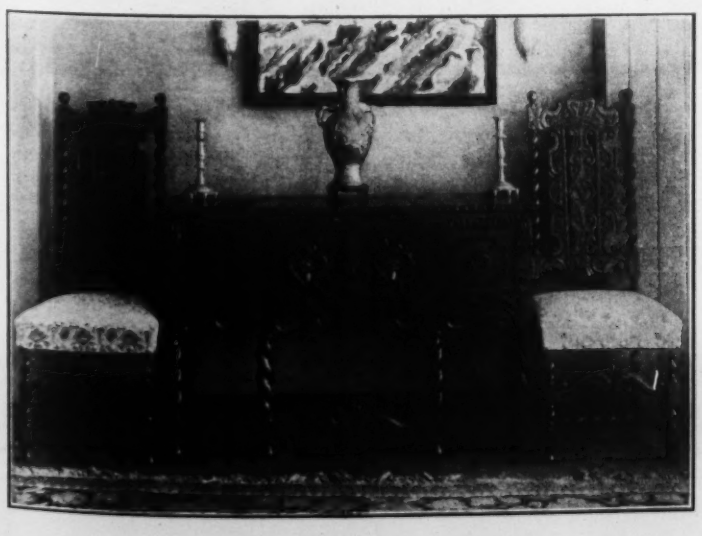

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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CONCERNING FOOD

Only a Fiction Writer's Heroines Could Perform Such Marvels

By JANET MARCH

SOPHIE KERR'S stories should never be read while hungry. Unless you sit down to them after a large meal you will find yourself wandering towards the refrigerator reading as you go the succulent details of a meal you know you could never reproduce. In a recently published story the lady of the tale, week-ending with a couple who had suddenly lost their staff, turned out the most miraculous meals in no time and managed to go swimming and flirt with the hero, too. No horrid details were given of the amateur's hunt for the dover beater or the raisins in a strange kitchen—just the enticing menus were neatly listed.

Certainly that girl was a fast worker for she turned out a dinner the night she arrived ending up with an apple tart "heightened with zest of orange enhanced by slivers of almond cooked in caramel, its crust a bland dream." Well it takes time and a grater to de-zest oranges and blanching, skinning, and slivering almonds and caramelizing the sugar in which to cook them aren't done in a moment. All in all it is a dessert women like to read about but think twice before trying.

The next day an upside down pineapple cake made its appearance after chickens cooked in "a cream and whiskey gravy that would have made old Brillat Savarin lick his whiskers." These *cordon bleu* dishes were turned out after church of a Sunday morning. Wonderful girl that. I just wish I had her chained to my stove. Lacking her help with my desserts I find that a frightful monotony descends on the Marches. Rice pudding. Apple charlotte. Pancakes. Deep apple pie. Spanish cream. Rice pudding—what! are we around again so soon? Well, let's turn to the pudding section in the old family cook book. Unfortunately the corners of the pages have chipped off upsetting the count of some of the ingredients, but these recipes have all been made recently in the March experimental kitchens.

Saucer Puddings

2 tablespoons of butter
½ cup of flour
2 eggs
1 cup of milk
1 tablespoon of sugar
Jam

Melt the butter, then add the eggs unbeaten, and the sugar and milk. Sift in the flour beating well as you sift. Butter shallow individual pie dishes or old saucers, if you have some that will stand oven heat, and pour the batter into them. Bake fifteen minutes in a 400° oven. Put a spoonful of jam on one side of each saucer pudding and fold over the jam. Serve at once very hot. These puddings have to be eaten as soon as they are cooked because they rise like popovers which is half their charm and subside and become a little leathery if not taken at the right moment.

Tapioca Cream

2 tablespoons of tapioca
4 cups of milk
¾ cup of sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Soak the tapioca overnight in a little water. Heat the milk to the boiling point and add the sugar and the yolks of the eggs well beaten. Boil for about three minutes. Remove from the heat and cut in the stiffly beaten whites. Add the vanilla and serve either hot or cold.

Delmonico Pudding

4 cups of milk
4 egg yolks
1 egg white
3 tablespoons of sugar
2 tablespoons of cornstarch
½ teaspoon of salt
1 teaspoon of vanilla

Heat the milk in the double boiler keeping out just enough cold to mix the cornstarch into a smooth paste. Beat the egg yolks and the egg white and add the cornstarch to them and the sugar and salt. Then stir into the hot milk and cook for a few minutes stirring all the time. Take off the fire, stir in the vanilla, pour into a dish and put to cool. When cold cover with a layer of jam or canned fruit and top with whipped cream. If you can't make the top of your bottle whip substitute the whites of two eggs with a little sugar beaten into them. Or try this trick with thin cream, also taken from the pages of the old cook book—

Whipping Cream

Soak one tablespoonful of powdered gelatine in a little cold water, then heat in the double boiler for a few minutes. Whip up a cupful of thin cream and add, still whipping, to the gelatine mixture. Cool—it should only be lukewarm—and top your pudding with it.

Russian Proverbs: They Reach the Same Conclusions as Our Own

By MARY L. AKSIM

IT VERY often happens that my husband's mother quotes a Russian proverb (in translation for my benefit!) and just as often I am struck with its familiar ring. "Are we so different after all?" I wonder on these occasions, for a proverb is the distilled experience of a people, and through the centuries the Russians seem to have arrived at much the same conclusions that we have. Here are some of the proverbs of our ally in the east:

Who brings up what is past should lose his eye.

Don't beat a man when he is down.

Bad peace is worse than a good quarrel.

Humility is worse than pride.

The morning is wiser than the evening.

What you sow, you reap.

Company makes even death rosier.

A spoken word is like a sparrow; you can't catch it when it is flown.

Trust in God, but watch your chance.

Live a century and learn still.

Fear has big eyes.

Hurry less, reach farther.

The egg doesn't teach the chicken.

Seven times measure, once cut.

The soul of another is darkness.

A man can get used to anything but hanging.

Age and youth know not the same truth.

DON'T YOU LOVE IT?

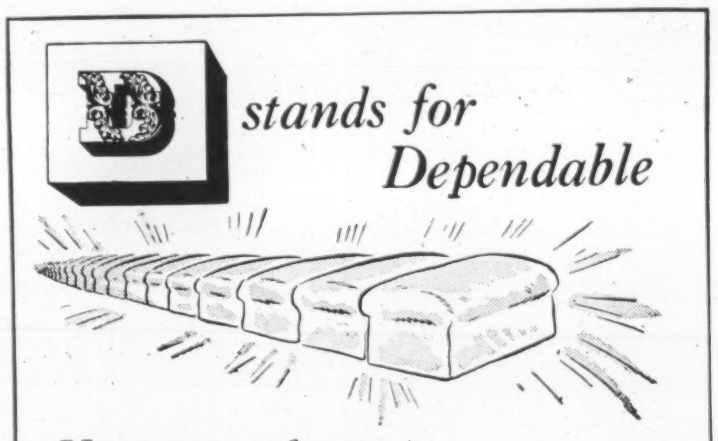
DON'T you love it when you meet them—
The bachelor gals you used to know,
The pals you had before you married,
Career dames yet, as long ago—

Don't you love it when they ask you—
You a fat contented cow—
Don't you love it when they question,
"Darling, what are *you* doing now?"

LOIS KERR.

He who adds but a straw to the widow's thatch pleases God.

A thousand friends are all too few; one enemy is one too many.



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Some of you already have a few cherished Wear-Ever Utensils. Treat them well, and long after Wear-Ever Utensils are again available, they'll be as good as ever.

41M

"Wear-Ever"
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United Nations Have the Biggest Catering Job on Earth

By THE RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES, P.C., M.P.

London.

ALLIED COMMISSIONS, mainly British and American, are now undertaking the biggest catering job ever attempted. Over 40,000,000 French people, their railways smashed, their road services utterly disorganized by the tidal ebb of thieving German armies, their civil services paralyzed by a complete change-over from Nazi to democratic officialdom, totter on the brink of starvation after four cruelly lean years.

In addition, perhaps well over a million Allied soldiers are sweeping through France and the Low Countries. Those countries themselves are in desperate need of food for their civilian millions, and German prisoners, numbering tens of thousands, are drifting back towards the coast through a countryside broken and littered with the ghastly and obstructive remnants of battle.

All these people have to be fed. All ARE being fed. The task is being coped with somehow, and failure would mean riots, mutinies, disaster.

Let me tell you from my own experience as former food controller something of the way the job is being done and the men who are doing it.

For nearly two years now preparations on a vast scale have been afoot in Great Britain and in the United States and throughout the British Commonwealth to feed Europe's starving millions and the millions who are now going forth to liberate them.

Job Well Done

Expert linguists have been teaching French, German, Italian and other languages to hundreds of volunteers who had agreed to go in just behind the invasion troops and work as food liasion officers in the principal towns of Western and Southern Europe.

Not only have these people had to learn languages; it was necessary to study the civil procedure of the country they would go to; to learn British and American military law and to master an immense amount of intricate material relating to food consumption in different areas, local food quantities produced, "feeder" areas of the country nearby, French and other transport problems, overseas transport matters, and so on.

It was, of course, obvious that in the event of the swift and smashing advance of Allied armor which was always anticipated the first food consignments would have to be flown in. In no other way could starvation of great cities be prevented.

So when Paris was liberated, even while violent sniping was still going on throughout the city, vast-winged transport aircraft were circling overhead, not, thank Heaven, loaded with bombs this time, but heavy with special foodstuffs.

On August 27 alone over a million pounds of food was flown from Britain into Paris. Since then hundreds of thousands of tons of various selected foods have been delivered by Allied aircraft from Great Britain to France. The work is still going swiftly on.

This is not simply a matter of sudden improvisation. For months men and women have been in rigorous training just for this purpose. They were all ready with selected foods of small bulk and great nutriment—vitaminized chocolate, meat extracts, hydrated milk, vegetable concentrates, medical supplies.

They had mastered the intricate and difficult task of packing these foods so as to fit into a machine designed for speed.

They were prepared for the multitude of problems which arose when those machines landed in a widely disturbed and chaotic France.

The foods went out swiftly and smoothly; they were delivered to those who could make the best use of them; a great job has been done in France in these past weeks, quietly, methodically, without a word of praise, and asking none, eagerly helping those who, in so many cases, otherwise would have died of hunger in the very hour of the dawn of hope.

Behind these first consignments that flew through sunshine and cloud at five miles a minute to help our friends in France, there came the great blunt, rusty tramp ships that have defied, almost unarmed, everything Hitler's killers have done to them since the first brutal attack in 1939.

This has been the saga of the old men of the sea!

Such men as Captain David Bone, aged 70, Captain Jonathan Bennett, aged 63, chief engineer Henry Clark, who has been 40 years at sea: Yes, and many a tough old A.B.—some of them torpedoed six or eight times, and still riding salt water.

And the dockers of a certain "invasion port," whose average age is 59: despite the back-breaking work they do and the long hours they keep.

I know of senior Naval officers, including one retired Admiral, who served as seamen in the task of bringing over the Atlantic the special escort craft that have convoyed these food ships for France across the submarine belt. Nothing has been too much, and no sacrifice of rank or comfort too high for the men and women of this magnificent food team that is carrying life daily to a resurgent France.

Britain's "little man"! What unseen miracles he has done! What massive burdens uncomplainingly carried on his "decadent" shoulders in this food-for-Europe job as well as many a thousand others.

And he seeks no medals, asks no thanks; merely laughs in that Richard Goolden voice of his, almost apologetically and mutters: "All in the day's work, sir; all in the day's work."

But impulsive, warm-hearted France will never forget you, little man!

And back of him again, hard work has been involved in this sudden miraculous feeding of the forty-million by sun-tanned Australian sheep riders and Canadian farmers, by hard-faced business men and Indian shippers and keen South African buyers, as well as by the supply and transport giants of the United States.

Not until a little later will I be able to disclose the figures of the mountain ranges of grain, the solid hills of frozen carcases, the rivers of sugar, and lakes of dried milk, and rolling plains of chocolate, that have been patiently and swiftly accumulated at nodal points of world transport ready for the vast supply to Europe that is even now only beginning.

Never in world history has man planned like this. Never have nations got their coats off and worked together unselfishly without seeking reward for the sake of other nations.

"Women and children will need food," they said. "We will collect it; we will send it; we will give it. We will do these things together."

There is something here more than a world task of incredible proportions, mastered and well done. There is a hope for the future.

So, without spotlight, silent, unnoticed, loyal, seeking a noble end rather than a personal profit, men of a hundred nations and creeds and tongues have joined in a common, humane work.

Never are men so happy, never so intent and unselfish, as when cooperating in a world task of this kind. Never are "insuperable" difficulties swept so boldly away and "impassable" national barriers melted and forgotten.

If the United Nations can devise a series of such tasks, world happiness and plenty may return.

In war we mean that no man, woman or child in Europe shall go short of food in the wake of our victorious armies.

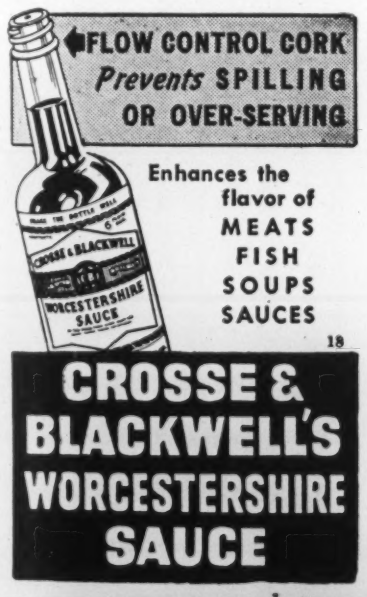
There are no questions about incomes or virtues or politics. There are only two things to consider—need and supply.

When peace comes, if we can look at world problems like that of finding food and employment and a measure of leisure and happiness for all, this job of clearing and feeding an occupied country staggering from the wounds of war will, perhaps, never have to be done again..

CONSOLATION PRIZE

POLITICIANS still can strut
When old age comes in view;
Their vocal chords may wear out, but
Their brains will be like new.

GILEAN DOUGLAS



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157 " " " "	D	300 " " " "	H

*2-quart size aluminum pan

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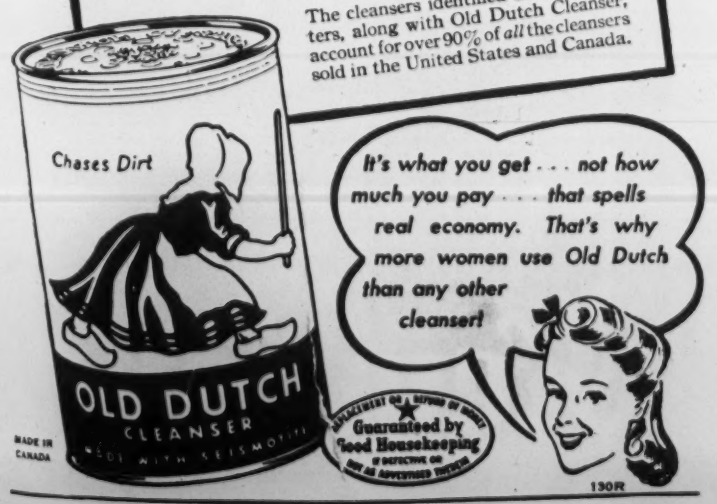
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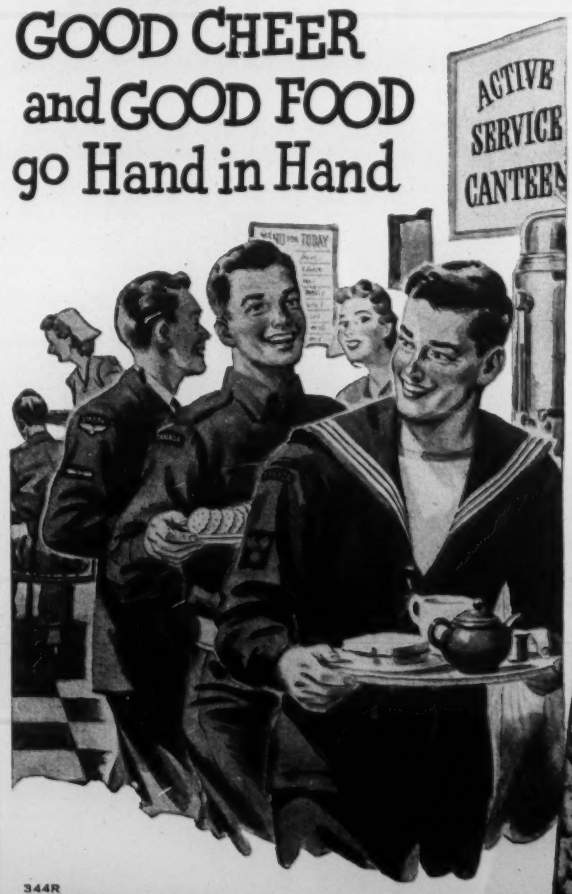

A sincere, homey welcome . . . a pleasant spot to read and rest . . . good, hot, nourishing meals and varied entertainment are ever-ready and waiting for the uniformed lads who throng into the Active Service Canteens.

Behind these well-organized, expertly-run "homes away from home" is an army of women volunteers who give cheerfully of their time and energy, day in and day out. To them, no tribute we could offer would be too great.

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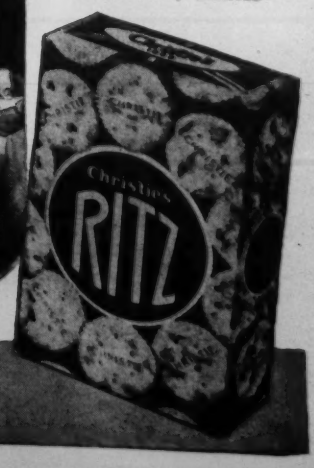

344R

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THE OTHER PAGE

Russia Laughs and America Laughs And Often at the Same Thing

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

"YOU know," said an American flyer who had spent a week at one of the American airbases in the Soviet Union, "the Russians are like the Americans in some respects. In humor, for example."

On the same day, as it happened, five Russian girls visited Columbia University in New York. When asked what similarities had struck them between the American and Russian people, they exclaimed: "Humor! Your jokes are like ours!"

Indeed what is Russian humor like? Here are some examples:

A German from Köln met a Berlin friend and began complaining about British air raids.

"Why," he stuttered, "w. . . why, the R.A.F. b. . . b. . . bombed us so much t. . . t. . .hat plaster kept coming down off the walls."

"You haven't anything to complain of," the Berliner said. "The R.A.F. really went to town in Berlin. We had such a raid, such a raid, that for three days the Fuehrer's portraits kept pouring out of every window!"

Hitler's office: Two generals stand at attention:

"My Fuehrer!" one reports crisply, "We've lost many generals on the Russian front."

"Oh, go to the devil!" the Fuehrer replies. "I'm not interested in generals. What worries me is the fate of one corporal!"

A newspaper drawing shows a military truck filled with people. Two Germans are running towards it as fast as they can.

"Hurry, hurry, Herr Mueller!" one gasps. "If we don't get there on time we won't be able to get our share of living space!"

"Riga," reports a magazine item, "Seismographs have recorded a serious 'fritzquake'."

"Berlin," says another, "reports of the world press concerning enormous German losses in Byelorussia are categorically denied. 'As far as commanding officers go,' official German circles inform, 'contrary to other reports, during the past week we have only lost one regiment of generals.'"

"I serve Hitler well," says a German war invalid in a cartoon on the cover of a magazine. "He had ordered us to forget all we *own* for the sake of the Fatherland. Very well. I personally have left in Russia my *own* belongings, my *own* money, and my *own* leg."

The Russians have made a cult of collecting German jokes during interrogations of prisoners. Some they've gathered follow:

"The Front is like a movie—the best places are in the rear."

"When I arrived at the front," relates a prisoner, "I was told by my obergefreiter (corporal) that the Russians lack weapons, and that for every three soldiers there is only one gun. He was right: every three Russians have only one gun . . . and two machine guns."

Two German women meet in the street:

"Your Hans is certainly smart," one says. "He managed to get into a lunatic asylum. But my lunatic is still at the Russian front."

"London. Heavy bombers of the R.A.F. yesterday bombed Berlin. Photos taken hours later show that only poor visibility was left."

BUT Russian humor is sharpest about events at home.

"The editorial board of the newspaper 'Buryat-Mongolian Pravda'," comments *Crocodile*, "unsuspectingly has created a veritable revolution in the art of the ballet. This happened when the paper published the following advertisement:

'The State Order of Lenin
Buryat-Mongolian Dramatic
Theatre
presents
the ballet
"Bakhchisarai Fountain."
(in the Buryat-Mongolian Language.)'

"We wonder who translated the ballet? Possibly editorial workers themselves? Good boys!"

Crocodile never misses the opportunity to attack local bureaucracy and inefficiency. It has a positive genius in uncovering petty, needling offences that make life difficult. Here is an example:

"In Kirgizia," *Crododile* writes, "there is a provincial town by the name of Djalal-Abad. In the town of Djalal-Abad there are football players and bees.

"The bees live happier than football players.

"In the first place, the bees do not require boots and sports equipment which are so needed by local football players.

"In the second place, the bees have full opportunity to sting football players but football players haven't any chance at all to reply in the same coin.

"In the third place, the bees are in full control of the local stadium, a priviledge denied local football players.

"It is true that football matches do take place at the stadium. But during these matches the players must give all their attention not to the ball but to the bees which usually attack both teams, sting both goal keepers without discrimination, and even pick on the referee.

"Often after such matches the football players turn into hospital patients and walk about all swollen and ill.

"How is this to be explained? Why do Djalal-Abad bees love football so much?

"The explanation is simple. It lies in the fact that a certain Veselova, chairman of the provincial committee on athletic affairs, of all forms of sports apparently loves drinking tea with honey best.

"That's why there are beehives in the stadium. The stadium has become an apiary!

"Yes, indeed. Sports matches in Djalal-Abad are lively in the extreme."

The *Crocodile* makes a speciality of readers' letters.

"Dear *Crocodile*," writes the reader L. Kuzemilova. "Is there a disease which brings about total atrophy of the fifth sense-taste?

"My goodness! Do you think the workers of the Caucasian Brynza Cheese Trust headed by manager Tovarishch Merkulov suffer from this disease? I am afraid that is so. Otherwise, surely they could not have confused brynza cheese with axle grease and in response to our request for details on the preparation of this tasty cheese would not have sent us full instructions for the production of greases. Perhaps the unfortunate sufferers of the cheese trust have not only lost their taste for cheese but also for their work? Dear Crocodile, why not cure them!"

"Dear Crocodile," writes a telephone operator A. Pavlychenko from Stalino, "Every day we go to the *Socialist Donbass* newspaper to inquire after our rubber stamp we ordered a long time ago. And everyday we receive the same reply: 'Your stamp is ready. It was made right well. But we can't give it to you. You see, our manager needs a telephone. You understand? Give him a phone and you can have your stamp. At once. Good day! Do drop in again'."

"That means, dear *Crocodile*, that should you ever want anything from the *Socialist Donbass*. publishing house, you must first publish something good about them, otherwise don't even ask!"

NOTHING—or almost nothing—is too tough for Crocodile to tackle. The other week it took *World Economy and World Politics* to task. This is Russia's most sedate magazine, somethin glike our *Queen's Quarterly*, only even more authoritative.

"In the seven pages of a review of foreign publications in this magazine," *Crocodile* wrote, "we found the word author used 41 times, an average of six times per page. In addition the author used the word 'indicates' ten times, 'says' five times, 'cites' three times, 'writes' three times, 'remarks' three times. The beloved expressions of the magazine are the terms 'author indicates' and 'author says'. Of course, the choice of cliches is varied at times. Sometimes the magazine writes 'author says' and other times 'says the author'. 'Author' is first in 33 cases or 77 percent of the times; second in ten cases or 23 percent of the 'time'.

"Our brief statistical survey leads to the conclusion that in its 'word economy' the magazine *World Economy* maintains a rigid economy, and uses a very small number of cliches. Further work in simplifying the word material will lead the authors to simply 'indicate'. There'll be no other words!"

Considering that the editor of this magazine is the world-famous economist Varga, this biting criticism is quite a feat.

Then there are other jokes—some good and some bad—but most of them outside the realm of the printed word, which deal with current political problems, prices, bureaucrats. They make good listening and good telling—some other time perhaps.

Snow Matter

A certain suave sophistication subtly masking the staunch warmth that makes good company in Canada's snow seasons. We show the muted mistiness of grey Bombay Lamb-flat as fashion prescribes — brilliantly styled with broad sleeves, soft shoulders, swinging skirt. Eloquent expression of the winter collection of fine fur coats at EATON'S.

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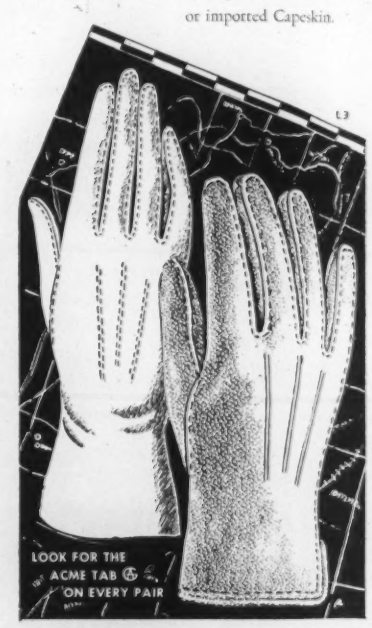

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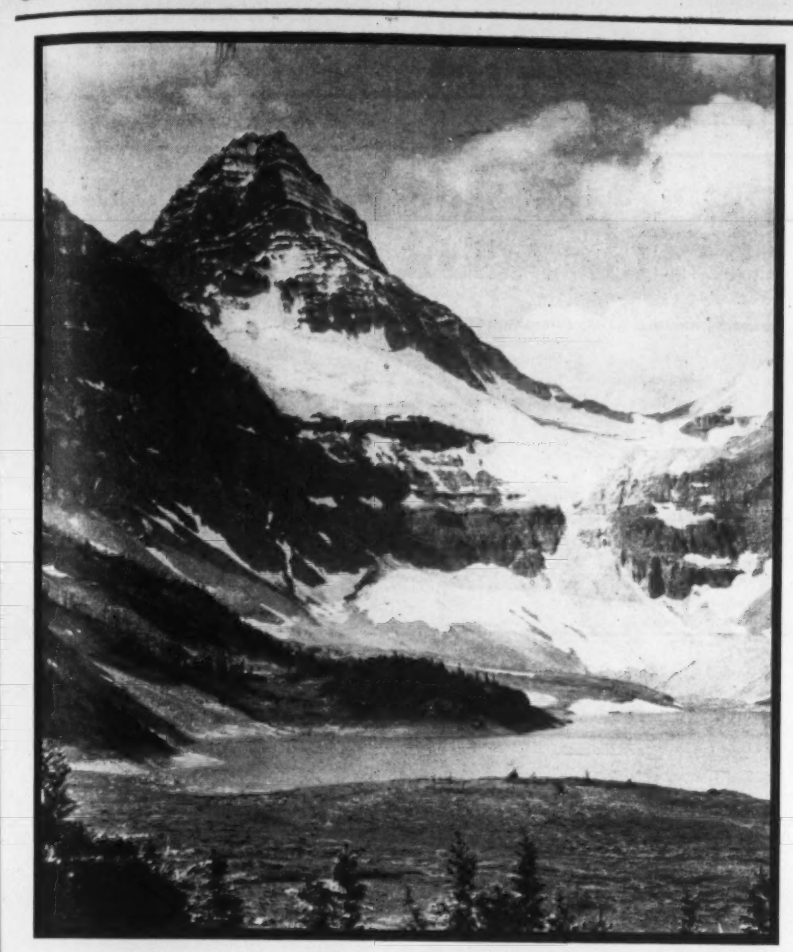


Photos by Dan McCowan

Assiniboine: Rocky Mountain Spire Twin Brother to the Matterhorn

By DAN McCOWAN

"Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

ON THE continental divide some twenty air miles south west of Banff stands Mount Assiniboine, twin brother to the Matterhorn. It was named in honour of the tribe of Red Men who formerly hunted wild goats on its steep sides and fished in the lakes at its base. In the great mountain chain which extends from Alaska to Mexico there is no more impressive peak than this splendid Indian arrow-head of limestone which pierces the clouds to tower almost twelve thousand feet above tidewater. It is not so high as Mount Robson but the proportions are much more graceful, in fact one might liken it to the slender spire of Salisbury as compared with the massive dome of Saint Paul's.

If this great mountain had an Indian name no one seems to have heard of it. That of Assiniboine was given to it in 1885 by Dr. Dawson of the Canadian Geological Survey. He then saw it in the far distance but made no near approach. Sir George Simpson who on his overland journey around the world in 1841 crossed the Rockies through the nearby pass now bearing his name, makes no mention of it in his journal. Nor did Father de Smet, the Jesuit Priest, ascending Cross river four years later, have anything to say about the mountain in whose glaciers that stream has its source. On the map included in his book "Oregon Missions" there is however a mountain named Pyramid in approximately the position of Assiniboine and it is possible that the trail riding missionary had opportunity to at least glance at one of the most outstanding landmarks in the Shining Mountains of Canada. The good man was much more intent on converts than on scenery.

A century has been rounded out since this black robed traveler surmounted White Man Pass and there erected what he called The Cross of Peace. It stood in this lone wilderness for many years but has long since fallen and mouldered. But the name of the pass and that of Cross River remain to perpetuate the memory of a cleric who was somewhat groggy on geography but strong in good works.

SO FAR as can be learned the first white men to reach the base of Assiniboine did so in 1893. In that year Tom Wilson of Banff, famous pioneer guide, conducted a one man party to the foot of the mountain. Two years later Walter Wilcox of Washington interviewed and photographed the lofty obelisk from all sides, walking around its base, a distance of fifty miles in two days. A great pedestrian he nevertheless confessed that over the last few miles of that strenuous journey he tottered rather than walked.

Assiniboine baffled the mountaineers, skilled and otherwise, for several years thereafter and it was not until 1901 that the giant was conquered. James Outram, later Sir James, whose chief object in life seems to have been that of making first ascents of mountains, reached the summit on an early September day in that year. With him were the guides C. Bohren and C. Hasler. The climb, made by way of the southwest side of the peak, took six hours and twenty minutes. Descending by the hitherto untrodden north face,—a most audacious and risky venture, the trio walked triumphantly into camp at dusk stepping briskly to the strains of martial music from the fiddle of the cook.

From the immense hanging glaciers which drape the shoulders of this high mountain many streams and rivulets emerge. Descending in lacy waterfalls they are soon quietly merged in the lakes below. There is a circle of lakes around Assiniboine, a few set amongst the larches at timberline, others bedded lower in fragrant spruce and pine woods. Several have been given names appropriate to their appearance and environment, as for instance, Cerulean, Gloria, Marvel and Sunburst. Luty trout swim in these waters whose surface is frequently rippled by flotillas of waterfowl and by the splashing impact of the fishing hawk.

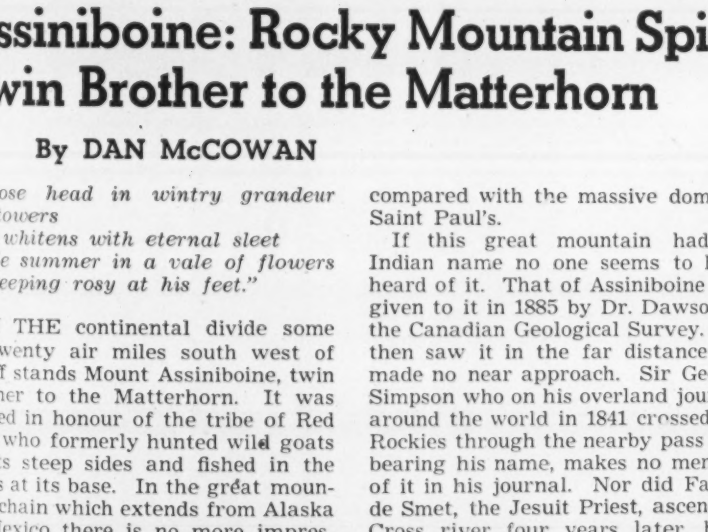
The Alpine meadows on the sunrise side of Assiniboine seem altogether given to the growing of flowering plants and shrubs. Fleabane flourishes there in profusion and Indian Paint Brush displays a wealth of bloom and an amazing variety of colour. Forget-me-not in spring and gentians in the autumn are blue as the sky above. Phacelia sets a purple fringe around the margin of little tarns whilst high amongst rocks and shale the saxifrages nod in the wind and pentstemons spread their floral tapestries in the sunshine.

Across the great cliffs and wide moors sweeps eagle and twin shadow and the ptarmigan clucks quietly then to her little brood amongst the heath. From sure refuge in the rocks the conies venture forth to harvest winter food. A shy deer comes timidly to drink from the murmuring brook.

ABOVE all, the stately mountain keeps watch and ward, sublime in snowy splendour, entrancing at high noon, etherial in starlight. Upon its crest the lightnings play and amongst its crags the loud thunder peals. From time to time there is clatter of small stony debris dribbling from the heights and the dull roar of an avalanche is sometimes heard. At dawn the thrushes sing and in the twilight the owl calls softly to her mate. Save for such sounds the silence is profound.

One hundred years ago a humble priest from Oregon raised the Cross of Peace in the shadow of Mount Assiniboine. In that act of devotion he may have been inspired by vision. not of Sinai, but rather of the Mount from whence came the Beatitudes with their message of peace and brotherhood to mankind. Certain it is that a great peace yet broods over the green meadows and snowy uplands of the solitary place where the symbol was uplifted, a peace which even a world conflict has failed to break.

Assiniboine Indian Woman



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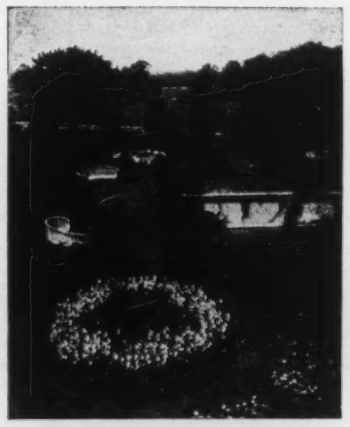

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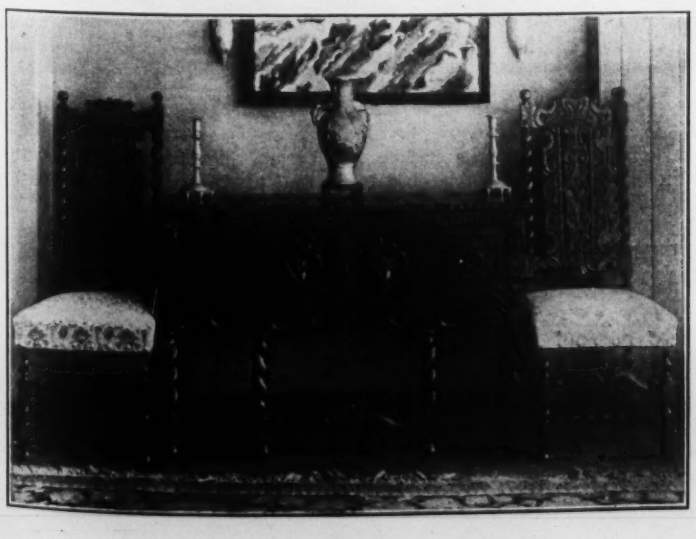

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"No Politics" Rule Is Harmful to Business

By C. J. DONALD

If politicians don't understand businessmen, it's the fault of business itself, says this writer. Business is far from sufficiently represented on legislative bodies. Big corporations have not allowed their executives to take an active part in politics, in consequence of which legislation affecting business is dealt with by lawyers and doctors and farmers and farmers and labor leaders rather than by men with understanding of the issues involved.

"POLITICIANS do not understand business! They are always accusing us of disreputable motives!" That is the frequent complaint of many a harassed businessman. Feeling himself to be honest and capable and well-meaning, he considers that he has every right to feel aggrieved when proposals which have cost him a great deal of time and labor—and from which he stands to gain nothing—are denounced by political spokesmen. How few businessmen realize to what extent business is responsible for the existence of this situation!

Did you ever look up the occupations of all the members of any legislative body? If so, you found lawyers, doctors and dentists. You found farmers. In recent years you will have found an ever-increasing group of the representatives of organized labor. You will not find any bankers. And you will find very few industrialists or business executives of any kind.

It is not that people from those fields could not get themselves elected. Indeed many of them are respected, admired, trusted and liked in their communities, and their candidacy would be supported enthusiastically by the electorate—if they would run. Large companies have decided, however, that it is wise to appear non-political. Of course, this fools nobody, since the political sympathies of most leaders in large enterprises are well-known. But they feel that they cannot afford to have their executives take an active part in politics, since the particular company would be harmed when the executive was associated with an unsuccessful party. Some business would be lost, they argue, even if he were on the winning side—since some customers take politics so seriously that they would refuse to deal with an organization employing a person of the wrong political stripe.

That is the attitude business has taken—and it has gained the advantages to be derived from such an attitude. It has had to suffer the disadvantages, too. And the main disadvantage is that when legislation concerning business comes up it is dealt with by lawyers and doctors and dentists and farmers and labor leaders—men without real understanding of the issues involved—men, in fact, with a distrust of "big business."

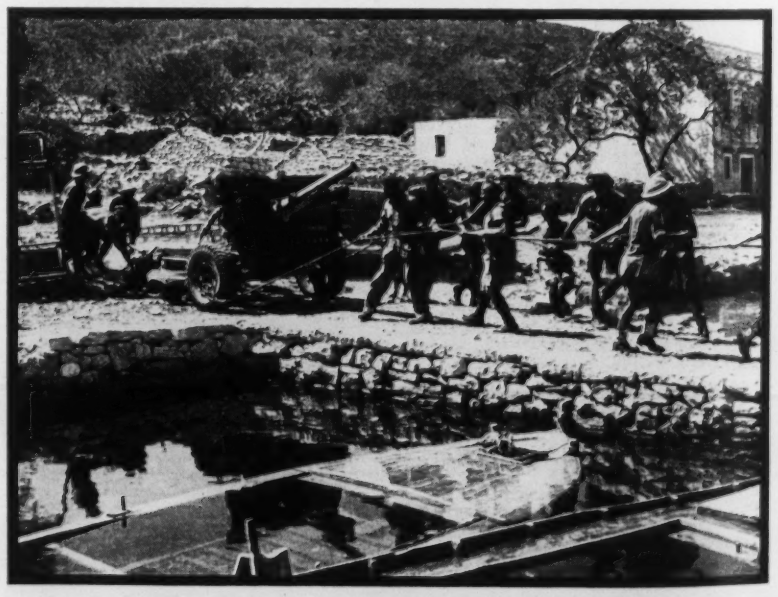
There is another aspect we must consider, however, in assessing the effects of the "no-politics" rule. When a company is formed, it becomes a person in the eyes of the law. Like a person, it has certain privileges. Like a person, too, it has certain responsibilities. Now a person's most important responsibility is his responsibility of citizenship—and business has been shirking that responsibility. It is possible to get away with most types of shirking for a time, but when people shirk their duties of citizenship, usually they lose the privileges that go with them. Recent history is full of tragic examples of this.

If we look at the history of business

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Raids Like This Prepared Way for Balkan Landings

Islands in the Adriatic off Jugoslavia have long been the jumping off point for raids on the enemy held coast of Jugoslavia and Albania, where 200,000 Germans now cut off by Russian, Yugoslav and Allied armies are seeking to escape a closing Balkan trap. British gunners in one such raid on Loviste brought their 25-pounders with them in landing craft, manhandled the guns into position at first light (above) and fired some 2500 rounds into German batteries. Until the firing began, the enemy had no inkling of the landing. But after the action, the guns had to be unlimbered and put on the boats for the return journey in full daylight (below). Jugoslav fliers, trained by the R.A.F., later helped finish off the German batteries that had been so daringly surprised.



So many Jugoslav fliers have escaped to Allied territory in the south of Italy, a fighter squadron flying Spitfires has been formed and flies as a Tactical Wing of the Balkan Air Force. Here are four of them in cheery discussion, with one of their Spitfires in the background, its R.A.F. roundel painted over with Marshal Tito's symbol, the Red Star.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Introducing the "Commonwealth"

By P. M. RICHARDS

I'VE just read a remarkable novel. Not a great novel, maybe, but certainly remarkable, if only because it's written twenty years from now; that is, twenty years after the ending of the Second World War. And ten years after the beginning of the Brave New World. That's what it's called: "World's Beginning". It's by a chap I never heard of before, Robert Ardrey. But can he write! And can he imagine!!

Here we are today, the whole world fearful and hopeful—mostly fearful—of the conditions of life during the next decade or two, and then along comes Mr. Ardrey, with it all set out for us. He shows us, I regret to say, our worst fears realized; our economic system bankrupt, our society in a state of anarchy, brought to destruction by our inability to adjust ourselves to a technically changed world and by the unending strife between capital and labor and free enterprise and socialism, by racial strife and the oppression of minorities, by greed, selfishness, intolerance and cruelty. And how he shows it! This, incidentally, is by far the best part of the book; astonishingly and most unpleasantly realistic. Ardrey makes one's flesh creep better than the fat boy did Emily Wardle's.

Then, almost miraculously, comes the new way of life, the only way by which the industrial world can be saved. When factories are closing everywhere, Jews and Negroes being hunted and killed, and transportation, water and electric services breaking down because of universal moral and physical bankruptcy, two brothers invent a new system of human association for production which they call a commonwealth.

Friction and Inefficiency

The starting-point is the idea that, quite apart from the social decay brought on or at least greatly accelerated by the First World War, the Great Depression of the 1930's and the Second World War, the set-up of the modern industrial corporation necessarily makes for friction and inefficiency and thereby offers a vital basic advantage to a competitor organized to avoid such inefficiency. Absentee ownership is a drag on the machine, management can't plan and manage efficiently because it must make constant concessions to obstreperous organized labor, labor's aim is not to produce abundantly but only to get the fattest-possible envelope next pay-day. These three parts—ownership, management, labor—are separate and work against each other, making for friction which raises costs.

The brothers invent a machine in which capital ownership is eliminated, a machine that's owned by the men who do the work—labor and management together. They call it a "commonwealth". The commonwealth pays no wages, no salaries, no dividends—only shares in its earnings. Payment for services is in participation warrants. A participation warrant is the right to participate in the earnings of the commonwealth to an extent indicated on the warrant. On fixed redemption dates the warrants are exchanged for ordinary money according to the redemption value of the warrant dollar as found by dividing the commonwealth's earnings for the preceding period by the warrants outstanding. Thus every commonwealth worker has an interest in making the warrant dollar as valuable as possible. The warrants are accepted as money in local stores. A warrant may be cashed on any redemption date up to five years from the date of issue. If the commonwealth is doing well and the value of its dollar is rising, this five-year redemption privilege provides a continuing interest in the commonwealth. It also provides a source of capital for expansion needs. Apart from this, the commonwealth can raise capital or borrow money by the issuance of "purchase warrants"—promises to pay a stated sum of money on a stated date—which are redeemed before participation warrants.

Workers Can Fire the Boss

A big feature of the commonwealth set-up is that the participation-warrant holders have the right, on fixed occasions, to turn out the management. The men can fire the boss. Every foreman is subject to dismissal by a majority of his men. Each department head can be dismissed by his foremen. And so on up. The argument is that under the participation-in-earnings system, the hard but efficient foreman doesn't get fired because his efficiency increases the earnings of all. To this writer this is not very convincing. It would be impossible, in most cases, to determine the contribution to earnings made by the hard foreman, whereas his hardness would be plain enough. This fire-the-boss feature, while probably a necessary item of the plan, seems to me to be a key weakness, inasmuch as it would make for weak management.

Certainly capital would not favor the commonwealth plan, and presumably management would not either. One wonders how far labor would take to it. Obviously the leaders and officials of organized labor would be dead against it, since it has no place for them. And for the rank and file of labor it would involve a definite loss of security, since in the commonwealth labor shares fully in the losses as well as the profits. This latter fact, by the way, constitutes an important economic advantage of the commonwealth over the corporation that the author has not cited. In a period of business decline and falling prices, commonwealth labor's partnership position would presumably make for lower costs.

Is the commonwealth idea just another pipe dream of Utopia? I don't know. However, Mr. Ardrey has painted the picture of our present doleful situation, and of the greater dolefulness (as he sees it) to come before the dawn, with such insight and power that "World's Beginning" is decidedly worth reading, even if you cannot go for the commonwealth feature.

(Continued from Page 40)

over the last fifteen years we find the beginnings of a disturbing parallel. Business has lost a great deal of its freedom because it was using it unwisely. And nobody should complain of that loss. But we select our legislators from people distrustful of large enterprises—select them because no other candidates will come forward. The result is that suspicious legislators have been hampering the freedom of business to an unreasonable degree. It is high time that business allowed people trained in large enterprises to enter public life as a counterbalance to this other school of thought.

The meaning of the non-participation in politics of the key men in business and industry becomes quite manifest if we consider a town of about 40,000 people. Of those people, more than 5,000 are employed by companies doing business on a national scale. It is said that the average wage-earner heads a family of five. Thus 25,000 people in that town are linked with the large companies. Go to the golf club, the boat club, a ball game or a dance, and two-thirds of the people you will see are from that group. Go instead to the committee rooms of a political party, or to a meeting of the city council or the school board—not one of those people will be present.

Far From Representative

When we remember that civil servants form a large segment of the population, and a wise ruling bars them from politics, and when we recognize that it is common to discourage political action on the part of teachers—then we realize that our political system is run by a small and far-from-representative section of the electorate. Big business, often accused of running the country, actually is not represented at all. Successful democracy depends on the ability of the voters to elect the best people to its governmental bodies. But a lot of the best people happen to be employed by large concerns—and are thus kept out of public service.

These members of national corporations let other people become members of school boards—in other words, they turn over to others the responsibility of determining how their children should be educated. Because of their education and training, they may know of changes which should be made in the sewage disposal plant or the water system—but they sit back and depend on others to remedy the matter. They may feel that civic affairs are a blend of nepotism and incompetence. But they do nothing to improve the situation. Indeed, the "no-politics" rule, combined with the tendency of corporations to transfer them from branch to branch tends to make them feel that they do not belong to any community.

Certainly most members of large concerns do not wish to enter politics. They know that the time spent could serve to secure them advancement in the business. But there are those who would like to enter public life. They would not seek to do so as representatives of their employers—that would not be wise. But they would seek to discharge their responsibility as citizens.

Corporations would be wise to give such employees every encouragement to take part in government matters. It would be necessary to grant them leave of absence, and hold a job open for them—after all, industry does as much for union business agents! The rewards to business would be two-fold: raised standards of ability among public men would lead to better government, and the presence of people who understand business would lead to more sympathetic consideration being accorded to the needs of business. And no man is so indispensable to private enterprise that he cannot be spared to public enterprise!

Until big business accepts this argument, government is going to be deprived of the services of a great many people of outstanding ability, people who are needed in government. As long as business continues to shirk its responsibilities of citizenship—politicians will continue to misunderstand and distrust and discriminate against business. And it will serve business right!

NEWS OF THE MINES

Lead Faces Brightest Postwar Future of All Base Metals

By JOHN M. GRANT

LEAD, known from the beginning of history, and in modern times adapted to a wide and increasing range of application as a metal, as alloys with other metals, and in compounds, faces the brightest future of all base metals when the war ends. The demand for this dull gray heavyweight of the non-ferrous field is expected to be greater than ever before and heavy imports will be needed by the United States. The consumption of lead during the war has been heavy but no substantial amounts of scrap are expected back from the battlefront to compete with supplies of newly-mined lead.

•

No new lead mines have been discovered in many years, in fact native lead is very rare The United States, the world's largest producer, has only reported one important discovery in the past decade and a half. Before the war the U.S. imported lead to supplement domestic stocks and during the war added to its own large output by importing from Mexico and Peru. Australia and Canada were also shippers of some to the States but most of the Dominion's production has been going to Great Britain. Canada is the third largest lead producing country in the world and producers of the metal are much interested in the American market and future price prospects, it being anticipated a higher price will have to be paid than in pre-war times. A large prospective demand is also looked for from Europe and this further adds to the promising prospects for the metal.

•

Canada's production of lead comes mainly from British Columbia, with Consolidated Mining and Smelting the principal source of output. Only a very small amount of lead comes from Eastern Canada. Of the production of 709,000 tons reported during the years 1941-2-3 some 698,000 tons came from "Smelters". Lead production this year has shown a decided falling-off due to the shortage of manpower and the stopping of operations at a number of plants which had been opened as a war measure. Production of 176,757,874 lbs., in the first seven months of the current year is the lowest since 1933. The rate of output last June was the lowest since March, 1933, but later months have shown a little improvement. Canadian output of lead in 1943 was 220,000 tons (short tons) compared with 256,000 in the peak year of 1942. Production this year is running about 60 per cent of the 1942 figure.

•

The biggest use of lead in the United States is in storage batteries. Lead oxide long has proved an economical material to provide the reversible action (charging and discharging) required in batteries. The big wartime

(Continued on Page 45)

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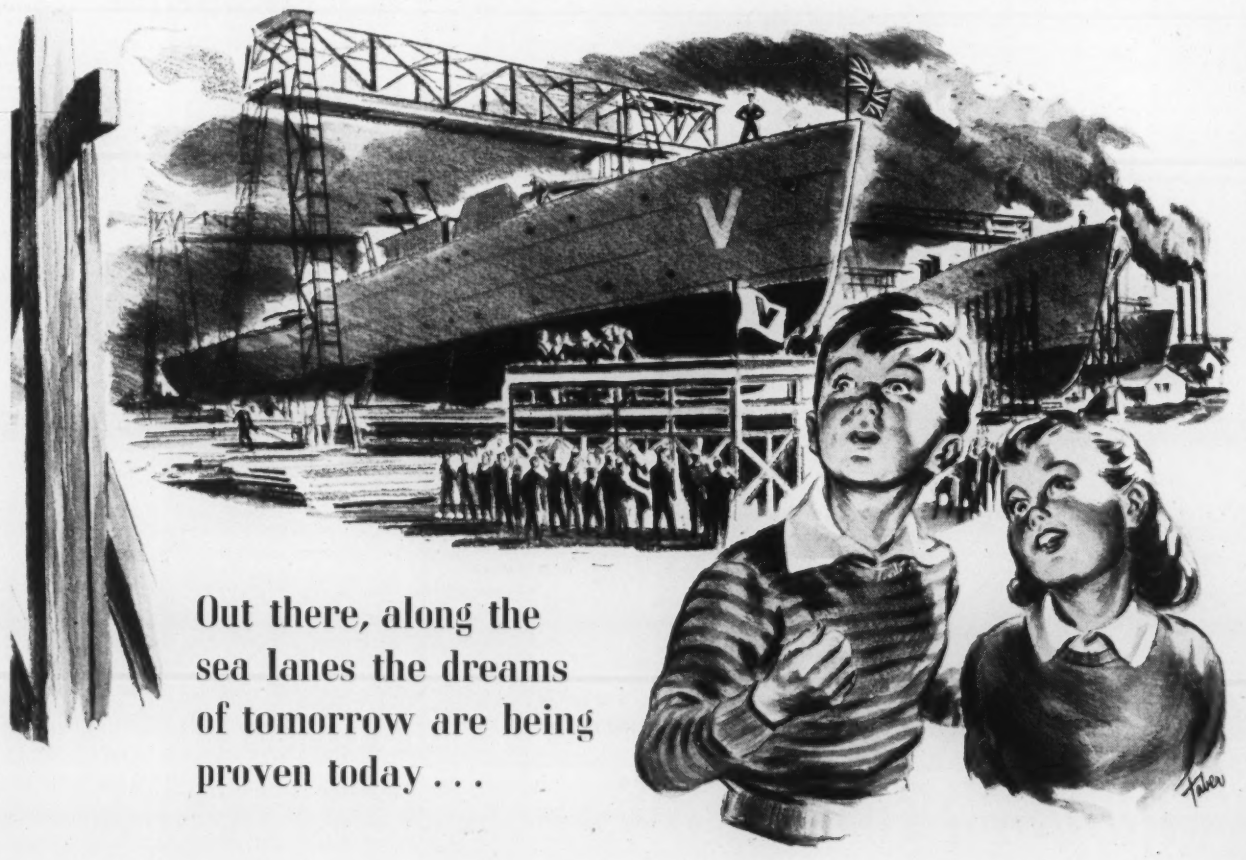

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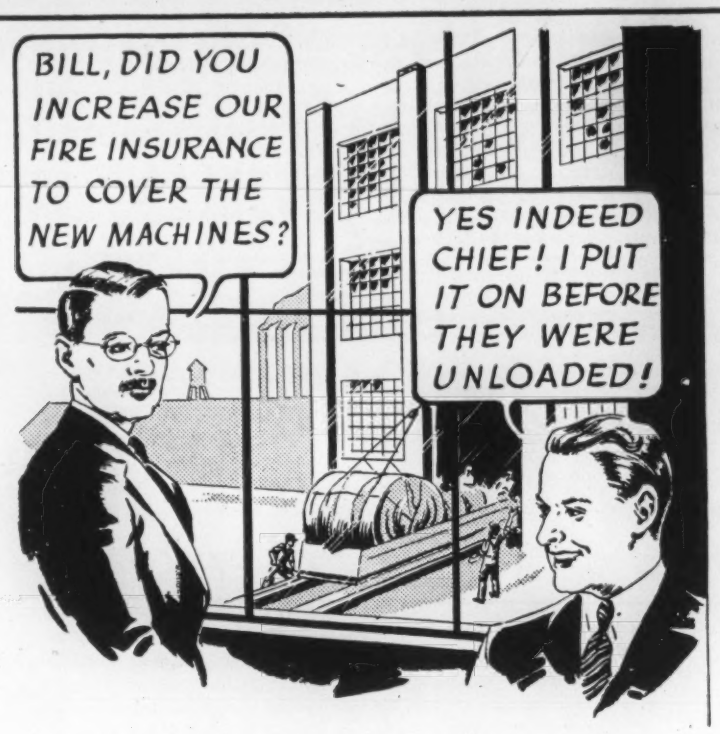

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

J.B.B., Belleville, Ont.—Yes, I believe you would get an honest run for your money in MORIE YELLOWKNIFE; however, you would be gambling and many of the Yellowknife companies which have been formed in the excitement following the staking rush will never amount to anything. The company was incorporated only in July and an option has been given on 900,000 shares at prices ranging from 5 to 15 cents a share. As to the Service you inquire about, I understand that it is not controlled by stock brokers or promoters, but I am unable to advise you as to whether or not their judgment is influenced at times.

S.H.B., Oshawa, Ont.—Sales prospects of G. TAMBLYN LTD. continue bright. Sales for the third quarter of 1944 showed a marked increase over the summer period a year ago and this followed increases in the first six months of the year. Indications are that sales for 1944 will establish a new peak and exceed the previous high mark of $5,290,228 set in 1943.

N.W., Vancouver, B.C.—I understand SPLIT LAKE GOLD MINES has optioned its two claims held near Bigstone Bay in the Kenora district to MyLamaque Mines. The latter company holds adjoining ground and if it exercises its option a new company will be formed with 600,000 shares allotted for the properties, of which Split Lake will receive 300,000. As you are no doubt aware previous operations of Split Lake, which has been inactive for some years, met with disappointing results. Part of the machinery and equipment was seized by the Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association for benefit of creditors, but the properties were retained.

B.G.R., Winnipeg, Man. — Yes, I would say that the earnings and financial position of DAIRY CORP. OF CANADA LTD. appear to confirm its ability to pay off the three years of accumulated arrears on the 5% preferred stock within the next three-year period, commencing Jan. 1, 1945. Regular payments of $1.25 semi-annually were begun on April 1, 1943. J. A. Caulder, president, states that accruals will be cleared off "as speedily as possible and probably within the next three-year period." Payment over three years would mean total payments of $15 in that period, or double the annual rate of $2.50 each year. In the fiscal

International Bronze Powders Ltd.

INTERNATIONAL Bronze Powders Limited is occupied in the production of powders used extensively in display advertising, decorative arts, electrical trade and for paints to resist rust and corrosion. The industry being of a non-essential nature, the effects of the war on production have been more pronounced than for most other industries and when present government restrictions and prohibitions limiting the use of basic essential materials are removed the recovery for this reason should be all the more pronounced. During the war the company has employed its facilities for the war effort and for essential defence needs. In the post-war period display advertising will be used to reacquaint the public with older products and to advertise new products. Peacetime operations by industry will also bring a resumption in the demand for bronze and aluminum powders. It has already been announced that new developments which have potential value in the postwar period are being produced and tested by the company's chemists. As the name implies, business of International Bronze Powders is widespread with plants in Canada and the United States and branches and agents in Europe, South America and other countries.

Current retained earnings cover the present dividend rate with a good margin to spare. Net profit for 1943, including $34,573 refundable portion of the excess profits tax, amounted to $380,331. On a non-participating basis this was equal to $2.31 a share, or exclusive of the refundable tax to $1.96 a share. On a participating basis the 1943 net was equal to $1.73 per share on the combined common and preferred shares outstanding. This indicates a good coverage for the present annual dividend rate of 80c a share on the common stock, this rate being a reduction from the $1.50 per share annual dividend paid from early 1937 to late 1942. The 1943 net profit compared with $271,610 for 1942 and with $279,421 for 1938. Surplus at December 31, 1943, of $622,397 was an increase from that of $422,460 at December 31, 1938.

Although long term indebtedness, totalling $500,000 at December 31, 1938, has been completely paid off, net working capital of $1,351,778 at the end of 1943 was only slightly below the 1938 figure of $1,400,622. Cash of $834,971 and investments of $219,153 (included in current assets of $1,774,523) at December 31, 1943 were well in excess of total current liabilities of 422,745.

The outstanding capital at December 31, 1943, consisted of 100,000 shares of 6% cumulative participating preferred stock of $25 par value and 100,000 common shares of no par value. The preferred stock is non-callable and in the event of liquidation is entitled to $30 per share, and participates with the common in any distribution of assets over $30 per share on the junior security. The preferred stock is entitled to an annual cumulative dividend of $1.50 per share and participates in dividends over $1.50 a share paid in any year on the common stock.

Dividends have been paid regularly at the fixed cumulative annual rate of $1.50 per share on the preferred stock. An initial dividend of 25c per share was paid on the common stock July 15, 1935, and continued on this basis quarterly to January 1937, when increased to 37½c quarterly. The rate on the common was reduced to 20c quarterly with the distribution January 15, 1943, and continued on this basis to date.

International Bronze Powders Limited was incorporated under a Dominion Charter in 1934 and acquired the outstanding stock of Metallic Products Corp. Plants are located at Valleyfield, Quebec, Malone, New York, and Closter, New Jersey, and have an annual capacity of approximately 4,000,000 pounds of various powders. Products are sold in the domestic and export markets.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1938/1943, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividends Per Share
1943	13	10	$2.31-a	5.6	4.3	$0.80
1942	12	10	1.22-a	9.8	8.2	1.32½
1941	16¾	12	3.76	4.5	3.3	1.50
1940	23	14	2.12	10.9	6.6	1.50
1939	22¼	15	1.95	11.5	7.7	1.50
1938	23	17	1.29	17.8	13.3	1.50
Average 1938-1943				8.7	6.2	
Approximate current average				7.5		
Approximate Current Yield				5.0%		

a—Includes 35c. per share refundable tax 1943 and 14c. a share 1942.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938
Net Profit	$ 380,331-x	$ 271,610-x	$ 525,623	$ 362,135	$ 345,949	$ 279,421
Surplus	622,397	307,401	372,384	327,031	440,248	422,460
Current Assets	1,774,523	1,699,638	2,116,911	2,037,560	1,990,308	1,722,875
Current Liabilities	422,745	401,504	944,761	776,951	686,021	322,258
Net Working Capital	1,351,778	1,258,134	1,172,150	1,260,609	1,304,287	1,400,622
Cash	834,971	486,878	1,003,187	580,793	589,031	610,344
Investments	219,153	201,758	110,579	13,813	1,708	1,708

x—Includes $34,573 refundable tax 1943 and $14,110 1942.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

WAR CALLS FOR THRIFT

When the government war-time programme calls for money, be prepared. Be in a position to write your cheque. Have a balance in your savings account constantly growing. Open an account with the Canada Permanent and make deposits regularly and systematically.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $61,000,000

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 231

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (fifteen cents per share) in Canadian funds, on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1944 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Wednesday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1944. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

S. M. Wedd,
General Manager

Toronto 22nd September 1944

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of two per cent. (fifty cents per share) on the Ordinary Capital Stock in respect of, and out of earnings for, the year 1944, was declared payable in Canadian funds, on December 1, 1944, to Shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on November 1, 1944.

By order of the Board,
FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, October 10, 1944.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending November 30th, 1944, payable on the 1st day of December, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 7th day of November, 1944. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.
R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, October 12th, 1944.

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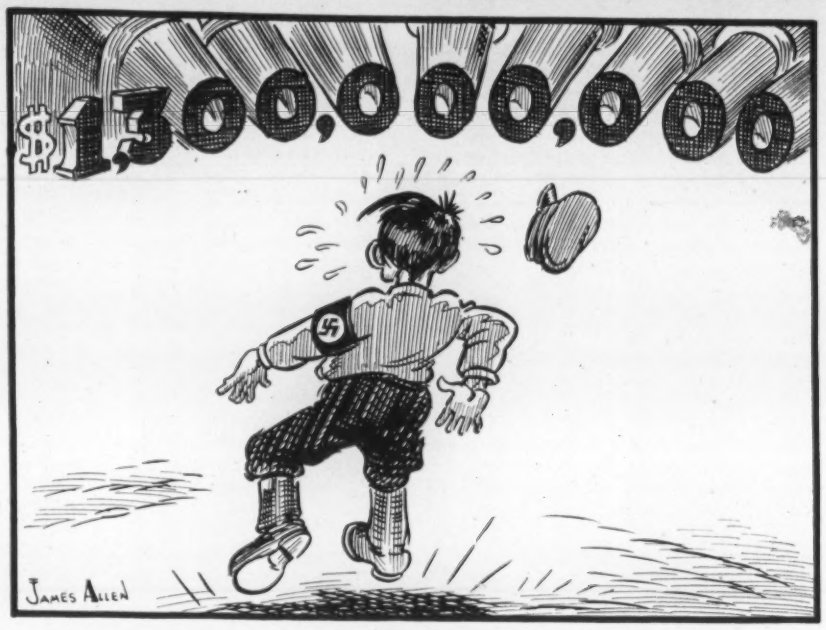
year ended March 31, 1944 alone, the company earned retained net profits equal to $14.29 a share, or only 71 cents a share less than 6 times the annual requirement, apart from $6.01 per share earned by way of refundable excess profits tax. The company has shown steady progress over the past five years, building up earnings from $4.75 in the year ended March 31, 1939, to $5.79 in 1940, $7.91 in 1941, $10.76 in 1943 and $14.29 in 1944—in addition to $7.20 per share accumulated in refundable tax. Retained earnings over the five-year period averaged $8.70 a share per annum.

I.S., London, Ont.—I would not be in any hurry to buy BIDGOOD KIRKLAND MINES shares. Its speculative appeal has declined due to the fact that the new deep levels, at 1,400 and 1,525 feet, have so far failed to show a duplication of the results obtained on upper horizons. This also has an effect on an ore reserve position already somewhat precarious owing to the limited development possible under present acute labor conditions. Exploration, however, is being pushed as rapidly as possible and some interesting drill results have yet to be followed up and these could improve the picture. Grade of ore treated in July was the lowest for any month in several years.

V.H.C., Perth Ont. — CANADIAN LIGHT & POWER CO. will pay no dividend for the second half of 1944, by reason of "important and necessary" expenditures during the year for the maintenance of plant, it has been announced. This breaks a continuous dividend record that extends back to 1931. The initial dividend of $1 was paid in respect of 1940 on April 7, 1941, and thereafter dividends of 50 cents were paid semi-annually, the last being the 50 cents paid July 15, 1944. Earnings have shown moderate improvement in recent years and gross income for the year 1943 set a new all-time peak for the third year in succession at $488,608 as compared with $484,143 for 1942 and $464,068 for 1941. The $1 dividend was barely covered by retained net income which amounted to $1.02 per share for 1943. During the year the plant and equipment was increased by some $40,000 and the 5% first mortgage bonds outstanding were reduced by $6,400, resulting in a decline in net working capital from $689,702 to $616,079.

J.R.K., Calgary, Alta. — Your LONGLAC LAGOON GOLD MINES shares have been exchangeable for some years on the basis of one Elmos Gold Mines for each four Longlac, and the transfer agent is Trusts & Guarantee Co., Toronto. Elmos has however, surrendered its charter and an exchange of its shares on the basis five for one of Tombill Gold Mines through the same transfer office. I understand that on making the exchange dividends, amounting to 20 cents on each Tombill share to which you are entitled can also be obtained. A small tonnage of ore is indicated on the Elmos property and once conditions warrant Tombill, which is also interested in other properties, may further test its possibilities.

E.M., Ripley, Ont. — Both AMALGAMATED LARDER and QUEENSTON hold speculative attraction for the postwar period, but unfortunately I am unable to predict which one will turn out to be the "best investment over a term of years." Amalgamated Larder has excellent management, with financing coming from some of the largest Canadian Mining companies in the hopes of securing a duplication of the conditions which made Kerr-Addison such an outstanding mine. The property consolidates the holdings of several companies and favorable indications have been secured from diamond drilling on some of the claims. On the Cheminis property ore reserves are estimated at 320,000 tons. The Queenston property holds promise of becoming a profitable producer. No ore estimate is available but diamond drilling checked by crosscutting and drifting gave good values over a wide, long zone, which has only been partially developed. A shaft was sunk 250 feet and two levels established with some promising sections opened. Due to the sponsorship of Upper Canada Mines, which holds a large interest, the company should have no difficulty with future financing.



IT MAY LOOK BIG TO US, BUT IT LOOKS BIGGER TO HITLER!

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Maintain Buying Reserves

BY HARUSPEX

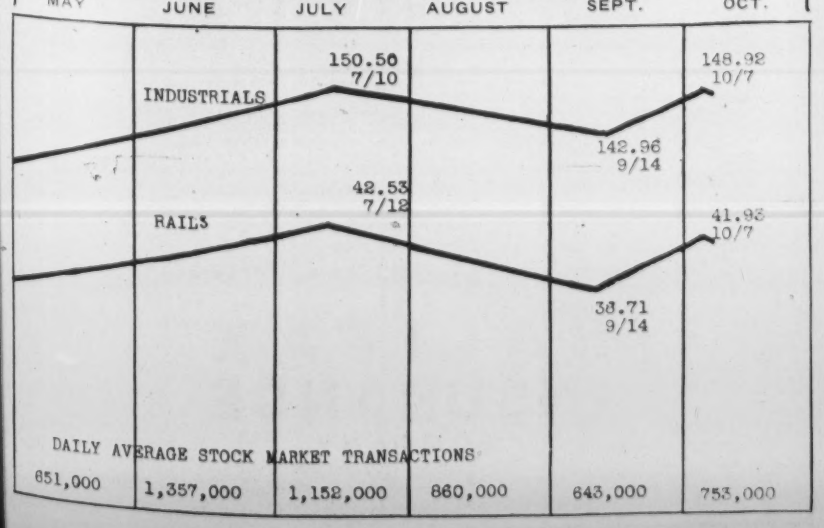
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SHORT TERM OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND is to be classed as downward from the late July 1944 high points of 150.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 42.53 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Consensus in Washington, including military viewpoint, continues to look for end of the war with Germany, other than sporadic guerrilla warfare, over the weeks ahead—sometime this year at the latest. With victory will come reconversion of industry and war labor. Mr. Sloan, of General Motors, in a speech last week, confirms an earlier opinion that the cut-back in war business in the U.S.A. will be 70%, not 40% as previously announced by Mr. Nelson and the War Production Board. The four to six-month interval following war's end will be the headache period for American business. It is during this interval that the major problems will be met, such as getting government machinery and tools out of plants, settling war contracts, disposing of surplus inventories, converting over to peacetime manufacture, readjusting wages, and establishing prices adequate to insure reasonable profit margins. Following this acute period, which could be over by mid-1945, employment and other indices of the trade cycle might easily start up again. Stock marketwise, it is the four to six-month period immediately following end of the war with Germany that is of concern.

Following the decline of early September, when the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages moved decisively under their early August support points, thereby signalling the intermediate trend as downward, the market has rallied moderately. So far, this recovering movement, alluded to above, accompanied by mild volumes, has not exceeded the technical rebound limits normally to be expected in the wake of the preceding setback. Pending technical evidence to the contrary, such as would be furnished should both the rail and industrial averages move decisively above their July peaks, the question can be seriously raised as to whether the recent intermediate downturn does not also inaugurate, or represent, the first stages of a primary downturn. In any event, we regard the current period as one where substantial buying reserves in accounts should be maintained.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Lake of the Woods Milling Company

Limited

AND ITS WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

Combined Statement as at August 31st, 1944

After paying interest on Bank Loans, providing ample reserve for doubtful accounts and writing off $153,528.39 for depreciation, and providing $229,032.86 for Federal Income and Excess Profits Taxes, the net profit amounts to $386,963.52.

Balance—Profit and Loss and Surplus Account as at 31st August, 1943			$2,666,982.66
ADD: Adjustments affecting prior periods			4,110.08
			$2,671,092.74
ADD: Net Operating Profit for the year ended 31st August, 1944, after providing for refund payable to Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation		$ 956,660.58	
LESS: Interest	$ 153,206.59		
Depreciation	153,528.39		
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	229,032.86		
Directors' Fees	7,898.68		
Executive Salaries	75,601.02		
Legal Fees	411.82		
		$ 619,679.36	
		$ 336,981.22	
Dividends from Investment in the Controlled Company	47,988.00		
Income from Investments	1,994.30		
		49,982.30	
			386,963.52
			$3,058,056.26
DEDUCT: Dividend on Cumulative Preferred Stock		$ 105,000.00	
Dividend on Common Stock		177,226.80	
			282,226.80
BALANCE—At 31st August, 1944 per Consolidated Balance Sheet			$2,775,829.46

Montreal, October 12th, 1944.

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 229

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (fifteen cents per share) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Friday, the first day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1944.

By order of the Board.

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, Que., October 10, 1944.

McIntyre Porcupine Mines

LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

Dividends Nos. 109 and 110

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of McIntyre Porcupine Mines, Limited (No Personal Liability) held on the 11th day of October, 1944, the following dividends were declared payable in Canadian Currency:

No. 109 for fifty-five and one-half cents (55½c) a share payable December 1st, 1944, to shareholders of record November 1st, 1944.

No. 110 (Extra) for one dollar and eleven cents ($1.11) a share payable January 2nd, 1945, to shareholders of record November 1st, 1944.

By Order of the Board.

W. B. DIX,
Treasurer.

Dated at Toronto, October 11th, 1944.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? By Ti-Jos No. 57

HELLO, KIDS! WANT TO DO ME A FAVOUR?
WHAT IS IT, DAD?
WELL, I WANT YOU TO BUY A VICTORY BOND!
AW, GEE, POP—MY PAPER ROUTE'S GOING TO PAY FOR NEW SKATES
I NEED WHAT I EARN FOR TREATING THE GANG
DO YOU REALLY NEED THOSE THINGS MORE THAN WE WANT THE BOYS BACK FROM EUROPE?
OKAY, DADDY!
I GUESS I'LL WAIT FOR THE SKATES!
SWELL! THEN AFTER THE WAR, BOB, YOU'LL GET MUCH BETTER SKATES—AND HAVE THE MONEY SAVED TO BUY THEM!

DOLLARS SAVED TOWARDS VICTORY!

Every member of the family can help make this loan the success it must be if we are to win the peace as well as the war. By giving up small luxuries now, we help protect the way of life we want and we'll have the money to spend later when it will buy us more.

JOHN LABATT LIMITED

London Canada

ABOUT INSURANCE

Industrial Life Insurance -- What It Is and How It Functions

By GEORGE GILBERT

Industrial insurance costs more to transact than ordinary insurance because the policies are for smaller amounts and the premiums are payable more frequently and are collected at the homes of the workers and because the industrial death rate is higher, but the benefits provided justify the small extra expense.

DESIGNED primarily to provide industrial workers and their families with life insurance in amounts and under an installment payment plan that would best meet their needs, industrial life insurance in the United States and Canada has been amazingly successful in spreading the benefits of life insurance among this section of the population. At the end of 1943 there were 93,500,000 industrial policies in force in the United States for a total of $24,500,000,000 of insurance, while in Canada there were 4,033,641 industrial policies in force in Dominion registered companies for a total of $1,191,067,675.

Industrial life insurance owes its origin to the fact that the policies offered in the early days by life insurance companies generally were largely out of reach of wage-earning families, as they were issued in larger amounts than these families could afford, and as the premiums were not payable in small installments. Besides, there was no system in existence for collecting the money at the homes of the workers.

As long ago as 1853 a committee of the British House of Commons called attention to the need for extending dependable life insurance to the lower-income groups, and largely because of this report the Prudential Assurance Company of London, which had been transacting ordinary life insurance, established an industrial branch in 1854. The Prudential undertook to pay a definite benefit for a definite weekly premium. It issued policies for small amounts, with premiums payable weekly to its representatives who called regularly at the homes of the policyholders.

Small Beginning

To meet the same demand for dependable protection adapted to the needs of the lower-income workers, industrial life insurance was introduced in the United States and later in Canada. In the early stages of its development on this continent, industrial policies were issued with premiums as small as 5 cents a week, and, in the case of one company, children's policies were issued for a weekly premium of 3 cents, as pointed out by Malvin E. Davis, in his recent book, "Industrial Life Insurance in the United States." (McGraw-Hill Book Co. Inc. 380 pages, $2.75).

There is no question that the tremendous growth of industrial life insurance is largely due to the system established for the collection of premiums at the homes of the policyholders, instead of having them remitted by mail, as in the case of ordinary policies, because the costs incurred for postage and money-orders would have been all out of proportion to the amount of the weekly premiums. There would also be the difficulty of keeping the insurance in force if premium payments were not made as convenient as possible. That is why it was essential to have the agents call regularly for the premiums.

Under this system each agent is assigned a fixed area in which to make his rounds and which is known as a "debit". The debit plan has made possible the efficient conduct of a life insurance business with small weekly premiums. The detailed records of the agent of premium payments on individual policies enable the head office to dispense with similar records. A single premium receipt book is used for all weekly premium policies in a family, in place of individually prepared and mailed premium notices and receipts. This has resulted in considerable economies of operation.

Pioneering

Industrial insurance was a pioneer in making life insurance available to all members of the family, children as well as adults, and women as well as men. It was issued to all persons from one year to age sixty or older, and women were accepted at the same rates as men. While industrial policies were at first offered on only the whole life plan, with premiums payable through life, they were later issued on the endowment plan and also on the limited payment life plan. Non-forfeiture benefits were likewise granted, at first only if requested by the insured within a limited period after default in premium payments, but later they were made available automatically, without requiring any request from the policyholder, after premiums had been paid for a certain specified period.

At first non-forfeiture benefits were available only in one form, in most cases as some form of insurance protection, but later policyholders were given a choice of forms, and the benefit of a cash surrender value was made more generally available. At present surrender values are available in cash after premiums have been paid for three years, while after premiums have been paid for six months, and in one company after three months, non-forfeiture benefits are available in the form of paid-up term insurance. After two or three years, policies cannot be declared void by the company despite any incorrect statements made by the policyholder in the application.

Costs Reduced

Two supplementary benefits have also been added to industrial policies without specific extra premium charge; (1) A total disability benefit providing for a cash payment and the continuance of the insurance in force if the insured becomes totally blind or sustains certain losses of limbs; and (2) a double indemnity benefit whereby, except at very young or very old ages, an additional sum equal to the face amount of the policy becomes payable if the insured meets death by accidental means.

Increasing efficiency in transacting the business has resulted in substantial savings of which the weekly-premium policyholders have received the benefit. One of the largest companies offers its policyholders a refund of 10 per cent of the premiums if weekly premiums are paid for at least one year directly to any one of its many offices. At present almost one-third of the weekly premiums of this company are so paid. Most weekly-premium policyholders, however, still prefer to have the agent call at their homes for the premiums.

Experience over the years showed that increasing numbers of policyholders who were purchasing the larger-sized industrial policies could pay premiums less frequently than weekly, although ordinary policies for $1,000 or more, with premiums payable quarterly, were beyond their means. To meet this situation, what are known as "intermediate" policies were issued in amounts as low as $500, with premiums payable quarterly or less frequently. The premiums were lower than for industrial policies but somewhat higher than for ordinary policies.

While this type of policy enabled wage earners to obtain insurance at a lower rate than for weekly-premium policies, most families found quarterly premiums unsuitable. To meet their requirements, monthly premium policies were issued at a lower rate than for weekly-premium policies, although the premiums were collected at the homes of the insured in the same way as weekly-premium policies. These policies could be offered at a lower rate than weekly-premium policies because of their less frequent premium payment and larger average size.

While industrial insurance necessarily costs more than ordinary insurance because industrial premiums are payable more frequently than ordinary premiums, involving additional servicing, and because the average industrial policy is much smaller than the average ordinary policy, and also because the death rate among industrial policyholders is appreciably higher than the death rate among ordinary policyholders, the record clearly proves that present-day industrial insurance performs an indispensable function in providing needed life insurance protection at reasonable cost to millions of low income earners who would otherwise have to do without it.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

As a reader of your paper, I would appreciate receiving information regarding the "Woman's Benefit Association of Port Huron, Mich. Are they licensed to operate in Alberta or in Canada for that matter? Are they licensed under any Life Insurance Acts? Insofar as I can see,

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Consult your Agent or Broker as you would your Doctor or Lawyer

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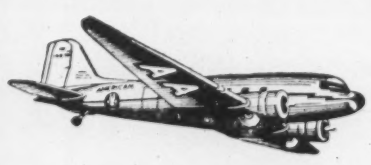
BUFFALO
AND NEW YORK



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Imperial Bldg., Hamilton, Ontario
WESTERN CANADIAN DEPARTMENT
Randall Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

"Intelligence"

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HALIFAX
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COMPANY
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this is just a club, like the 1000 Club or 1500 Club. A friend of mine has taken a policy or has purchased a membership in this Association, whatever we want to call it, and would like to know if the Association is safe to deal with.

—T. A. J., Cool River, Alta.

Woman's Benefit Association, with head office at Port Huron, Michigan, has been in existence since 1892. It formerly operated in Canada under Provincial license, and was licensed in Alberta in 1914, but since 1920 it has been operating in this country under Dominion registry. It is regularly licensed in this country as a fraternal benefit society, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of $467,369 for the protection of Canadian members exclusively. As it operates on an actuarial basis and shows a substantial surplus over actuarial reserves and all liabilities, it is safe to insure with for fraternal insurance. All claims are readily collectable. As it carries on business on a legal reserve basis, it has no financial resemblance to the 1500 Clubs or other postmortem assessment concerns of that kind.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

Will you be good enough to let me know, if possible, the amount of the fire premiums written by the Alberta Government Insurance Office during 1943, and also the amount of losses sustained. Up to the present time the only information available seems to be the amount of insurance written and the amount of losses. I would like to ascertain the net premiums written and the losses incurred, and the actual loss ratio for 1943.

H. H., Winnipeg, Man.

Figures now available in the Provincial Auditor's Report to the Alberta Provincial Secretary show that the gross premiums written for the year ended December 31, 1943, by the Fire Department of the Alberta Government Insurance Office were $219,628.48, and that, deducting the return premiums of $3,952.04 and reinsurance premiums of $107,553.40, the net premiums written were $108,121.01. Deducting the provision for unearned premium reserve at 80 per cent, $37,202.32, shows the net premiums earned to be $70,918.89. Net losses incurred were $18,609.68 and loss adjustment expense, $944.66, or a total of $19,554.34. The ratio of net losses incurred to net premiums written was accordingly 17.21 per cent, and the ratio of net losses incurred to net premiums earned was 26.24 per cent. The Revenue Account shows total revenue for the year of $109,963.49, made up of: Net premiums earned, $70,918.89; reinsurance commission earned, $34,036.09; brokerage commission, $1,180.52; profit commission, $895.92; interest earnings, $2,962.27. Total expenditures are shown as amounting to $82,402.28, made up of: Net losses incurred and adjustment expenses, $19,554.34; salaries, $29,784.93; commission to agents, $25,027.67; travelling expenses, $1,853.04; printing and stationery, $1,611.15; postage, $1,031.48; advertising, $997.44; superannuation fund contributions, $664.84; telephone and telegraph, $563.13; general expense, $231.57; newspapers, periodicals and services, $226.70; automobile expense, $182.29; bookkeeping machine rental, $114.00; depreciation on auto and equipment, $559.70. This shows an excess of revenue over expenditure of $27,561.21.

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News of the Mines

(Continued from Page 41)

demand for these powerhouses pushed the consumption of lead for this purpose to a record last year. Further a huge backlog of demand is developing in the automobile field. Paint is second in the list of lead-consumers across the border. Paint sales have increased sharply during the war but scarcity of new housing and lack of painters is holding up many a much-needed paint job. Third largest use is as a covering for cables. The construction field is expected to offer a big post-war outlet. Another major use that has developed in recent years is as a "pepper-upper" for gasoline. Tetraethyl lead is added to the petroleum product. Lead has many other uses and to meet all these needs, representatives of the industry in the United States say it will be necessary to import large tonnages of the metal and while the U.S. will continue to be the world's largest producer, its resources are dwindling.

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The acute labor situation has reduced the milling rate at Wright-Hargreaves Mine to below 500 tons daily, or 40 per cent of capacity, and has drastically curtailed development work. Outside exploration however, is being expanded. Several hundred acres in the Lightning River district have been optioned and the company is also interested with others in options on other blocks of claims in the same district on the eastern extension of the Porcupine belt. Some diamond drilling has already been done. The company has examined a number of properties with a view to development later. Dividends this year total 25 cents a share, as against 35 cents last year, and 45 the previous year.

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Orders have been placed by Wasa Lake Gold Mines, Beauchastel township, Northwestern Quebec, for the major part of a mining plant to be installed as soon as equipment is available and restrictions on underground development lifted. In the meantime additional diamond drilling is to be done to secure as much information as possible on the presently known ore areas. One section of the "north zone" which has been indicated over a horizontal length of at least 1,450 feet, and to a vertical depth of 465 feet or 580 feet on the dip of the vein, is stated to have an indicated tonnage of 4,000 tons per vertical foot, with a grade of $5.47 per ton. An additional drill has been secured and will be used to further investigate the south zone.

•

Unable to carry on mining operations on a commercial basis due to the serious labor situation McMarmac Red Lake Gold Mines has closed down the mine and mill. For some time ore development has been falling behind mill requirements, in fact little ore has been found beyond what was known to exist prior to the change in control. It is understood the 450-foot level will be kept dewatered while further surface exploration near the boundary line is carried out. Drilling in this section is said to have encountered a band of the so-called "black sediments" which are regarded as favorable for ore deposition.

•

The gold discovery, known as the Giauque find, recently reported from the Yellowknife area, is to be taken over and explored by LaSalle Yellowknife Gold Mines. The discovery was made approximately 55 air miles from Yellowknife and 16 miles northeast of Johnson Lake and is reported to hold promise of being the most important new find made this year in the district. Numerous quartz veins were uncovered in preliminary work in a big shearing and first grab samples gave high values in gold. LaSalle has acquired six claims covering the discovery and geological mapping and prospecting has been recommended to be followed by a limited amount of diamond drilling.

•

Further evidence of the acuteness of the manpower scarcity is found in the Lamaque Gold Mines official statement covering the first eight months of the year. Development work there is almost at a standstill and the consequence is that the first decline in positive ore reserves in many years has been experienced. The decrease however, is small, the total on August 31 having been only about 32,000 tons under the all-time peak reported at the end of 1943. Positive ore reserves at August 31 totalled 2,051,334 tons as compared with 2,083,533 tons on December 31, 1943. Net earnings in the first eight months of 1944 were 15.8 cents per share as against 25.7 cents in the like period of 1943. Earnings for the second four months were four cents per share lower than in the preceding four months.

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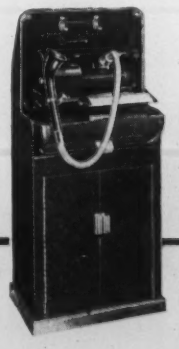

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Emotionalism Mustn't Rule Demobilization

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

It is most important to Britain that she get a quick start in the economic race and this will mean securing the men needed in industry as soon as possible.

In this light, Mr. Layton says, release from war is essentially a calling-up for peace and the "first in first out" policy of demobilization, which is the basic principle of the British Plan, is dangerous.

London.

NO BRITISH soldier is any the wiser about when he will get home, but at least he now knows, after the White Paper on demobilization, the way in which the authorities look at the problem. The Government had to consider the "re-allocation of manpower between the Armed Forces and civilian employment during the interim period between the defeat of Germany and the defeat of Japan", and its aim has been fairness.

In the early days, when all the country clamored for a demobilization scheme, Mr. Bevin, the Minister of Labor and National Service, delivered himself of the dictum "First In, First Out", and this principle, which was the principle of fairness, dominates the White Paper scheme. Men will be released according to age and service, and only very few (Class B) will be returned to civilian work for "urgent reconstruction". These few will be penalized for getting out quickly by getting only three weeks' leave on full pay, as opposed to Class A's eight weeks.

This needs looking at. What is the real problem of demobilization? Surely it is one of economics. If the peace is a simple, luxurious thing, like a piece of candy, then it is obviously right that it should be equally rationed. But it is not candy. For Britain, the peace is going to be a hard economic job, in which time is all-important. Release from war is a calling-up for peace.

In this context the question of fairness has exactly the same relevance as it has to mobilization for war. It is important, but it is subsidiary to the main job of getting into uniform as many people as possible as quickly as possible. Demobilization should consist in getting into urgent work as many people as possible as quickly as possible.

So far from doing this, the Government's plan pats itself on the back—and has been virtually unanimously patted on the back by the Press—for relegating the economic question to a position of great inferiority compared with the over-riding dictate of "fairness". Hear Mr. Bevin on the subject, "We are not going to submit to any pressure from anyone or to allow anyone to exercise any influence to get men released for reconstruction employments."

The Essential Issue

Let it be asserted at the outset that it is politically important, as well as morally just, to consider the feelings of the men in uniform and their families. But how far is there real concern for them in a plan which sidesteps the essential issue? If Britain does not get off the mark quickly and powerfully in the economic postwar race, perhaps peacetime Britain will not be such a fine home for heroes to live in.

When the Government issued its Full Employment program, it noted that the project was only possible if exports were recovered. Is that going to be easy? The Government is now appealing for building operatives to come to London to repair bombed houses and ease the winter test of a great population. Does that not argue for economic demobilization? Industry is crying out for a return of skilled operatives, and Mr. Bevin talks as though key men were Whitehall keyhole men, with no other thought but to get back to a comfortable life out of their turn.

The House of Commons will have an opportunity to ask the Government about these questions and other questions relating to demobilization. It is devoutly to be hoped that there will be some spirits courageous enough to court unpopularity and to insist that this "fair" demobilization plan derives its sanction from the high stratosphere of official sentiment, where economics is a swear word and industry is another name for guile.

The men who have lived through the long, hard years of war are anxious only to get back to their homes, but they are not fools, and they could stand whatever torment is involved in seeing some of their comrades released before them, if they knew that their early release was to make Britain ready for the big job of internal and external resurgence.

The Government's plan is deserving of commendation for the honest way in which it has served the dogma of fairness. There will be no two opinions about that. The trouble is that it is the wrong dogma, and the further trouble is that so few people can be found to argue the unamiable line that economics is the real criterion.

Besides being easier to carry this way, this flier in the South Pacific finds the spinner from the nose of a plane makes a convenient sunshade.

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Applications for these bonds may be made through any Victory Loan Salesman, any Branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank, any authorized Savings Bank, Trust or Loan Company, or through the War Finance Workers at your place of employment, from whom copies of the official prospectus and application form may be obtained.

Department of Finance *October 1944*

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Land Conservation Is A Part of Rehabilitation

By G. C. TONER

With farm settlement playing such a major part in plans for the rehabilitation of war veterans it is important that a lesson be taken from the last war. Of twenty-five thousand soldiers who were settled on farms then more than half eventually abandoned or sold their holdings.

The writer believes that one of the compelling reasons for this was the poor quality of the land caused by bad irrigation, which in turn was caused by neglect to protect the water-table. He believes it to be essential that proper conservation practices go hand in hand with rehabilitation.

TODAY'S most important topic, discussed by everyone from office boy to prime minister, is the imperative problem of the rehabilitation of the returned men. Reams of nonsense have been written; hundreds of speeches have been made: scores of sure-fire solutions (some quite good) have been offered. The favorite remedy of the would-be physicians is the old formula, "Back to the Land".

This is an excellent idea, under proper conditions, but there are those of us who remember that it was tried after the last war, and was far from successful. The Department of Soldiers' Civil Reestablishment settled twenty-five thousand ex-service men on farms, by means of government loans. In 1940, figures showed that, of this number, 8118 were still living on the land, though the loans were not yet repaid in full; 2750 had remained on the land, and were completely paid up; 889 had sold their holdings; 13041 had abandoned their farms.

Presumably, in the selection of these 25000 men, financial stability and previous experience were deciding factors. Allowing for a percentage of general unthriftiness, there must have been compelling reasons why 50% of these men, who started out so hopefully, forsook their farms. 36% of the servicemen of the World War II have signified their desire to take up farming after demobilization. Dare we risk a second fiasco?

There is a surprisingly scant amount of data bearing on the wholesale desertion of agricultural lands, but biologists, who approach the question from a practical angle, are convinced that they can tell us some of the reasons why the scheme failed. And they firmly believe that the problem can only be solved by the agricultural technician, the farm economist, the forester, the biologist, the legislator, and the educator, working as one man, and utilizing, to the utmost degree, their several sciences.

The question of rehabilitation must go hand in hand with a well-planned and rigorously executed program for the conservation of natural resources. Though politicians make eloquent speeches about the 'boundless resources of Canada' (and some of the more gullible actually believe them) the simple, if unpalatable, truth is that the natural resources of this country are in a sorry state.

Ontario for example, in the days of the pioneers, was heavily wooded, but has been almost denuded of forest growth. Tracts of land, which have always been unsuitable for cultivation, have been cropped continuously; this has depleted the supply of vital minerals, (particularly phosphorus) in the soil; vegetation has become unthrifty; erosion of the top-soil has taken place. The torrential rains wash the fertile topsoil into the creeks and rivers, and the best land of many Ontario farmers has found its way into the Great Lakes.

A vital, but imperfectly understood, factor of agriculture is the all-important water-table. Underground water does not flow in streams, but is somewhat like a subterranean lake. It follows the contour of hill and valley, rising with the one and sinking with the other. It is fed by rain and by the melting of the winter snows. Geologists call this hidden reservoir the water-table. It is the source which supplies the farmer with all his necessary water.

Water-Table Vital

When sharp slopes are stripped of their trees and other vegetation, there is nothing to hinder the rapid run-off of the rain, whereas even quite steep hillsides, if closely carpeted with trees, shrubs and grass, do not suffer such evil consequences, for the vegetation holds the water, and gives it time to sink into the soil.

A survey taken in King Township is an illuminating, though startling, illustration of the deterioration of one township, through continued heavy pasturage, deforestation, and the resulting aftermath of eroded fields and gullies. The water-table of King Township has been lowered 25 ft. in the past fifty years, and many streams have disappeared altogether. This has far reaching consequences and disastrous effects, as any farmer realizes when he is obliged to deepen his well, or to haul water many miles for his thirsty stock.

The King Township Survey is a notable work, and it is extremely unfortunate that these surveys have not been carried on more extensively throughout Canada. In this, as well as other areas, the annual incomes of the farmers have dwindled from year to year, finally reaching a point so far below subsistence level, that the districts have now become more utterly forlorn than anything the cities can display. A leisurely trip, allowing time to examine farm conditions spread before our eyes, would shake our national smugness to its foundations.

The old-time farmer, who was seldom troubled by drought, could not know, when he labored so hard to clear his field of trees, that he was beginning the impoverishment of his cherished land. Even today, this fact is not presented to the farmer in a sufficiently clear and forcible manner. He may realize the theoretical value of reforestation, but when he is engaged in a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence, and every penny counts, he is very likely to disregard the future because of the necessity for hard cash in the present.

Reforestation of the poorer lands and steep slopes is certainly necessary, but this cannot be done by the individual farmer. Townships, or even counties, are too small in area to be reforested economically. Legislation ought to be enacted which would permit the replanting of entire watersheds, regardless of boundaries. It would be necessary to make use of a judicious mixture of coaxing and compulsion, of bounties for replanted areas, and fines for neglected or destroyed timber. This would undoubtedly strike at the roots of the old doctrine that "a man may do what he likes with his own."

But the unthrifty farmer must not be allowed to destroy the land of his neighbors and the natural resources of Canada. We have many forms of education for the farmer, splendid forestry branch, and excellent experimental farms. Good as they are, they are not nearly enough. We must inaugurate a policy of intensive farm land conservation education such as we have never attempted before. We dare not fail the boys again.

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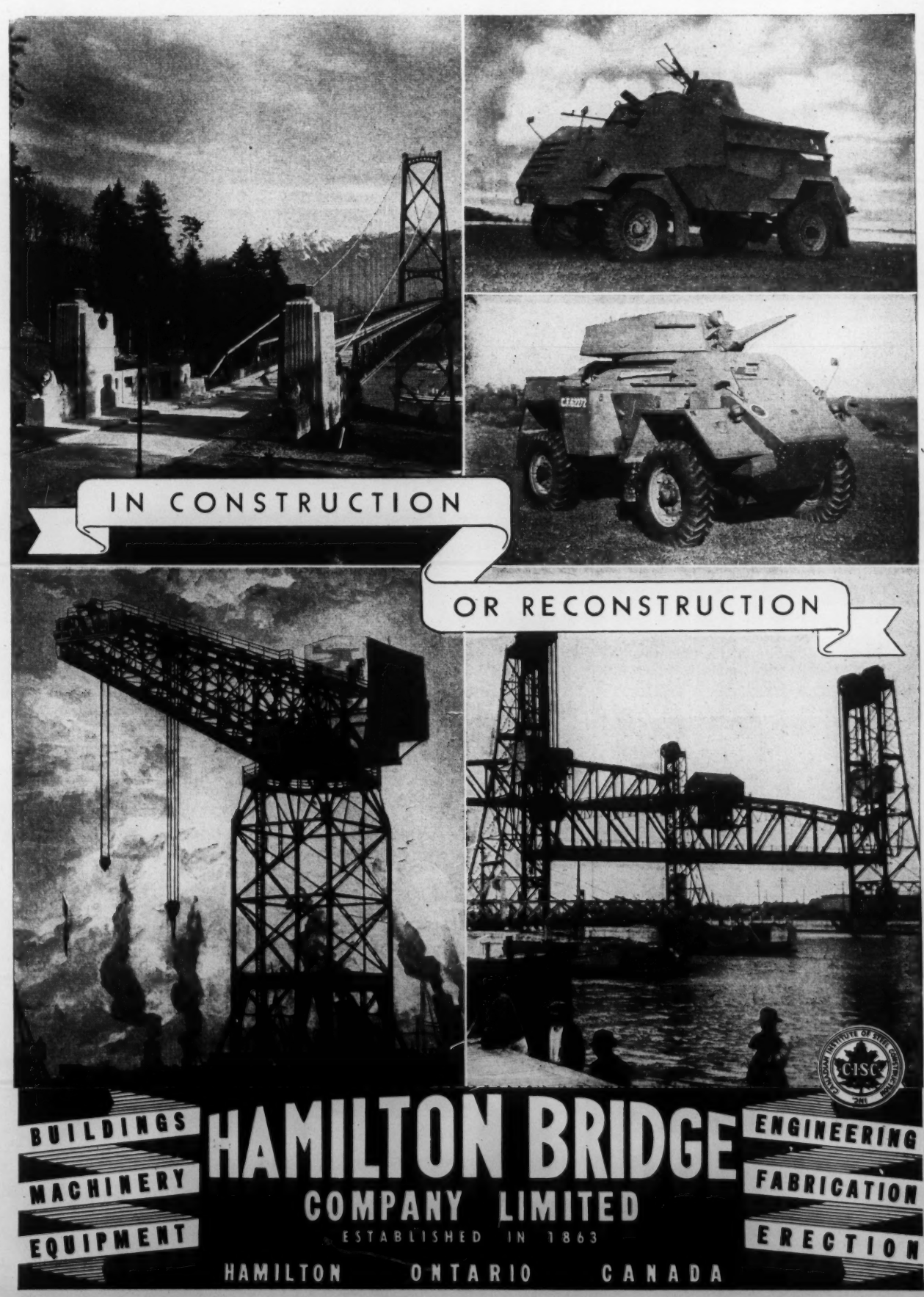

Negotiating Peace Is A Complex Business

By JOHN GAUNT

There have been many rumors of peace overtures lately and as the break-up of Germany continues there will undoubtedly be many more. But, as the writer points out, the majority of these "feelers" must be looked on as nothing more than rumor. Negotiating of peace is a very, very delicate task and very few Germans would be in the position to advance authentic proposals.

RECENTLY German peace feelers came, in the shape of a rattle of activity in Stockholm and elsewhere.

Members of the legation staff let it be known that they were "disaffected"; members of the German colony approached British newspapermen to point out the essential difference between good Germans like themselves and the nasty Huns.

But this isn't the real stuff. The Knyphausens and Press attachés could not make a separate peace with anyone. They have no authority and no freedom.

Real peacemaking is a dangerous job. It is high treason for a German to talk to a Briton abroad —and vice versa. It happens—but usually with permission from some very high-up.

This talkie-talk in bars and hotels means nothing practical, though in its volume and volubility it has plenty of significance. The arm of the Gestapo is long, even in neutral countries.

Secrecy Essential

The former Counsellor of the German Embassy in Madrid, who had broken away and who was kidnapped back into the fold recently, found that—and Sir Samuel Hoare (now Viscount Templewood) felt moved to walk out of an official party, with his staff, rather than "sit next to a murderer," as he termed his German opposite number.

The real stuff only takes place when someone in authority really has something to offer—and it must take place in conditions of the strictest secrecy.

The Badoglio armistice negotiations were fraught with danger for the high army officers who conducted them. If Mussolini's secret police and the Gestapo had not been napping they might have paid for their "feelers" with their lives.

Perhaps the most remarkable peace talks—talks that all but came off—were those between the Western Allies and Austria-Hungary in 1916.

Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parma, then serving in the Belgian Army, got in touch with his pacifist brother-in-law, the new Emperor Charles of Austria, through Switzerland.

He brought his peace proposals to London, lunched with Mr. Lloyd George at No. 10 Downing Street, preserved his secret, and nearly got Austria out of the war and ended the conflict in 1917.

Unfortunately Ribot, the French Prime Minister, was an ass. He let the secret out and blew the whole show sky high.

So do not pin your hopes on the back hotel-bedroom boys in Stockholm or Madrid unless they can prove that they speak for some responsible individual or group.

We talk of "unconditional surrender" without thinking clearly what we mean. Somebody must make the peace. Somebody must receive the Allied terms or instructions.

In the last war the Germans put up "stooges" to sign the Treaty —"stooges" who were afterwards disowned and most of them murdered or hounded to death as traitors.

This time the Nazis openly boast that they intend to create such chaos that there will be nobody through whom to administer Germany, no one on whom to impose terms.

So, paradoxically, the ideal peace negotiator would be Hitler—with, of course, Clause 1 his own death warrant.

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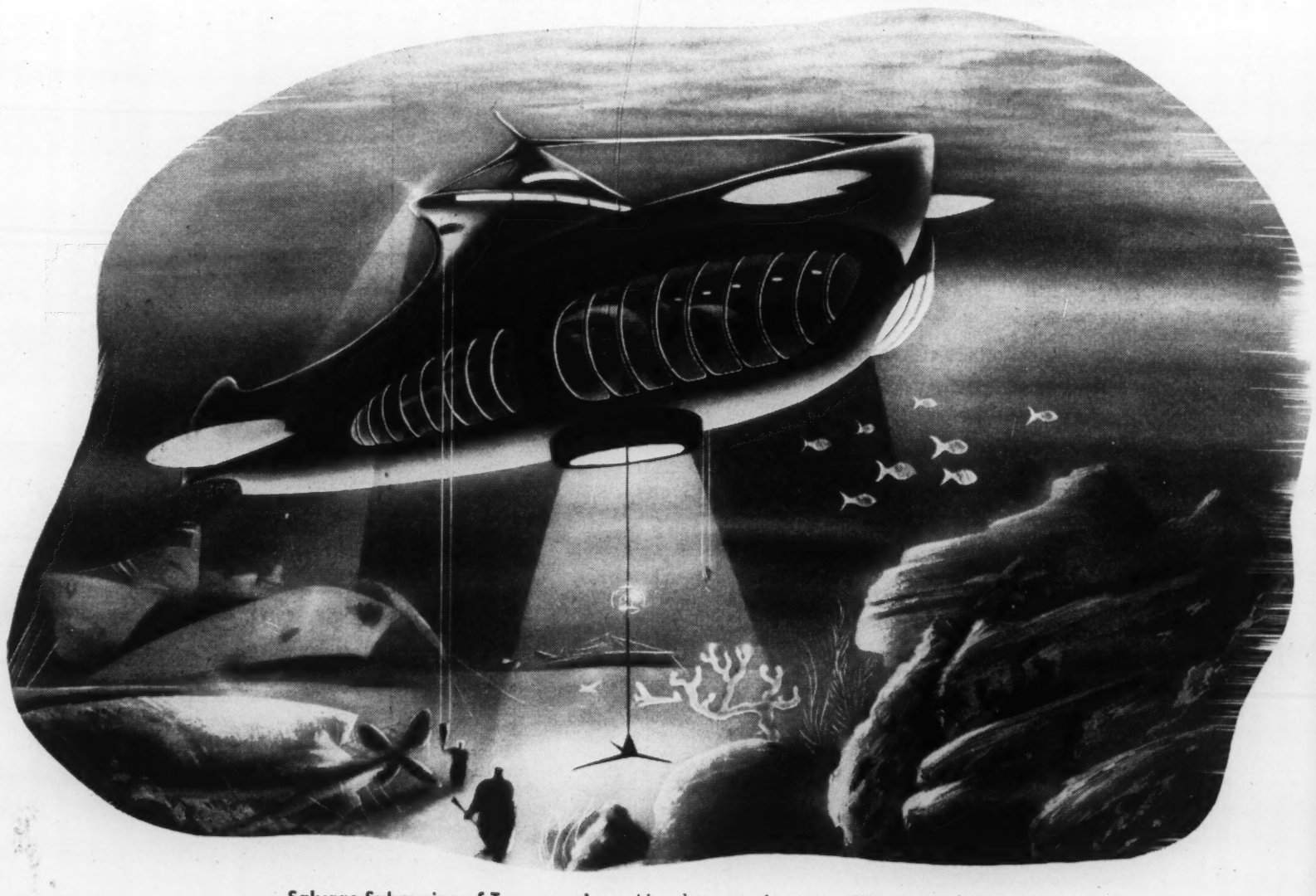

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For instance, the need for waste paper has never been more urgent than it is now. Are you salvaging yours? Gigantic quantities of explosives must continue to flow across the sea. That takes glycerine and glycerine takes kitchen fats. Are you salvaging every drop you can?

There is no respite for *anybody* in the kind of a war we're waging. None for the soldier, none for those at home. None of us is through with the job until the last enemy flag comes down. And that means, among other things, buying more and more War Savings Certificates and Victory Bonds, and it means hanging on to them, too!

Tomorrow will come, as it always has . . . but it will be the brighter for the sacrifices we make today. Let us *all* be MEN WHO THINK OF TOMORROW . . . and get ready for it NOW!

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